

T H E  
**Merry Medley;**  
O R, A *K m m d*  
**CHRISTMASS-BOX,**  
F O R  
**Gay Gallants, and Good Companions.**

CONTAINING

Abundance of diverting STORIES and choice  
JOKES, many dextrous and delightful  
TRICKS in LEGERDEMAIN and NA-  
TURAL MAGICK, pleasant Pieces of PO-  
ETRY, exquisite EPIGRAMS, &c.

DROLL DIALOGUES	LUDICROUS LETTERS
FACETIOUS FABLES	RARE RIDDLES
HUMOROUS SPEECHES	ARCH SAYINGS

And

Ryſible REFLECTIONS, Celebrated and Jovial  
SONGS, ſet for the Voice, Violin, and modiſh  
COUNTRY DANCES.

The Whole deſign'd to prevent and expel Spleen and Melan-  
choly, and drive the cold Winter away with MIRTH  
and MELODY. Uſeful to all, eſpecially TRAVELLERS,  
and thoſe that take PHYSIC.

---

*Dedicated to the Lovers of Fun and Good Fellow-  
ſhip, by C. F. Preſident of the Comical Club  
in Covent Garden, and a true HICOBITE.*

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*In chearful Minds ſpontaneous Joys ariſe,  
And well tim'd Levities become the Wiſe.*

WELSTED.

*Then we'll be merry merry here, brave Boys,  
While they are merry merry there;  
For who does know where we ſhall go,  
To be merry another Year,*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the Golden Lyon, in  
Ludgate Street.







TO ALL  
GENTLEMEN,  
LADIES, &c.



HAVE here provided an Entertainment for you, and should think myself a very unlucky Author, if there should not be more than one Dish to your Taste. Let me, I beseech you then good People, have the Satisfaction to see you (which was one of my Views in this Undertaking) *All Alive and Merry*, and you will give me the most sensible Satisfaction; otherwise, the Book won't sell, and I shall laugh on the wrong Side of my Mouth.

( iv )

Mouth. I am (wishing you all the  
Joys of the ensuing Season)

*Your devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

**C. F.**



A  
VERY IMPORTANT  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**B** EING a great Friend myself to Mirth, Laughter and innocent Jollity (which by the Way has carry'd me to a good old Age without its Infirmities) I have endeavour'd to excite those Affections in others in the following *merry* Collection, from a full Persuasion, that nothing is so conducive to the Health of the Body, as a cheerful Disposition of the Mind. Laughter is certainly a Concomitant to Health, as that is of a long Life. I do not wonder therefore, to find it very much recommended by all who are acquainted with the Œconomy of the human System; and make no doubt but the exhilarating Dose I here present you, will render me a more valuable Commonwealth's Man, than the whole College of Physicians put together.

LEAVING the Physical Definition of Laughter to the more Learned, let us  
content

content ourselves with observing the Benefits arising from it to Mankind. By Laughter, however, I do not mean, that the risible Muscles should be eternally on the Stretch; but that it should only have so far the Ascendant in our Constitutions, as to be able to, laugh heartily three or four times a Day. Old *Parr* has often been heard to say, that he fretted little and laugh'd often. If you laugh at a bad Man, 'tis a great Chance but he grows better; if you laugh at your own Misfortunes, 'tis the only Way to lessen them. How amiable is a chearful Disposition in a Husband, a Wife, or a Friend! how detestable is the contrary! The chearful Man is a Pleasure to himself and others; the gloomy Creature is insupportable to both; the one heals wherever he goes; the other carries Contagion with him, and the *Quarantine* Law ought always to be in Force against him, that he might not infect Society.

To give the greater Weight to my favourite Doctrine of Laughing, let us enquire a little into some of the Laughters of Antiquity, among whom we shall find Emperors, Statesmen, Generals, Philosophers and Poets. *Democritus* was doubtless the Prince of Laughters, *Socrates*



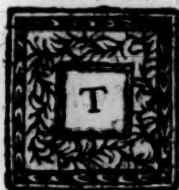
*crates*, at Fourſcore, was taken by ſome of his Scholars in the Fact, *Whiſtling* and *Dancing* by himſelf. *Auguſtus* us'd to play at Cobnut with his favourite Boys. *Horace* was an eternal Laugher. Even *Cervantes* got the better of the natural Gravity of his Countrymen, and has left them an admirable Recipe for the excitement of Laughter. The *French* every one knows, are a laughing Nation; and I could mention ſome illuſtrious Jokers and Others of our own; but let this ſuffice to enforce what out of meer Benevolence to Mankind I wou'd recommend. I can truly ſay, that my whole Intention is to make People *merrier* in theſe calamitous times, and by that *healthfuller*; every thing therefore that contributes to ſuch valuable Purpoſes cannot but be meritorious; and I will be bold to add, that there is not a Collection in our Laaguage better adapted to that End, as I doubt not but every one that reads it, will bear Teſtimony.

It conſiſts of choice jeſts and diverting Stories: Pleaſant Poems, Epigrams and Epitaphs: Humourous Scenes and Dialogues: Ludicrous Letters: Fables, Riddles, Speeches, Soliloquies and Various Thoughts: Comical Tricks to promote Diverſion in Company: Then Jovial Songs, and laſtly for a proper Conclusion,

clusion, you have Country Dances, with Directions as danc'd at Court, and set to Musick ; in short, we pretend that the Whole is the Quintessence of their respective Kinds. Such, whose Humours are happily circumstanc'd ought to purchase it, as Masters of Musick play, to keep in their Hands ; and such as are otherwise, ought of course to do it, in order to learn to be social and more agreeable to their Fellow-Creatures, as well as themselves. I am persuaded there are Alteratives for the Humours of the Mind as well as for the Diseases of the Body. Thus, a chearful Man by dwelling too long on melancholly Objects, will insensibly grow thoughtful ; and the thoughtful Man again, by accustoming himself to gayer Subjects, will as insensibly acquire a more chearful Turn of Temper.

I am not (to conclude) apt to be Vain, tho' much addicted to Laughter ; but if this Volume is not soon followed by a Second, nor us'd as a Pocket Companion to all Degrees, Ages and Sexes, I am much mistaken, and shall be much out of Pocket ; but nevertheless I wou'd not have you think that I shall not laugh at my Mistake, and my loss of Time, as well as my Money. — Ha ! ha ! ha ! So laugh-well ! and farewell.

T H E R E



HERE is one Kind of Conversation which every one aims at, and every one almost fails in ; it is that of *Story-telling*. I know not any thing which engages our Attention with more Delight, when a Person has a sufficient Stock of Talents necessary for it, such as *good Sense, true Humour, a clear Head, a ready Command of Language, and a Variety of proper Gesture*, to give Life and Spirit to what he says. If any of these be wanting, the Listners, instead of being diverted, are disobliged ; but if the Person be utterly void of them all, as it is very often the Case, he becomes a Nuisance to the Company, and they are so long upon the Rack as he speaks. It has sometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man whom I never offended, has laid me under the Persecution of a long Story, and compell'd me to hear, what neither concerned himself, nor me, nor, indeed, any Body else ; and at the same time he was as much in earnest, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he said. A Humour very unaccountable ! That

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a Man

a Man shall be letting off Words for an Hour or two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his best, only makes me uneasy, and himself contemptible.

THIS natural Infirmary in Men is not only confined to *Story-telling*, but it appears likewise in every Essay whatsoever of their Intellectuals. As for Instance; if one of these be a Preacher of GOD's Word, by far fetched Criticisms, numerous Divisions, and Sub-divisions, incoherent Digressions, tedious Repetitions, useless Remarks, weak Answers to strong Objections, Inferences to no Premises, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he shall draw you out a Discourse for an Hour and a Quarter, unequally dispensing Opium and Edification to his Flock, there being seven Sleepers for one Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he shall, by an uncommon Way of Amusement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in two Minutes, and dilate upon it two Hours, with such a Volubility of Tongue, such Affluence of Expression, with something so like a good Style, and Manner of Thinking, that the Judges and the Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there was a continued Chain of true Reasoning and solid Argument. If he be a Member of the Upper or Lower House, he does not proceed four Sentences, before the rest know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean Time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent, till the Gentleman has done. I could give many  
more

more Instances, but that I think these sufficient for my present Purpose ; beside, lest I should incur the like Reproach myself, I must, in a few Words, divide the *Story-tellers* into *the short, the long, the marvellous, the insipid, and the delightful.*

THE *short Story-teller* is he, who tells a great deal in few Words, engages your Attention, pleases your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon, Plutarch, Macrobius*, among the Ancients. *Ex. gr.*

WHEN the *Nepheli* of *Aristophanes*, a Satire upon *Socrates* was acting, his Friends desired him to retire and hide behind them. No, said *Socrates*, I will stand up here, where I may be seen ; for now I think myself like a good Feast, and that every one has a Share of me. *Vid. Feast of Xenophon.*

BRASIDAS, the famous *Lacedæmonian* General caught a *Mouse*: It bit him, and by that Means made its Escape. O *Jupiter*, said he, what Creature so contemptible, but may have its Liberty if it will contend for it? *Vid. Plutarch. de profect. virtut.*

DIOGENES having sailed to *Chios*, while it was under the Dominion of the *Persians*, said in a full Assembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building Temples, since the *Persians* would not allow them the Privilege of making their own *Priests*,



but sent them over the most illiterate of their *Magi*.

AUGUSTUS, while he was encamped with his Army some where near *Mantua*, was disturbed three Nights successively, by the Hooting of an *Owl*. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the Offender, (so that he might be brought to Justice) should have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Pursuit of this *Bird*: At last, one more vigilant than the rest, found him in a hollow Tree, so brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who saw him with the greatest Joy, but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, so far below his Expectation, that he let the *Owl* fly away at that Instant. So true a Sense of Liberty run through the very meanest of the *Romans*. *Macrob. Sat.*

THE *long Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words; for this many among the Moderns are famous, particularly the *French*; and among ourselves in this Kingdom we have a vast Number of the better Sort. As well as I can recollect, there are six Deans, four Judges, six and thirty Counsellors at Law, sixty five Attorneys, some few Fellows of the College, every Alderman through the whole Nation, except one. All old Gentlemen and Ladies, without Exception, five of the College of Physicians, three or four Lords, two hundred

Squires,

Squires, and some few People of Distinction besides.

I SHALL here insert a Fragment of a long Story, by Way of Example, containing a hundred and twenty nine Words, which might have been said in these ten following, viz. *Nine Years ago I was to preach for a Friend.*

I REMEMBER once, I think it was about seven Years ago—No, I lye—It was about nine Years ago ; for it was just when my Wife was Lying-in of *Dicky*, I remember particularly, the Midwife would have had me stay to keep her Company, and it was the heaviest Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever saw before or since ; but because I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday*, I could not defer it to the next Morning, though I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three Hours, I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. *Masterfon*, yet because I would not put my Friend in a Fright, &c. Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story lasted an Hour, so that upon a fair Computation he spoke 7740 Words, instead of 600, by which Means he made Use of 7140 more than he had Occasion for. If a right Application were made of this Hint which I have given, it would be of admirable Effect, in the Dispatch of publick Business, as well as private Conversation ; nay, in the very Writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to

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the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate Treatises, written by the learned Mr. H——n.

THE *Marvellous*, is he who is fond of telling such Things, as no Man alive, who has the least Use of his Reason, can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers, and the vain-glorious, but very pardonable, because no Man's Faith is imposed upon; or if it should be so, no ill Consequence attends Persons seriously extravagant, expecting another should give Credit to what he knows impossible for the greatest Dunce to swallow.

ONE of these, who had travelled to *Damascus*, told his Company, that the *Bees* of that Country were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, said a Gentleman, (begging Pardon for the Question) how large were the Hives? The same Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very strange, said the other. But how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Business, I Gad let them look to that.

ANOTHER, who had travelled as far as *Persia*, spoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was that a Traveller should draw Things beyond the *Life*, otherwise he could not hope for that Respect from his Countrymen, which otherwise he might have. But at the same Time, *John*, said he, wheresoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct my

my self. It happened on a Day, that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed, that he saw a *Monkey* in the Island *Borneo*, which had a Tail threescore Yards long. *John* punched him. I am certain it is Fifty at least. *John* punched again. I believe to speak within Compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been Forty. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I remember it lay over a Quickset-Hedge, and therefore could not be less than Thirty. *John* at him again. I could take my Oath it was Twenty. This did not satisfy *John*. Upon which the Master turned about in a Rage and said, Damn your for a Puppy, would you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all?

DID not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whose History is much of the same Stamp with his Travels, affirm, that he saw an *Elephant* play at Ball? And that grave Gentleman *Isbrand Ides* in his Travels through *Muscovy* to *China*, assures us, that he saw *Elephants*, which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tigers*, and to mimick the Sounding of a Trumpet; but their highest Perfection, as he relates it, was that of singing like Canary Birds. However this is not so marvellous (for *Pliny* relates wonderful Things of their Docility) as what a Gentleman told a full Company, in my Hearing within this Fortnight: That he had seen a Show at *Bristol*, in which was a *Hare*, taught to stand upon her hind Legs, and bow to all the Company, to each Person in par-

ticular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat several Marches on the Drum. After this a *Dog* was set upon the Table. His Master, the *Showman*, made many grievous Complaints against him, for High Crimes and Misdemeanors. The *Hare* knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Passion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if she had been his Wife, scratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

THERE is a certain Gentleman, now in Ireland, most remarkably fond of the Marvellous, (but this through Vanity) who among an infinite Number of the like Rarities, affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond by itself, which has for twenty Years past supplied him and his Friends with a very good Dish of Fish, when they either came to dine or sup with him. And the Manner of it is thus. The Cook-maid goes with a large Kitchen-knife, which has a Whistle in its Handle; she no sooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice and turns up its Belly, till she cuts out as much as she has Occasion for, and then away it scuds. The Chasm is filled in a Day or two, and the *Carp* is as sound as a *Roach*, ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook-maid took the most solemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the most sanctified *Quaker* should say YEA to it, which is made equal to any Pre-late's Oath, I would no more give Credit to them, than I would to the *Colonel*, who said he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majesty



Majesty King *William*, of glorious Memory, lost the Day : And this *Colonel*, being in the utmost Confusion, fled among the rest : He swore he had galloped above two Miles, after his Horse's Head was shot off, by a Cannon-ball, which he should not have missed, if the poor Creature had not stopped at a River Side to drink.

I SHOULD be glad to spend an Evening with half a Dozen Gentlemen of this uncommon Genius, for I am certain they would improve upon one another, and thereby I might have an Opportunity of observing how far the Marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

THE *Insipid*, who may not unfitly be called *Soporifick*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts : You shall have an Account from such a Person of every minute Circumstance, which happened in the Company where he has been, what he did, and what they did ; what they said, and what he said, with a Million of trite Phrases, with an *and so* beginning every Sentence, and *to make a long Story short* ; and, *as I was saying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a most dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of Speaking, nor the Discretion of holding their Tongues, and that, of all People, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this Way of Conversation.

THE *Delightful Story-Teller* is one, who speaks not a Word too much, or too little, who can, in a very careless Manner, give a great deal of Pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded; who shews good Understanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit in every Thing which comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the History of a Child and its *Hobby Horse*, than one of the *Soporificks* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Person is not unlike a bad Reader, who makes the most ingenious Piece his own, that is, dull and detestable by only coming through his Mouth. But to return to the delightful *Story Teller*. I cannot describe him by any Words so well as his own, therefore take the following Story, to shew him in the most agreeable Light.

A MOUNTBANK in Leicester-fields had drawn a huge Assembly about him; among the rest a fat, unwieldy Fellow, half stifled in the Press, would be every Fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here! Pray good People give Way a little! bless me! what a Devil has raked this Rabble together? Zounds, what squeezing is this? Honest Friend remove your Elbow. At last a Weaver that stood next him could hold no longer. A Plague confound you, said he, for an overgrown Sloven, and who in the Devil's Name helps to make up the Crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider (with a Pox) that you take up more Room with that Carcass than any five here? Is not the  
Place

*Place as fit for us, as for you ? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass (and be damn'd) and then I'll engage we shall have Room enough for us all.*

THIS I have transcribed from a most celebrated Author, with great Pleasure, and do earnestly recommend it to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of *Story-telling*, both as to Style, and Manner, and every Thing requisite not only to please the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. And for the Time to come, be it enacted, that if any Person, of what Rank soever, shall presume to exceed six Minutes in a Story, to *hum* or *haw*, use *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digressions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story when he has done, or speaks one Word more than is necessary, or is a Stammerer in his Speech, that then it shall, and may be lawful for any one of the said Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, to make Use of broad Hints, or Innuendo's for him the said *Story Teller* to break off, although abruptly; otherwise he is to have a Glove, or Handkerchief, crammed into his Mouth for the first Default, and for the second, to be kicked out of Company.

THERE

**T**HERE are but few Authors that are not vain enough to imagine the World will be as fond of reading as they were of writing their Works: Among this Number was a Clergyman, who having preach'd a Sermon on a public Occasion, was desir'd by the Audience to publish it. Upon this he comes to Town, and applies to Mr. *Knaplock* (a Bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard) for that Purpose, and concluding that there must be a vast Sum got by it, would not sell the Copy on any Consideration: Mr. *Knaplock* asking what Number he would have printed, was answered, that tho' he might without Vanity reckon on the Sale of an hundred thousand, yet (since the Press could be soon set again) he would only print ten thousand at first, which was but one for every Parish. Having finished his Instructions about it, took leave and return'd to his Parish (which was above an hundred and fifty Miles from London) fully satisfied he had taken a Journey to a good Purpose. A few Months after he returns impatient to have his Account settled, that he might receive the great Balance which he suppos'd due to him: Mr. *Knaplock* immediately shew'd it him, which as he perus'd his Countenance chang'd, and having made an End of examining, was not a little mortified to find, instead of a great deal of Money which he expected to receive, he had as much as one Year's Income to pay; he then regretted he had not taken the Bookseller's Advice, and printed only five hundred, by which he would not have been any great Loser. At last, Mr. *Knaplock* observing

serving him extremely chagrin'd at his Disappointment, said, Well, Sir, I am glad it is in my Power to abate the Concern I see you endure: At hearing this the poor Parson lifted up his Eyes, which were before fixed on the Ground. Look you, Sir, there is the real State of the Matter, by which you see I printed but five hundred, and there was but fifty one sold, so if you are baulk'd in your hopes of Gain, you are not in so bad a Condition as you would have been had I pursued your Orders. The Gentleman thank'd him for his Management, and paying his Arrears, went back to his Living, determin'd not to meddle with Paper and Print any more.

AUTHORS frequently complain of the Arts of Booksellers; Lord *Shaftsbury* gives the Process of a Literary Controversy blown up by them. That the Publication of Books depends much on their Taste and Disposition the following Story will sufficiently prove: Dean *Prideaux* having finished his Connection of the Old and New Testament, offered the Manuscript to the late Mr. *Lintot*, on condition to have fourscore Copies to give to his Friends. Mr. *Lintot* desired him to leave it, that he might look it over, and he would give his Answer in a few Days; at the Expiration of which the Dean calls to know his Resolution: *Lintot* tells him, that he had considered on the Terms, and thought them too high; but if he would accept of half a Dozen Books they were at his Service. The Dean said, he could  
not



not abate of his Demand, and therefore if he did not comply, he would shew it some other of the Trade. At this *Lintot* scratches his Head, and begins to turn over the Leaves of the Manuscript with great Care, and exprest much Pleasure at the Fairness and Beauty of the Copy, and said he had nothing to object as to that. But yet he was of Opinion the Book would sell better if there was a little Humour in it: Humour, replied the Dean, surprized at what he heard, why sure Mr. *Lintot* you have not perus'd any Part of the Work, which is on a serious and sacred Subject, and will by no Means admit of Humour. That may be, replied *Lintot*, but I am certain so dry a Thing won't do without a Mixture of Humour to entertain the Reader, and which if he would add, and accept of half a score Books, they should be delivered him when printed. On this the Dean takes back his Copy, and meeting soon after with Mr. *Addison*, he related all that had pass'd. At which, after laughing extremely at the Ignorance of the Bookseller, introduced him to Mr. *Tonson*, who had too nice a Discernment not to close instantly with the Terms propos'd, and thereby reap'd that great Advantage the other's Folly made him lose.

NOTWITHSTANDING Gaming and Gamesters have been so just, so affecting, and emphatically exploded by some of the finest Writers of the Age, yet we see they are still receiv'd into the best Companies, and admitted to set at the Tables they once servilely attended.

Of

Of this Class is the famous Beau *W*——, who from being a drawer, now drives in his Coach ; which when he first set up (in Imitation of Great Men) he would have a Motto under his Coat of Arms ; but as he was as poorly bred as he was born, applied to a Gentleman to give him one, who accordingly wrote for him, *Omnia vincit improbus* ; which occasioned great Diversion to those that read it. As he observ'd every Body laugh'd, he desir'd one of his Acquaintance to tell him the *English* of it, and then found he had harra's'd his poor Horses to Death, to inform the World, that his Equipage was the Effect of successful Villany.

Two Foot-Soldiers in *Ireland*, who, upon a Rejoicing Day were greatly distressed for want of Powder, to express their Joy. To their Misfortune, they contrived to get, by stealth, into the Magazine belonging to their Barracks ; where finding no loose Powder, one of them had the Ingenuity to pierce a Barrel, with a red-hot Iron : Instantly the whole Store of Powder was blown up ; and both the poor Wretches destroyed.

THERE was an Execution of five Malefactors, and a Surgeon obtained one of the Bodies to be dissected. The Body was conveyed to his House ; though not so privately, but some of the Populace got notice of it ; and the Widow of the Deceased was soon informed where the Corpse of her very late Husband lay.

lay. The Woman came immediately to the Surgeon's House, attended with a clamorous Retinue, to rescue the dead Body of her Husband from the Terrors of Anatomy. The Surgeon thinking she might be mistaken, suffered her to go up into the Garret to view the Corpse. She immediately threw herself upon the Body, embracing and kissing it, with the utmost Signs of Grief and Fondness; and was not forced from it, without great Difficulty. In the mean time, the Family being apprehensive of Mischief from the unruly *Posse* without Doors, they gave the poor Woman a Shilling to assuage her Passion, and sent her away in better Temper. Hereupon, her Countenance instantly changed; she spit in her Hand; put the Money into her Pocket; and said, *It was the only Shilling she had ever got by him, since her Marriage.* She consented to let them use the Body, as they pleased; and promised to come the next Day to see the Operation.

WHEN the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came first to court, he happen'd to stand next my Lady *Dorchester*, one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart; upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord? said she: Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke. *You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed,* said she, *if you mind every thing you hear in this Place.*

A poor

A poor Man who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked Word he'd beat her Brains out : *Why then, Rams Horns, you Rogue, said she, if I die for't.*

ONE told another, who did not use to be cloathed very often, that his new Coat was too short for him : *That's true,* answered his Friend, *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

SIR William Davenant, the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the Meuse one Day, a Beggar-Woman follow'd him, crying Ah ! God preserve your Eye-Sight, Sir, the Lord preserve your Eye-Sight. Why, good Woman, said he, doest thou pray so much for my Eye-Sight ? Ah ! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

A conceited Fellow, who fancy'd himself a Poet, asked Nat Lee if it was not easy to write like a Madman as he did ? No, answered Nat, *but it is easy to write like a Fool as you do.*

Dr. Sewel and two or three more Gentlemen, walking towards Hampstead on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcel, the Punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they

they were going thither. The Doctor merrily answered him, *To make Hay.* Very well reply'd the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants *Rakes.*

A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so close to the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue, who sat in the Chimney Corner, cry'd out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently, *My Boots you mean, I suppose,* said the Gentleman? *No Sir,* replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, one of them called to him with an insolent Air; Well, honest Fellow, said he, 'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Countryman reply'd, *'Tis very likely you may truly, for I am Sowing Hemp.*

A Person who had been a Dependant on the Duke of *Buckingham*, begged his Interest for him at Court; and to press the Thing the more home upon him, said, *He had no-body to depend on but God and his Grace.* Then, says the Duke, *you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitched upon any two who have less Interest at Court.*

Two Free-thinking Authors, said a certain Bookseller, when I was a little low in the World, assured me, If I would print their Works, they would *set me up,* and indeed they



they were as good as their Word, for in six Weeks after I publish'd the first Thing they sent me, I was set up indeed——but it was on the Pillory.

A LADY being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very *stinking Breath*: *The Words are good*, said she, *but the Air is intolerable*.

A certain good natur'd Gentleman receiv'd a Letter, from a Friend of his, to recommend the Bearer, who was a Painter, to his Protection, and beg'd he would employ him: The Gentleman had lately fitted up a new Hall, and wanted a large Piece to fill one End of it; He told the Painter he should draw him a Picture for it, and, said he, you shall chuse the Subject yourself——What shall it be? After hesitating a Moment——What think you of the *Judgment* of SOLOMON? reply'd the Painter——Why aye, said the Gentleman, it will admit a good many Figures and Decorations; I don't care if it is. He then carry'd the Painter into a Closet; and here, said he, I want a small Picture for the Chimney Piece; what Story would make a pleasant little Piece? the Artist seem'd to consider a little, and then, scratching his Head, with great Taste reply'd; why suppose you have, a LITTLE *Judgment* of SOLOMON——The Gentleman started, but being of an easy, complying Temper, found out that it would be well enough to see the same Story told in Large and in Little, and consented; but not thinking



thinking that he had still found Work enough for his Friend's Painter, he bethought himself of a Summer-House, where he sometimes drank a chearful Bottle, the Cieling of which was out of Repair: He carry'd the Painter thither, and said, I should like to have some gay, little History painted here——Can you think of none that would be proper for such a Sort of Room? O, yes, Sir, said he, there is not a cleverer Story for the Purpose than the *Judgment of SOLOMON*——Here the poor Gentleman lost all Patience, and kick'd the rascally Pretender out of Doors, who had just learn'd to draw one Subject, and was fit for nothing else in the World.

WHEN *Rabelais*, the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment, for having received the Extream Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, He hoped he was prepared for the next World: Yes, yes, replied *Rabelais*, I am ready for my Journey now, they have just greased my Boots.

WHEN Sir *Richard Steele* was sitting up his Great Room, in *York Buildings*, for public Orations, he happened to be pretty much behind hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and Speak, that he might judge how a Person could be heard; the Fellow mounting and scratching his Pate, told him, He knew not what to say, for in Truth he was  
no

no Orater. Oh? said the Knight, no Matter for that, say any Thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard, says the Fellow, we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money, Pray, Sir, when do you design to Pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your Subject. .

My Lord Chief Justice *Holt* had sent by his Warrant one of the *French Prophets*, a foolish Sect, that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which, Mr. *Lacy*, one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House, and desired to speak with him; the Servants told him their Lord was not well, and saw no Company that Day: But tell him, said *Lacy*, I must see him, for I come to him from the *Lord God*; which being told the Chief Justice, he ordered him to come in, and asked him his Business; I come, said he, from the *Lord*, who hath sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli Prosequi* for *John Atkins*, who is his Servant, and whom thou has cast into Prison. *Thou art a false Prophet*, answered my Lord, *and a lying Knave*; for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli Prosequi*.

A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one of the Congregation

gregation was getting out of the Church in a great Hurry ; but a Neighbour pulling him by the Sleeve, asked whither he was going ? *Home for my Night Cap* answered the first, *for I find we are to stay here all Night.*

*Daniel Purcel* the famous Punster, calling for some Pipes in a Tavern, complained they were too short : The Drawer said, They had no other, and those were *but just come in*. *Ay* said *Daniel*, *I see your Master has not bought them very long.*

THE same Gentleman, was desired one Night in Company, to make a *Pun extempore* ; Upon what Subject : said *Daniel* : The King, answered the Person that asked him ; O ! Sir, said he, *the King is no Subject.*

AN *Irish* Lawyer of the *Temple*, having Occasion to go to Dinner, left these Directions in his Key-hole : *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

WHEN *Oliver* first coin'd his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription on one Side, *God with us* : On the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. *I see*, said he, *God and the Commonwealth are on different Sides.*

A Person was saying, not at all to the Purpose, That really *Sampson* was a very strong Man :

Man : *Ay, said another, but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the Head and Shoulders.*

A noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of his Table, Why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next the Parson? Really, said he, *I can give you no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future without thinking of your Lordship..*

COLONEL ——— who made the fine Fire-Works in St. James's-square, upon the Peace of *Ryswick*; being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the *Abbey* on Mr. *Purcel's* Monument,

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.*

Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only.

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Fire-works can be exceeded..*

AFTER the Fire of *London*, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City, every House was to be three Stories high, and there were to be no *Balconies* backwards: A *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act pass'd,

pass'd, going along the Street, and seeing a little crooked Gentlewoman on the other side of the Way, he runs over to her in great Haste, Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you walk thus publickly in the Street! And why not, pray Sir, answered the little Woman? *Because,* said he, *you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament, you are but two Stories high, and your Balcony hangs over your House of Office.*

A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon Table was a Dish of Whittings, and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a Bit of it, but stoop'd his Head down to the Fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the Plate and put it to his Ear; the Gentleman at whose Table he was, enquiring into the Meaning, he told him, that he had a Brother lost at Sea, about a *Fortnight ago*, and he was asking that Fish if he knew any thing of him: And what Answer made he, said the Gentleman? *He told me,* replied the other, *that he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these three Weeks.*

A certain Lady at *Whitehall*, of great Quality, but very little Modesty, having sent for a Linnen-Draper, to bring her some *Hollands*; as soon as the young Fellow entered the Room, O, Sir, said she, *I find you're a Man fit for Business, for you no sooner look a Lady in the Face, but you've your Yard in*  
one



*one Hand, and are lifting up the Linnen with the other.*

A Country Fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last looked into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there; but calling to the Clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cried the other. I'faith answered the Countryman, *then you've special Trade, for I see you have but one left.*

WHEN Sir Cloudsley Shovel, set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the Success of the Fleet, in which his Grace made use of this unlucky Expression, *That he begg'd God would be a Rock of Defence to the Fleet*; which occasioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument, set up for him in *Westminster-Abbey*, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks called the *Bishop and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,  
Else had we wanted now this Monument;  
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock.  
Nor did kind Heaven the wise Petition mock;  
To what the Metropolitan said then,  
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd Amen.*

A witty Knave coming into a Lace-Shop upon *Ludgate-Hill*, said, he had Occasion for a small Quantity of very fine Lace; and having pitch'd upon that he liked, asked the Woman of the Shop, how much she would have for as much as would reach from one of his Ears to the other, and measure which Way she pleased, either over his Head or under his Chin? after some Words they agreed, and he paid the Money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my Ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your Bargain; however, I will take this Piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all Expedition.*

It chanced that a Merchant Ship was so violently tossed in a Storm at Sea, that all despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayer, saving one Mariner, who was ever wishing to see two Stars: Oh! said he, that I could but see two Stars, or but one of the Two; and of these Words he made so frequent Repetition, that, disturbing the Meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, What two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he replied, *O! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I would not care which.*

A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggyish, called out to a Clown that was ditching, and asked

asked him if it was hard at the Bottom. Ay, answer'd the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom I'll warrant you. But in half a Dozen Steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou Whore-son Rascal, said he to the Ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the Bottom? Ay, replied the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

AN *Englishman* and a *Welchman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living; said the *Welchman*, There is such noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner: Ay, answered the *Englishman*, *that was because every Man toasted his own Cheese.*

Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting in the Street, one asked the other, how the Devil he could afford to undersel him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself? *Why you silly Dog*, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

MR. E——s, the Painter, having finish'd a very good Picture of *Fig*, the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *Johnson*, the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. E——s designed to have a Metzotinto Print taken from 'it, but

wanted a Motto to be put under it. Then, said old *Johnson*, I'll give you one: *A Fig for the Irish.*

SOME Gentlemen going into a Bawdy-house Tavern at *Charing-Cross*, found great Fault with the Wine, and sending for the Master of the House, told him, It was sad Stuff and very weak. *It may be so*, said he, *for my Trade don't depend upon the Strength of my Wine, but on that of my Tables and Chairs.*

A certain Lady of Quality, sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take Coach if it rained for Fear of wetting them: But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet, and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered; he said, He had obeyed his Orders. How, then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I know my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode behind as I always used to do.*

A Nobleman going out one Day, called his *Irish* Footman Teague, to the side of his Chariot, and bad him tell Mr. *Such-a-one*, if he came, that he should be at home at Dinner. But when my Lord was got across the Square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and calling to the Coachman to stop; upon which my Lord, pulling the

String,

String, desired to know what Teague wanted; My Lord, said he, you bade me tell Mr. *Such-a-one*, if he came, that you would dine at *Home*; But what must I say if he don't come?

A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin, to an Alehouse, the Man of the House refus'd to take it. *What a Pox*, said the Fellow, *will neither my Word, nor the Word of God pass with you?*

THE famous *Jack Ogle*, of facetious Memory, having borrowed on Note the Sum of Five Pounds, and failing in Payment, the Gentleman who had lent the Money, took Occasion indiscreetly to talk of it, in the public Coffee-house, which obliged *Jack* to take Notice of it, so that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman, a little tender in Point of Courage, offered him the Note to make the Matter up; to which our Hero readily consented, and had the Note deliver'd. But now, said the Gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight Scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my Heart, says *Jack*; Come, I'll wound you first, so drawing his Sword, he whipt it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonist's Arm, 'till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound tied up with a Handkerchief: Come, says the Gentleman,



now where shall I wound you ? *Jack* putting himself in a Posture of Defence, cried, *Where you can by G-d, Sir, Well, well,* says the other, I can swear I received this Wound of you ; and so march'd off contentedly.

IN Eighty Eight, when Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-bar*, along *Fleet-street*, on some Procession, the Lawyers were ranged on one Side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other ; says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student, to a Lawyer that stood next him, *Do but observe the Courtiers ; if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt ; if to us, they are in Law.*

Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, where they placed themselves snug up in the Corner of the Middle-Gallery. The first Musick play'd, which they liked well enough ; then the Second and Third to their great Satisfaction : At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors enter'd to begin the Play ; upon which, one of the Countrymen cry'd to the other, *Come Hodge, let's be going, ma'hap the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

THE famous Sir *George Rook*, when he was a Captain of Marines, was quartered at a Village, where he buried a pretty many of his Men ; at length the Parson refus'd to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it, which being told  
Captain

Captain *Rooke*, he ordered six Men of his Company to carry the Corpse of the Soldier then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarrassed the Priest, that he sent the Captain Word, *If he would fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and all his Company for nothing.*

ONE losing a Bag of Money of about Fifty Pounds, between the *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fix'd a Paper up, offering Ten Pounds Reward to those who took it up and should return it: Upon which, the Person that had it, came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

TWO Brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous Crime; the eldest was turned off without speaking one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him, *Good People*, says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments I shall be turn'd off too, and then you will see a Pair of Spectacles.*

MASTER *Johnny* sitting one Summer's-Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chamber-maid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies, and the like, took the Liberty, unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her Garters, and

by an unlucky Slip went farther than he should have done. At which the poor Creature blushing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else.* Ay, Child, said he, *I'll fling two at your Tail if you do.*

WHEN the Lord *Jefferies*, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, pushed the Matter very home on the Side he swore of. *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Hark you, you Fellow in the Leather-Doublet, what have you for Swearing? To which the Countryman smartly replied, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for Lying, than I have for Swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather-Doublet too.*

THE same *Jefferies* afterwards, on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that he suppos'd he had a Conscience as long as his Beard. *Does your Lordship*, replied the old Man, *measure Consciences by Beards? If so, your Lordship has no Beard at all.*

DR. *Ratcliffe*, who was not the *humblest* Man in the World, being sent for by Sir *Edward Seymour*, who was said to be one of the *proudest*, the Knight receiv'd him while he was dressing his Feet and picking his Toes; being at that Time troubled with a *Diabetes*, and upon the Doctor's entering the Room, accosted

accosted him in this Manner: So Quack, said he, *I'm a dead Man, for I piss sweet.* Do you, replied the Doctor, *then prithee piss upon your Toes, for they stink damnably;* and so turning round on his Heel went out of the Room.

AN honest bluff Country Farmer meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily at he expected, the Parson with an erected Crest, told him, He was better fed than taught. Very true indeed, Sir, replied the Farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

A famous Teacher of *Arithmetick*, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child; one said to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, reply'd she, *only he can't multiply.*

AN arch Boy at a Table, where was a piping-hot Apple-Pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, asked him, Why he wept? Only, said he, because it is just come into my Remembrance that my poor Grandmother dy'd this Day Twelvemonth. Phoo, said the other, is that all? So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathiz'd with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer, asked him, Why he wept? *A Pox on you,*  
 B 5 said

said he, *because you were not hang'd, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died.*

A Lady who had married a Gentleman, that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithee write something for me; let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow upon me when I die: Oh, my Dear, replied he, that's a melancholy Subject, prithee don't think of it: Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she; come I'll begin,

*Here lies Bid:*

To which he answer'd,

*Ah! I wish she did.*

+ A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen, who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got, I'll banter him a little; *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass.* Why really, Sir, replied the Parson, *the King has made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride on if he had a Mind to it.*

+ THE Dutchels of *Newcastle*, who wrote Plays and Romances in King *Charles* the Second's Time, asked Bishop *Wilkins*, How she should get up to the World in the Moon, which he had discovered; for as the Journey must



must needs be very long, there would be no Possibility of going through with it without resting on the Way? *Oh, Madam, said the Bishop, your Grace has built so many Castles in the Air, that you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at Supper on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by *Logick* and *Arithmetick* he could prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why this, cries the Scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*, two and one, you know, make *Three*. Since you have made it out so well, answered the Father, your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself for your great Learning.

ONE asking a Painter how he could paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children, *Because*, said he, *I make the first by Day-Light, and the other in the Dark.*

SOME Men and their Wives, who all lived in the same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being merry-making at a Neighbour's House, said one of the Husbands, It is reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one: His Wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you so sad,  
my

my Dear, said her Husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said. *No*, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our Row that is not a Cuckold.*

A Man and his Wife being in Bed together, towards Morning, Madam pretending to be much out of Order, desired to lie on her Husband's Side; the good Man, to humour her, came over, but made some short Stay in the Middle; about half an Hour after she wanted to come on her own Side of the Bed again, the good Man obliged her the second Time; but not content with this, a little while after she would needs change Places again; How can it be? said the Husband: Why can't you come the same Way you did before, answered the Wife, *No, by my Troth*, replied he, *I would rather go five Miles about.*

A certain Lieutenant of a Man of War, under the Command of my Lord Torrington, having, in the Engagement with the Spaniards in the *Mediterranean*, one of his Arms shot off within a few Inches of his Shoulder, while the Surgeon was dressing it could not forbear laughing; one standing by, asked him the Reason. *Why*, said he, *I cannot help thinking of a Wish I have often made, that a certain Part about me was as long as my Arm, and now I believe it is three or four Inches longer.*

A Country Fellow getting into a Gentleman's Orchard one Night, with a Design of robbing

robbing a Mulberry Tree, had not long been in it, before one of the Men and one of the Maids came just under the Place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could 'till the Business they came about was over ; when the Chamber-Maid began to give Vent to those Fears which the Fury of her Appetite would not admit into her Thoughts before ; Lord, *John*, said she, now you have had your filthy Will, what if I should prove with Child, who will take Care of it ? There is one above, replied *John*, I hope, will provide for it. *Is there so*, said the Countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any Body's Bastard, it shall be one of my own begetting.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money ; the Lawer bid the Boy tell his Master that he was not running away but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Did'ft tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away. Yes, Sir, answered the Boy ; but he bade me tell you *that he was.*

A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenter's Servant to knock a Nail or two in his Study, the Fellow after he had done, scratched his Ears, and said, He hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. *Make you drink*, says the Gentleman, *there's a pickle Herring for you, if that don't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master a grave Man came to expostulate with him about it ; Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so : *Prithee, where is the Wonder?* said the other, *if she had got me with Child you might have wonder'd indeed.*

THREE Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whose Names were *More, Strange,* and *Right* : Said the last, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that's *Strange!* Yes, answered *Strange*, there is one *More* : Ay, said *More*, and that's *Right*.

ONE being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going pretty quick along, he cry'd out to them, *Don't go so fast ; What need we make a Toil of a Pleasure ?*

IN a Cause try'd at the *King's Bench Bar*, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose, and one of the Counsel, a good impudent Fellow, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper-Nose : *Why, Sir,* said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper Nose for your Brazen Face.*

WHEN Recruits were raising for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain that he had got him a very extraordinary Man : Ay, says the Captain, prithee what's he ? *A Butcher,*  
Sir

*Sir, replies the Serjeant, and your Honour will have double Service of him, for we had two Sheep-Stealers in the Company before.*

THE Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of Matrimony, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend that it confers Grace : The Protestant Divines do not carry Matters so high, but say, This ought to be understood in a qualified Sense ; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as that, generally speaking, *it brings Repentance, which every Body knows is one Step towards Grace.*

AN *English Gentleman travelling to France,* had made Choice of an Abbot, as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures : One of his Countrymen told him, *That though the Abbot and he differ'd about the way to Heaven, they were in a fair Way of going to the Devil together.*

A Farmer, who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill with such as came far and near to challenge him : Among the rest a conceited Fellow rode a great Way to visit this Champion ; and being told, that he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walk'd with his Horse in his Hand, till he came where he found him at Work ; so hanging his Horse upon the Pails, he accosted him thus : That having heard much of his  
Fame,



Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him, The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him upon such an advantageous Lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the Pails; so with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade and fell to work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again, as nimbly as he could, call'd to speak to him. Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me? *No, no*, replied the Fellow, *only to desire you'll be so kind to throw my Horse over after me.*

*Tom P——*, a good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at Lord *L——*'s, several Ladies being at Table; my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, to resent it: Mr. *Such-a-one*, replied *Tom*, may kiss my *A——*: Upon such a coarse Expression the Ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, *Fie, Tom*, I thought you would not have used such a Word before Ladies. Why, my Lord, said *Tom*, *A——* an't Bawdy, is it? *No*, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

A Scotch Pedlar, being very much distress'd for a Lodging, came at last to a Hut, where with some Difficulty he prevail'd on his Host to put him to Bed to a Couple of Countrymen, that were just got in before: They were so  
fast.

fast asleep, *Sawney* thrust in between them, in hopes of warming himself ; his Bedfellows being jolly Fellows, and the Bed none of the largest, the Night very cold, they endeavour'd to keep as much in the middle of it as possible, which made 'em squeeze the poor *Seot* extremely, who was very uneasy in his Post, and wanting to do what no body could do for him, and unwilling to get up, least they should refuse him Entrance again, play'd his Water Engine on him that was in the front : at which the Fellow feeling something very warm, waken'd, and asked the Pedlar what he was about. *Hush*, says *Sawney*, *you are well off, for I am doing t'other Thing upon t'other.*

A Lady was insulting a poor Poet on Account of his Poverty, telling him, all his Fortune lay in the Compass of a Crown. *True, Madam*, says he, *Horses get their Living by their Backs, Oxen by their Necks, Swine and Women by their Flesh, Man only by his Brain.*

Two Country-Attorneys overtaking a Gentlewoman in *Fleet-street*, were greatly surpriz'd at the Oddity of her Dress ; one of 'em said to his Friend, he would take the liberty to ask what she call'd it ; 'twas to no Purpose that his Companion urg'd the Probability of being thought rude, and meeting with a Repulse. *Wilfull* however would do it, he was determin'd ; so making one of his best Bows, I beg pardon Madam, for the Freedom I take in desiring to know the Name of your Habit. You'r  
a very

a very impertinent Blockhead to ask such a Question, says the Gentlewoman. No Offence, I hope, reply'd the Attorney, I am a Countryman, Madam, and just going out of Town, and my Wife always expects I should bring her an Account of the newest Fashion, which occasion'd my enquiring what you call'd this that you wear. It is a Sack, said she (in a great Pet) *I have heard*, rejoins the Attorney, (heartily nettled at her Behaviour) *of a Pig in a Poke, but never saw a Sow in a Sack before.*

Dr. Smith, a famous Quack, having made an Harangue to the People on a Market-day, in a Country Town, who regarded their own more than his Business; he bid his *Merry Andrew* get 'em to come about his Stage, that he might not spend his Breath any longer in vain. *Jack* upon this made a hideous Noise, which alarm'd the Country People, who flock'd about him to know what was the Matter; the Doctor took Occasion then to tell 'em, that he came there for all their Good, and not for Want. *True*, adds *Jack* *we have enough of that at Home, besides, my Master has an Estate, but that's neither here nor there.*

A Gentleman being highly provok'd at the Usage he receiv'd from another, told him, that he was the most ungrateful Man living; I have, said he, been a thorough Friend to your Family, lent you Money, done your Sister's Business for her, and kept her Cuckold out of Jail.

AN old Lady, who was very fond of her Grandson, desired a Clergyman that came to dine with her, to examine him in his Book : The Gentleman, willing to oblige her, began with asking him what was the first Letter; upon his hesitating a great while, the good old Gentlewoman put him in mind it was great *A*, ay, says the Child, great *A*, that's a good Dear, says the Lady, and what's the next letter. I can't tell, replies the Infant; oh fye, says the Grandmother; what's that which flies humming about the Garden? A Wasp, replies the Master: No, a *Bee*, adds Madam, yes, a *Bee*, ecchoes the Infant: That's my Jewel, cries the Parent, in Extasy: And what's the next to *B*? I don't know, Granny, indeed not I: Oh yes, my pretty Love, but you do, look at me, what do I do, Sweeting? Squint, says the Baby: No. see, replies she; ay *C*, rejoins the Stripling: And so ended his Lesson, to the great Comfort of the Grannam, and Joy of the Gentleman.

THE Foreman of a Jury thought fit to desire some of the Witnesses in the Cause before him, to be re-examin'd: One of the Judges told him, he gave the Court a great deal of unnecessary Trouble about what he believ'd he did not understand. Yes, but I do, says the honest Man, as well as your Lordship: Pray tell me then, says the Judge, the Meaning of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee*? With all my Heart, replies the Countryman, for Example, *If I nod at you I am the Nodder, and if you nod again at me, your Lordship is the Noddee.*

A *Dutch*, *Spanish*, *English*, and some other Ambassadors being at Dinner together, the *Spaniard* drank the Pope's Health, which *Mynheer* resented, and had like to have caus'd a Quarrel between 'em ; but the *English* Ambassador appeas'd it, by telling him it would be in his Power to return the Compliment when he was to propose his Toast, which when he was call'd upon to name, gave the Devil ; if the *Dutchman* was angry with the Don before, the *Spaniard* grew outrageous at the Insult offer'd him, by naming such a Health after that of his Holiness ; but the *Englishman* beg'd him to be easy, telling him, *Mynheer drank the Head of his Church, as his Excellency had that of his.*

I remember in my Youth, I happened to ramble with a Friend, on *Easter-Monday*, into *St. Pancras Church* in the Fields ; where a great many, whose Necessity put them upon Frugality, are marry'd at Under Rates, and save the Expence of a Licence. We found the little Church crowded with Lovers. No Discontent appeared amongst them ; but what proceeded from an Impatience, that one Couple only could be marry'd at a time. We observ'd among the rest, a plump, black-eyed Damsel, who tugged after her a bashful young Fellow. She bustled with him through the Crowd, and gained the Rails of the Communion-Table, in spite of Opposition. There is, it seems, a By-Law peculiar to this Church, by which every Couple, before the Ceremony begins, are required to lay down half the Fees on



on the Book, and are allowed Credit for the Remainder, till the Service is half over. The Bridegroom accordingly deposited one Moiety ; and the Doctor read away. When now, coming to his usual Resting place, he made a full stop. Whereupon the Clerk hinted to the young Man, that this was the time to pay down the Remainder of the Dues. The poor Fellow was heavily dismay'd at this Demand, and searched his Pockets for what he knew was not to be found. At last he whispered the Bride, and she answered him only with a dejected Countenance. There was a profound Silence for some Minutes, till they were told, nothing farther could be done unless the residue was forth-coming. What could they do in these Neutral Circumstances, half marry'd, and half unmarried ? The Woman, who first recovered her Confusion, said, Pray, Sir, marry us as much as you can afford for that Money ; to which he reply'd, he had gone to the utmost Syllable. Upon this, after a little Pause, she untied her Shoe, and pull'd out Three Shillings and Nine Pence, (a hidden Reserve for Pin Money) and with a deep Sigh laid it upon the Book ; and so the suspended Nuptials were perfected.

A Learned Gentleman of the Faculty, who had been a great Traveller in his Youth, for his Improvement in physical Knowledge, being one Day in Company with some Persons of Quality, who were much subject to the Gout, told them, that when he was in *Egypt* he made the Discovery of an infallible *Nostrum* for

for that Plague of Mankind, in Conjunction with another eminent Son of *Esculapius*, of that Country. Being asked how he came by so extraordinary a Secret, made Answer, that after many learned Discussions with his *Egyptian* Friend, concerning the Cause of the Gout, they agreed to go together in Quest of an adequate Remedy, founded, upon an old Tradition among their Sages, that such a one there was in the Bowels of the Earth, under a certain Pyramid. Accordingly, said he, after providing ourselves with Provision, Guns, Gun-powder, Lights, &c. we repair'd to the Entrance of the said huge Pyramid, very narrow, and some four foot in height. We descended, as down the Steep of a Hill, always stooping, and sometimes creeping, for at least 500 Miles (here the Company smil'd upon one another)——but now pursued the Doctor, it began, my Lords, to enlarge itself prodigiously, yet the fearful Descent continued. Some Fifty Leagues farther we came to a little Island, in the midst of which was a magnificent Tomb, containing the Body of *Cheops*, one of the King's of *Egypt*, and the Builder of this Pyramid. Then inclining to the left, we continued our subterraneous Journey for about a Month, when we came to a monstrous Pit of Water. Here we got into our diving Engines, leaving proper persons to draw us up again. In this Manner we descended——let me recollect——for about two Months more, which brought us, I could perceive, into the main Ocean; and then again sinking on as near as I can remember, for about a quarter of a Year,

at

at last we came to the Center—the Company startled at this marvellous Passage, and look'd with great Amazement upon one another, as if they one and all thought, ay—Doctor! this is a Traveller —But he, regardless of what they thought, went on, saying, Here, my Lords, we found a Well as clear as Chrystal, and of most astonishing Virtues. Take of that Water, said a most venerable Sage to us, who presided as its Guardian; take of that Water, said he, in Reward of your indefatigable and perilous Labours for the Good of Mankind; a Drop of which applied outward to the Part aggriev'd, gives present Ease to the most raging Fit of the Gout; and removes instantly all Disorders of Sight, whether blind, or purblind; short-sighted, or dim-sighted; and then again, taken inward, added he, it infallibly cures the Stone and Gravel. Never was Company's Curiosity rais'd to a higher Pitch! Nor could ever Company be more interested in this Health restoring Drop, as they were most of them Invalids, and labour'd under one or all of the Diseases mention'd in the Catalogue of its Virtues. No wonder therefore that they were extremely urgent with the Doctor to be inform'd what Quantity of this precious Liquor he might have brought with him to *England*? When we had fill'd, continued the Doctor, about as much of it as might reasonably be contain'd in the famous Tun at *Heidelberg*, we gave a Signal to be drawn up again; but alas! here was our Misfortune, and in that the greatest Disaster, that ever befell Mankind! We having not enough consider'd  
the

the Ponderosity that must necessarily accrue by such a vast Distance, our People above were not able to purchase us, altho' they went and got an Army of Fifty thousand Men to their Assistance. Upon this, your Lordships may imagine we were in a most forlorn Situation; and the more so, as our Provision was all spent, and we had liv'd upon such Fish as we could catch for above a Month; but that failing us too, we fasted a full Fortnight, and just as we had given ourselves over for lost, what should we happily espy but some Diving Engines: You may be sure we delay'd no time to fix ourselves to them, when the Divers, imagining no doubt, that they had hit upon some Chests of Treasure, strait gave their Signal, when after mounting very saturnically for some Months, we found ourselves at last alongside of a large Ship in the *Caribee* Islands.——The Company testifying the highest Satisfaction as well on account of their Safety, as of that of so large and valuable a Cargo of Water, the Doctor cry'd out with extreme Emotion, O! my Lords! do not remind me of the dire Mishap! what Mishap, Doctor, ask'd the Company? Why, my Lords, by the Carelessness of those Rogues of Sailors, the Puncheon bulg'd against the Ship's Side, and was stav'd all to Pieces: Would it not vex a Saint, added he, my Lords, to go from one Hemisphere to another in quest of a Thing, and lose one's Labour at last? Upon being asked if he was not publick-spirited enough to hazard a second Attempt, he replied, no-body could be  
more

more so than himself, but that since his being there, the Passages were all choaked up by special Order of the Bashaw of *Grand Cairo*, and that for Reasons of State. The Doctor told all this with the greatest Gravity imaginable, and their Lordships, when he had ended his Narrative, fell into a violent Fit of Laughter, and the whole gave so lively a Turn to their Spirits, that they pass'd the Rest of the Evening with the utmost Pleasantry, which did them more real Service than all the pretended *Nostrums* in the Universe.

A facetious Country Gentleman, whose Affairs obliged him sometimes to travel to *London*, once on his Return from thence he went to visit a Friend, whose Wife was very importunate to know, what new Fashions reign'd there. He reply'd, that truly they were things out of his Sphere, and what consequently he never regarded. Well, Sir, says she, if you don't observe what is wore, I suppose you mind what you eat; pray, what new Dishes are in Vogue, I know when you are in Town you are perpetually at one Great Man's Table or other, so can't avoid seeing something extraordinary. Why, Madam, answer'd the Gentleman, now you put me in mind of it; there was a Dish at a Nobleman's, which I never met with before. She was very urgent with him to inform her what it was. I assure you, Madam, it was the first that ever came to a Table, and I believe you'll think so, when I tell you; it was a Shoulder of Mutton stuff'd with gray Pease, Gingerbread Sippits, and

C

Treats



Treacle Sauce. The good Gentlewoman was overjoy'd with being let into the Secret ; and soon after, her Husband inviting the Mayor and several Gentlemen to dine with him, among many other Dishes that were serv'd up, was this Curiosity introduc'd, which created no small Astonishment to the Company, and Diversion to the Gentleman that had occasioned its Appearance.

A Man was reproach'd by another with Barbarity in beating his Wife so severely as he often did ; Go, you are a Fool and ignorant of the Scriptures, says he, else you'd know that its a Proof of my Love for her, otherwise I wouldn't be at the Trouble ; for *he that the Lord loveth he chastiseth*, and so do I.

THE late Mr. *Philips*, the Poet, being in Company with some Men of Quality at a Tavern, was call'd upon to give his Toast, he named that Lord's Wife ; the Nobleman demanded why he named her ? Why not, reply'd the Poet, she has the Qualifications of a Toast, being both brown and dry : Which Answer made 'em all laugh, his Lordship having been compell'd to marry her against his Inclinations.

A Citizen, who was not a little fond of good Feasting, being at *Stationers Hall* on a *Lord-Mayor's Day*, after he had stuff'd very heartily, was observ'd to take a boil'd Fowl out of the Dish, and cram into his Pocket ;  
upon

upon which, the Person that sat next him takes up a Bason of Butter, and telling the Glutton he was quite right in filching the Fowl, but he should have a little Sauce home with it, and accordingly pour'd the Butter into his Pocket; which so expos'd him to the Laughter of the whole Company, that he run away as fast as his Belly would let him.

WHEN a late rich Man was dying, *Lucifer* sent one of his Imps to fetch his Soul; he return'd sooner than was expected, and appear'd a little out of Countenance: On his Master's asking him for it, pray your Honour don't be angry, says the Imp, and think me remiss in my Duty, because I have not brought it with me, I believe 'twill be sent by and by. Be pleas'd to know, Sir, he had a felonious Intention to bilk us, by giving all his Wealth, the Effects of Rapine and Villany, to charitable Uses, but he'll find he is mistaken. Besides, Sir, he has appointed eleven Trustees, so that were it possible he was to escape us, we should be sure of every one of them.

A Beggar earnestly sollicitated a certain humorous Poet for Charity, which he refus'd, telling him he was as poor as himself. Ah! Sir, says the Cripple, I have not a Farthing in the World. Pray, good Sir, Dear Sir, bestow a Farthing or Half-penny, the Lord will amply reward you. Here, Friend, says the Poet, you beg so earnestly, I can hold out no longer; and to reward your Oratory, I bestow on you all the Money I have in the

World; take it (when he gave him a Penny) it may do you some Good, it can do me none. But for the future, let me advise you to think of another Pay-master, for there are but few that care to lend their Money, not to receive either Principal nor Interest till after their Decease.

A Beggar, requesting Charity of a Clergyman, was answer'd he had it not; I believe you, Sir, says the Wretch, for I never met with one of your Cloth in my Life that had.

A Gentleman was courting a Mistress he had in *St. Martin's Lane*, and looking out of the Street Window, he saw a Fellow sitting upon a Joiner's Stall, whom knowing to be a Bayliff, and suspecting his being there to wait for him, he calls his Man, bids him go over the way and fetch the Joyner's Prentice to him, whom he saw knocking of Nails into some Work. When he came, Honest Lad, says the Gentleman, do you see yonder Fellow with a Leather Belt, how it hangs across the Stall, here's a Crown for you, if you'll go and nail him to it. The Prentice undertakes the Job, goes over to his Shop, falls a knocking of some Nails as before, of which the Bayliff taking no Notice, he nail'd his Belt and a Lappit of his Coat to the Stall. Then the Gentleman taking Coach at the Door, the Bayliff seeing him come out, leaps off the Stall in great haste, and gives it such a pull that down comes the Stall, Boxes, Children's Coffins, and all other things upon it; the Fellow tumbles

to the Ground with the Stall at his Heels, so that the afore said Lumber, with Hammers and Nails made such a Clutter, that he was frightened out of his Wits, thinking the Devil had been at his Back: Out came the Neighbours to see what was the Matter, they disintangled the Fellow, and carry'd him into a House till he recover'd his Wits again: And by this Contrivance the Gentleman escap'd the Bayliff's Clutches.

A Sharper one Day went into a Woollen-Draper's Shop in *St. Paul's Churchyard*, takes up so many Yards of Cloth to make a new Liveries, has it carry'd into a Coach, tells the Draper he has not Money enough about him, but send one of his Prentices along with him, and he would pay him. Then rides away, a Prentice follows the Coach, he knows not whither; but instead of going to his Lodgings goes into a Barber's House, into one of his upper Rooms, to be trimm'd; and being shav'd, gives the Barber Five Shillings, saying to him, Do not think that I give you so much Money for your Pains you took in trimming me; no, for I have a greater Charge to give you, in which I must entreat your Care and Diligence, for which you shall be well rewarded; that is, as soon as I am gone, you must call up a Youth that waits on me, he's a little bashful, and you'll hardly persuade him to confess his Infirmary, till you force him; therefore lock him in with as much Privacy as you can, and search him, and if you find things amiss, which I suspect you will, pray apply such Medicines

for his Recovery as you think most expedient, and I will pay you well for your Trouble. The Barber-Surgeon promises to be mindful of the Lad, and so soon as he went into the Coach, he bid the young Man go along with the Barber, and he would do his Business: The Prentice makes a Bow, and goes along with the Barber, who leads him into a private Room, locks the Door, begins to preach to the Boy, in telling him what a pure Stick of Wood he was, to follow whoring so early: The Lad thought the Fellow mad, and blush'd to hear him: Come, come, says the Barber, your pretended Modesty must not serve your turn, your Master has told me your Tricks, I must see how you are. The Lad thought the Devil had possessed the Fellow, ask'd him what the Matter was, or what he would be at; that he came for his Master's Money for the Cloth. The Barber reply'd, I must follow your Master's Orders; I am to search you for the Pox, and as I am hir'd to cure you I will do my Duty. The Lad vow'd and swore he had no Pox, that his Master lived in St. Paul's Church yard, and sent him with the Gentleman he had shav'd, for Money for his Cloth. All this would not serve the Barber's Turn, but he must be true to his Trust, and will search, so that the Dispute ended in some Cuffs betwixt them; but in the end, the Barber being too hard for his Patient, forc'd down his Breeches, and search'd him, whom he found to be as clear and sound as any Creature could be. The Barber satisfy'd himself that he had done his

Part;



Part ; but the poor Lad much troubled for this Abuse, goes home to his Master, tells him the whole Story, how that instead of Money, he had a good threshing Bout, and a long Encounter with a Barber, who search'd him for the Pox ; but the Master not knowing how to help himself, could not chuse but smile at the Passage, and contentedly sat himself down with his Loss.

OF all the disinterested Professors I have ever heard of, I take the Boatswain of *Dampier's* Ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know, that in the wild Searches that Navigator was making, they happen'd to be out at Sea, far distant from any Shore, in Want of all the Necessaries of Life ; insomuch, that they began to look, not without Hunger, on each other. The Boatswain was a fat, healthy fresh Fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In such an extreme Necessity, all forms of Superiority were laid aside : The Captain and Lieutenant were safe only by being Carrion, and the unhappy Boatswain in Danger only by being worth eating. To be short. the Company were unanimous, and the Boatswain must be cut up. He saw their Intention, and desired he might speak a few Words before they proceeded which being permitted, he deliver'd himself as follows :

Gentlemen Sailors,

*Far be it that I should speak it for any private Interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not die with a good Conscience, if I did not con-*

*sefs to you that I am not foun'd. I say, Gentlemen, Justice, and the Testimony of a good Conscience, as well as Love of my Country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that Black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and (I speak it with Shame) I am afraid, Gentlemen, I should poison you.*

THIS Speech had a good Effect in the Boatswain's Favour! But the Surgeon of the Ship protested, he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first Stake of him himself.

THE Boatswain replied, (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in Hopes to gain Time) That he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thanked the Surgeon for his Information. However said he, I must inform you, for your own Good, that I have ever since my Cure been very thirsty and dropfical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on with his Harangue, a fresh Gale arose, and gave the Crew Hopes of a better Repast at the nearest Shore, to which they arrived next Morning.

Dryden and Otway living over-against one another, the latter took a piece of Chalk and wrote over *Dryden's Door*, as they were going out together this Line:

*Here lives Jack Dryden—He's a Wit*

And,

*There lives Tom Otway — opposite.*

Replies Mr. Dryden.

A

A simple Bumpkin, coming to *London*, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan, and bargained with the Chairman to carry him to a place he named. The Chairmen observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Habit, privately took out the Bottom of their Chair, and then put him into it, which when they took up, the Countryman's Feet were upon the Ground, and as the Chairmen advanc'd so did he ; and to make the better Sport, if any Place was dirtier in the Way, than the rest, that they chose to go through ; the Countryman not knowing but others used to be carried, or rather driven in the same Manner, coming to his Lodgings, gave them their Demand : Returning into the Country, he related what rare Things he had seen in *London*, and withal, that he had been carried in a Sedan : Sedan ! quoth one, What is that ? *Why* said he, *like our Watch-House*, only it is covered with Leather ; but were it not for the Name of a Sedan a Man might as well walk on Foot.

An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could Write and Read, coming to *London*, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last, read on a Sign-Post, *Here are Horses to be let*, 1743. *Jesu*, said he, *if there are so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City !*

The famous *Buchanan* being at Dinner where the Soop was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the same Time breaking Wind backwards : *It was well for you*, said he, *that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid.*

A Bishop going in great Haste to *Rome* to be cardinalized, missed his Promotion, and returned ; but got a violent Cold by the Way : *It is no wonder*, said one, who was told of it, *since he came so far without his Hat.*

A Scotch Parson in the Rump-Time, in his babbling Prayer, said, *Laird bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A Country Fellow standing by, said, *Yes, yes, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better ; and I am sure 'tis the Prayers of all good People.* But, Friends, said Sawny, I don't mean as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord. *No matter what Cord*, reply'd the other, *so 'tis but a strong Cord.*

A young Lady being sick, a Physician was sent for to feel her Pulse ; she being very coy, and loath he should touch her naked Skin, pull'd her Smock Sleeve over her Hand ; the Doctor observing it, took a Corner of his Coat, and laid it upon her Smock Sleeve ; at which a Lady that stood by wondered : *O Madam*, said he, *a Linnen Pulse must always have a Woollen Physician.*

Tom

*Tom Clarke* of St. *John's* desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him Bishop *Burnet's History of the Reformation*; the other told him, He could not spare it out of his Chamber, but, if he pleas'd, he might come there and read in it all Day long: Some Time after the same Gentleman sends to *Tom*, to borrow his Bellows, *Tom* sent him Word, That he could not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and use them all Day long if he would.

THE Bishop of *D——m* had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches, and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers relating to a Provision for Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other, as usual, in his Breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my Hand, my Lords, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows.—Upon which the Duke of *Wh——n* immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which Hand, my Lord?*

IN a little Country Town, it happened that the Squire of the Parish's Lady came to Church after her Lying-in, to return Thanks to God, or, as it is commonly called, to be Church'd: The Parson, aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *Woman* a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this Woman*, said, *O Lord save this Lady*. The Clerk resolving not to be behind hand



with him, answered, *Who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

A Living of 500 *l. per Annum* falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor T—l—t, Sir R— W— recommended one of his Friends, as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approv'd of. In the Interim, the Curate, who had serv'd the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30 *l. per Annum*, came up with a Petition sign'd by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth, that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10 *l.* a Year, he should for ever pray.—His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promis'd to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman, for whom the Living was design'd, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60 *l.* a Year instead of 30 *l.* The Parson in some Confusion, reply'd, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promis'd the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. *How!* says my Lord, *have you promised the Curacy before you was possess'd of the Living!* Well, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I shall give

*give to another*: And saying this, he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, That he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having disposed of it before. The Curate with a deep Sigh return'd his Lordship Thanks, for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy, but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition to a comfortable State of Life.

THE said noble Lord, when he was under the Tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little Chancellor, one Day reply'd, that when he was so he would give him a good Living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his old Master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him of his Promise, and to ask for this Living. — *Why really,* said my Lord, *I wish you had come a Day sooner, for I have given it away already; and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the Presentation into his Hands, he convinc'd him that he had not forgot his Promise.

THE

THE Reverend Mr. *W——n*, the famous Astronomer, had made a Calculation that the World would be at an End in fifteen Years, and some time afterwards offering to dispose of an Estate, he ask'd the Gentleman who was about it, at the Rate of thirty Years Purchase; upon which the Gentleman in a very great Surprize, demanded how he could ask so many Years Purchase, when he very well knew the World would be at an End in half the Time.

A notorious Bawd of *Clerkenwell*, having left in her Will a handsome Sum of Money to be given to the Reverend Doctor *Lee*, to preach her Funeral Sermon, but on Condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her: Her Executors accordingly waited on the Doctor, and acquainted him with the Conditions of her Will; who being very much surpriz'd at such a Request, desired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after they came, when he agreed that on the Money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following *Sunday*. The Doctor kept his Word, and taking the Text, *Blessed are they*, &c. made an excellent Sermon on a well-spent Life, and the Reward they would have in the next World; concluding, Dear Friends, said he, as for the Deceas'd, of whom I am now going to speak, (which caused great Attention from the Congregation) all I shall say of her is, *That she was born at Camberwell, lived great*  
part

*part of her Time in Bridewell, and died at Clerkenwell, and at last has done well; then let us pray that she may farewell, &c. &c.*

THE Reverend Mr. B——n coming from Holland with the K—g, a terrible Hurricane arising, the Sloop was in great Danger of being lost; the facetious Mr. — B——d of Albemarle-street, being in the Cabbin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another World, desiring him to take Notice that if they were cast away, the Shirt he had on belonged to Mr. — G——, and that he might have it again; then falling on his Knees attempted to rehearse the Lord's Prayer, but with such a Tone as frightened the Ship's Crew; on which the Captain running down desired him to pray to himself, and to his great Surprise found the Doctor stripping himself: *Pray Doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do?* O! said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my Life.*

A very harmless *Irishman*, eating an Apple-Pye with some Quinces in it; *Arrah*, now dear *Honey*, said he, *if a few of these Quinces give such a Flavour, how would an Apple-Pye taste that was made of all Quinces.*

SIR Thomas Moor, for a long Time had only Daughters, his Wife earnestly praying that they might have a Boy; at last they had a Boy, who, when he came to Man's Estate, prov'd but simple; *Thou praydest so long for a Boy*, said Sir Thomas to his Wife, *that at*  
last

*last thou hast got one who will be a Boy as long as he lives.*

*Diogenes* seeing an ill Marks-man drawing his Bow ; he put himself just before the Butt ; and being asked why he did so ? *Because*, said he, *he'll be sure not to hit me.*

*Corax* undertook to teach *Tisias* Rhetorick, and *Tisias*, promised to satisfy him for his Trouble ; but when he had learnt it, he refused to pay him ; whereupon *Corax* sued him. *Tisias*, trusting to the Subtilty of his Rhetorick asked him, *What Rhetorick consisted in ?* *Corax* answered, *In the Art of persuading.* Then said *Tisias*, *if I can persuade the Judge that I owe you nothing, I shall pay you nothing, because you will be cast : And if I do not persuade him, I shan't pay you neither ; because I have not learnt how to persuade ; therefore your best way is to relinquish your Suit.* But *Corax*, who was more subtle than he, resumed the Argument in this Manner : *If you persuade the Judge, you ought to pay me, because you have learnt Rhetorick ; and if you do not persuade him, you will be obliged to pay me, because you will be cast : So that which ever way you take it, you ought to satisfy me ; which he did.*

*Mecenas*, *Augustus's* Favourite, being entertained at Dinner by a Roman Knight, towards the End of the Meal, began to take some Liberties with his Wife ; the Knight, to make his Court to him, instead of shewing  
any



any Jealousy of it, conterfeited Sleep; but seeing one of his Slaves going to steal away something from the Side board, *Sirrah*, says he, *dost thou not see that I sleep only for Me-cenas?*

*Diogenes* seeing over the Door of a new married Man, these Words written, *Hence all Evil*; said he, *After Death the Physician*. The same Philosopher perceiving one Day some Women hanged on an Olive-tree, *Would to God*, cried he, *all other Trees bore the like Fruit*.

*Diogenes* said to a young hare-brained Fellow, who threw Stones at a Gibbet: *Well, I see thou'lt hit the Mark at last*.

*C. Popilius*, a very ignorant Lawyer, being one Day summoned to be a Witness, answered he knew nothing. *You think, perhaps*, said *Cicero* to him, *that you are asked Questions about Law*.

*Melanthus*, a Parasite of *Alexander*, King of *Pheres*, being asked how his Master died, made this pleasant Answer: *He died by a Sword, that run thro' his Thigh and my Belly at once*.

Two Criminals accused one another before the same King; who having patiently heard them both, said, *I sentence this Fellow immediately to depart my Kingdom; and the other to follow him with all Speed*.

A Painter, shewing a bad Picture, bragg'd he had finish'd it in a very little time. *You need not tell us so, said Appelles; your Picture speaks it plainly enough.*

ONE Day *Socrates*, having for a long time endured his Wife's Brawling, went out of his House, and set down before the Door, to rid himself of her Impertinence. She enrag'd to find all her Scolding was not able to move him, flung a Chamber pot full in his Face. The Neighbours that happened to see it, laugh'd at poor *Socrates*; but the Philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought, indeed, after so much Thunder we should have some Rain.*

A Roman Knight, who though above two hundred thousand Crowns in Debt, still pursued his Pleasures with great Tranquility, being dead, the Emperor *Augustus* ordered, that when his Goods were sold, his Bed should be bought for him; for which he gave this Reason: *That that must needs be the best Bed in the World, since he who was so deep in Debt, could sleep in it so comfortable to the last.*

*Philoxenes* the Poet, being condemn'd by *Dionysius* to work at the Quarries, for disliking some Verses of that Tyrant's making; *Dionysius* sent for him, to shew him a fresh Composition, in Hopes of his Approbation, being passionately desirous to be esteem'd a good Poet. But *Philoxenes* perceiving it to be very bad, cry'd out, *Let me go back to the Quar-*

*Quarries.* The Tyrant, however, was this time so good-humour'd as not to be angry at it.

DURING the War betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, a Roman Knight fled from *Cæsar's* Camp, but left his Horse behind him the better to conceal his Flight, and get into *Pompey's* Camp. *Cicero*, seeing *Cæsar's* Party was the strongest, and that the Knight had made an ill Choice in siding with the weakest, said very pleasantly, *That Knight has taken more care of his Horse than of himself.*

*Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, being inform'd that some of his Soldiers had spoken ill of him at a Feast, he sent for them, and asked them whether that Report was true? Whereupon the boldest of them, seeing all was discovered, made him this ingenuous Answer: *Sir, had not our Wine failed us, we should have said a great deal more.* Which comical Excuse, and plain Confession, made the King laugh, and appeased his Anger.

A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with *Isocrates* to be taught by him, *Isocrates* asked double the Price his other Scholars gave him; And the Reason, said he, is, *that I must teach you two Sciences; the one to hold your Tongue, and the other to speak.*

AN Ambassador of the *Perinthians*, being sent to *Sparta*, made a long Speech to King  
*Agis,*

*Agis*, to let him know their Intentions; and having done speaking, asked him, *What Answer he would have him return to those that sent him? You may tell them,* answered he, *That you had much ado to make an End of your Speech, and that nevertheless I had the Patience to hear you out.*

A Chymist, having dedicated a Book to Pope *Leo X.* a Book wherein he pretended to teach the Art of making Gold, expected to receive a noble Present: But the Pope sent him only a large empty Purse, with this Compliment, *That since he knew how to make Gold, he wanted but a Purse to put it in.*

AN *Italian* Preacher of no great Reputation, delivered one Day the Panegyrick of a Saint, in the Heat of his Discourse, asked with great Emotion, *Where shall I place my Saint? Where shall I place my Saint?* A merry Fellow, who happen'd to be one of his Auditors, being tired with his Preaching, resolv'd to be gone, and cry'd to him in a loud Voice, *Here is my Place I leave for him.*

KING *Henry* the Fourth's Taylor presenting that Prince a Book he had made, containing some State Regulations, the King said to one of his Officers; *Let my Chancellor come to me this Minute to make me a Suit of Cloaths, since my Taylor takes upon him to make Regulations.*

THE Duke of *Guise*, after a Battle fought betwixt *Francis* the First and *Charles* the Fifth, reproached one *Villandri*, that tho' he was in complete Armour, yet he had not been seen in the Fight. I'll make it out, answer'd *Villandri*, boldly, that I was there, and in that very Place where you durst not be seen. The Duke, resenting this Reproach, threatned to punish him severely for it; but he appeas'd him with these words: *I was, my Lord, with the Baggage, where your Courage would not have suffer'd you to be.*

A Plough-man seeing the Archbishop of *Cologne* go by, attended with a great many Soldiers, could not forbear laughing. The Archbishop prest him to tell him the Reason. 'Tis because I wonder, said the Plough-man, to see an Archbishop arm'd, and followed not by Churchmen but Soldiers, like a General of an Army. Friend answer'd the Archbishop, know that I am a Duke as well as an Archbishop; in my Church I perform the Office of an Archbishop with my Clergy, but in the Field I march like a Duke, accompanied with my Soldiers. *I understand you my Lord*, reply'd the Peasant: *But pray tell me, when my Lord Duke goes to the Devil, what will then become of my Lord Archbishop?*

AN impertinent Poet, having begun to read to one a Poem of his own making, asked him, *Which of his Verses were the best?* *Those*, answer'd he, *you have not yet read; for they have not made my Head ach.*



THE Baron *des Adrets*, one of the Generals of the Protestants, took, during the Wars, a Castle belonging to the Catholics, and condemn'd all the Soldiers that had defended it, to leap out at a Window of that Castle. One of them advanc'd twice to the Brink of the Precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the Baron told him, Come, take your Leap, without any more a-do; for I'll make you suffer greater Torments, if you go back a third time. Sir, answer'd the Soldier, *since you take the thing to be so easy, I'll lay, you don't do it in four times.* Which so pleas'd the Baron, that, as cruel as he was, he pardon'd the Soldier, upon account of this Repartee.

THE Duke of *Offuna*, Viceroy of *Naples*, passing by *Barcelona*, and being willing to make use of the Right he had to release some Slaves, went aboard the Admiral's Galley; and passing through the Crew of Slaves, ask'd divers of them, What their Offences were? Every one excused himself upon several Pretences; one saying, that he was put in out of Malice; another, by the Bribery of the Judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest, there was one sturdy, little, black Man; and the Duke asking him what he was in for; *My Lord*, said he, *I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted Money, and so took a Purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving.* The Duke, with a little Staff he had in his Hand, gave him two or three Blows

Blows upon the Shoulders, saying, *You Rogues what do you do amongst so many honest, innocent Men? Get you out of their Company.* So he was freed, and the rest remain'd still to tug at the Oar.

*James I. King of England*, asking the Lord Keeper *Bacon*, what he thought of the *French Ambassador*; he answer'd, *That he was a tall, proper Man.* Ay, replied the King, *But what think you of his Head-piece? Is he a proper Man for an Ambassador?* Sir, said *Bacon*, *tall Men are like Houses five or six Stories high, wherein commonly the uppermost Rooms are worst furnished.*

*Christopher of Placentia*, a merry Gentleman, and a good Companion, but very poor-withal, finding one Night some Thieves in his House, told them without putting himself in a Passion, *I cannot imagine what you expect to find in my House in the Night, since I can find nothing in it myself in the Day-time.*

A certain Pope being advanced to the Pontificate, whose Sister had been a common Laundress; *Pasquin*, the next Sunday Morning, had a foul and most dirty Shirt put upon his Back, and this tart Libel beneath: *Pasquin, how now? A foul Shirt upon a Sunday?* The Answer in *Pasquin's* Behalf was, *I cannot help it, for my Laundress's Brother is made Pope.*

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A Taylor, blind of one Eye, came home, sooner than his Wife expected; and because during his Absence she had entertain'd her Lover, and could not tell how to convey him out, she bethought herself of this Stratagem; she goes to her Husband, and takes him about the Neck, claps her Hand upon his good Eye, and tells him, she was a dreaming last Night he could see with the other Eye; in the mean time her Spark slipt out.

A Gentleman came into an Inn in *Chelmsford* upon a very cold Day, and could get no Room near the Fire; whereupon he calls to the Hostler to fetch a Peck of Oysters, and give them to his Horse presently. Will your Horse eat Oysters? replied the Hostler. I pray try him, says the Gentleman. Immediately the People running to see this Wonder, the Fire-side was cleared, and the Gentleman had his Choice of Seats. The Hostler brings the Oysters back, and says, the Horse would not meddle with them. Why then, says the Gentleman, I must e'en eat them myself.

A young Fellow told his Wife the first Night he lay with her, that if she had consented to have lain with him before Marriage, he would never have made her his Wife. Truly, says she, *I did imagine as much; for I have been cozen'd so three or four times before, and was resolv'd not to be cozen'd so now.*



Two Friends, who had not seen one another a great while, meeting by Chance, one asked the other how he did, He said he was not very well, and was married since he saw him: That is good News, indeed, says he. Nay, not so much good News neither, replies the other; for I have married a Shrew: That is bad, said the other. Not so bad neither, said he; for I had two thousand Pounds with her: That's well again, said the other. Not so well neither; for I laid it out in Sheep, and they died of the Rot: That was hard, indeed, says his Friend. Not so hard neither, for I sold the Skins for more Money than the Sheep cost: That made you amends, says the other. Not so much amends neither, said he; for I laid out my Money in a house, and it was burn'd: That was a great Loss indeed. Nay, not so great a Loss neither; for my Wife was burn'd in it.

AN *English* Merchant in *Amsterdam* had sold a Thousand Pounds Worth of Gloves to some *Jews*, who not standing to their Bargain when they brought their Money would have but Half. The *English* Merchant desired a little Time to sort them, and told them they should have Half; so he commanded his Men to put all the Right-handed Gloves in one Parcel, and the Left in another. Then when the *Jews* came, he bid them take their Choice; which being done, and the Money paid, they began to pack up; but perceiving, at last, they were all for one Hand, they were forced to take the rest at the Merchant's Rate.

A GENTLEMAN order'd his Man to call him in the Morning at Six o'Clock, but he awak'd him at Four : Being ask'd the Reason, he reply'd, *He came to tell him he had two Hours more to sleep.*

A MAN that had but one Eye, met early in the Morning one that had a crooked Back, and said to him, *Friend, your are loaded betimes.* 'Tis early indeed, reply'd the other, *for you have but one of your Windows open.*

IT was the Saying of a merry Fellow, that in Christendom there were neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor *Jews* enough. And when Answer was made, that of all these there were rather too great a Plenty than any Scarcity ; he reply'd, that if there were Scholars enough, so many ignorant Dunces would not be benefic'd ; if Gentlemen enough, so many *Plebeians* would not be rank'd amongst the Gentry ; and if *Jews* enough, so many *Christians* would not profess Ufury.

Two Brothers who lived together, favour'd extremely one another, and bore the same Name. A Man desiring to speak with one of them, *Which do you ask for ?* said the Porter : *The Counsellor,* answer'd the Man. They are both Counsellors. *Him that squints a little :* They both squint. *Him that has a handsome Wife :* Both their Wives are handsome. *Well then,*

*then, him who is a Cuckold* : By my Faith, Sir, answer'd the Porter, I take them both to be Cuckolds, *Well*, said the Man, *these two Brothers are strangely fated to resemble one another.*

THE Players acting at *Paris* before King *Lewis XIII.* a Play ridiculing *the Men of the long Robe*, had placed among the Spectators one of their Company in a Lawyer's Dress. This Player, who by his Habit appear'd like a Counsellor at Law, stood up at the most humorous Part of the Play, and said with a loud Voice, That it was intolerable to see Lawyers thus turn'd into Ridicule, and that they would have Satisfaction for it. In short, he charged the Player to desist immediately, and forbear going on with so saucy a Play. *I will have them go on with it*, said thereupon the King who took him to be a Counsellor, that broke in upon the Respect due to him, by threatening them in his Presence. Which created a new Diversion in the Audience, when they came to know that he was a Player in Disguise. And the King, who understood Rail-lery, was one of the first that laugh'd at his Mistake.

AN *Italian* Parson invited one Day to Dinner *Piovano Arlotto*, with many other Parsons; and having a Mind to shew his Wit, took these aside, and said to them; suppose Gentlemen we should make ourselves merry To-day with *Piovano*, who, you know, sets

up for a Jester, and drolls upon every Body. As my Clerk is sick a-bed, and I have no Body to wait on us, I will propose to draw Cuts, to see which of us shall go to the Cellar to draw the Wine, and wait on the rest whilst they are at Dinner ; and I will contrive it so, that it shall fall to *Piovano's* Lot : The Thing being thus concluded on amongst them, was put in Execution accordingly. *Piovano* smok'd the Plot, and resolv'd to make his Host repent it. Down he goes to the Cellar to fill the Bottles, whilst the others fell to ; and being come up again with the Bottles, *You see, Gentlemen*, said he, *that I have duly perform'd what my Lot oblig'd me to do ; let's now draw Cuts, Gentlemen, to see which of us shall go down into the Cellar to stop the Hogsheads I have left running.* Upon this the Landlord talk'd no more of casting Lots, and knowing *Piovano* to be a Man that was always as good as his Word, directly leaves his Dinner, and runs down to the Cellar, where he found his Vessels running, and Part of his Wine spilt ; which he afterwards made the Subject of great Complaint to *Piovano* ; *You have no Reason to complain of me*, answer'd he, *since I have punctually satisfied the Conditions of the Agreement, which, indeed, oblig'd me to draw the Wine, and fill the Bottles, but not to stop the Vessels of a Host who entertains his Guests so curvily.*

THE late Duke of Gloucester, Son to Queen  
*Ann* of glorious Memory, was a young Prince  
 en.

endowed with a great deal of Wit ; of which this is a remarkable Instance. Those about him had prepossessed him, that the Bishop of *Salisbury*, his Preceptor, often disguised his Sentiments, and said one Thing when he meant another. One Day, that Prelate having taken his Leave of his Highness, to go and pass some Time in the Country, the Duke, tho' overjoy'd at his Absence, yet told him, *He was extreme sorry to be deprived of his Company.* As soon as the Bishop was gone, those about the Duke ask'd him, *How he could dissemble so with his Tutor ? Why,* answer'd the young Prince, *would you have me learn nothing from him.*

A CAPTAIN chatting amorously with his Landlady, whom he mightily lik'd to give her a Hint of his Design, bethought himself of clapping a Guinea on one of his Eyes, and staring her in the Face with the other. The Doxy presently taking his Meaning, Sir, said she, *Love is not blind of one Eye, but of both.* This was a Word to the Wife.

THE famous and facetious *Francis Rabelais* follow'd the Cardinal of *Lorraine* to *Rome*, and attended on him as his Physician. This Prelate being gone to pay his Duty to the new Pope, *Gregory XIII.* was, according to Custom, admitted to the Honour of kissing his Holiness's Toe. *Rabelais*, who was present, appearing surpris'd and shock'd at the Sight of so base an Action, got hastily out of the



Room, and went away. The Cardinal, being return'd home, ask'd him in a Passion, what made him run away thus, and not stay till he had presented him to the Pontiff, with the Gentlemen of his Retinue? *I crave your Eminency's Pardon*, answered he; *but seeing you, who are a Cardinal, a great Prince, and my Master, kiss the Pope's Toe, I thought the greatest Honour that could fall to my Share, would be to kiss his Holiness's Arse.* This Conceit pleas'd the Cardinal so, that he could not forbear laughing.

Scarron, a little before his Death, seeing his Relations and Servants weeping heartily, said to them, *Friends, you never will cry so much as I have made you laugh.*

AT the Consecration of the Cardinal de Rets, there were a great Number of Bishops sitting in a Semi-circle under the Dome of the Sorbonne, where the Ceremony was perform'd; a Lady present at it, taken with the Shew, *What a fine Sight is this*, said she, *to see all these Bishops sitting in this Order! Methinks I am in Heaven! In Heaven!* Answered a Gentleman next to her, *in Heaven, Madam, there are not so many as you see here!*

KING James I. was a Prince, that gave all Manner of Liberty and Encouragement to the Exercise of Buffoon Wit, and he took great Delight in that Way himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard upon one of his

his Courtiers in Point of Raillery, *By my Saul*, returns the Droll, *he that made your Majesty a King spoil'd the best Fool in Christendom.* The Conceit atton'd for the Affront, and the Man was preferr'd upon it.

IN the Reign of *Tiberius*, as they were carrying a dead Body over one of the Market-Places in *Rome* to be bury'd, a vast Crowd of People got together to see the Funeral. One of the By-standers stept over to the Corpse, and whisper'd something in the dead Man's Ear, and then came back again. At his Return, he was ask'd what it was he whisper'd! *Why*, says he, *I bade the Man tell Augustus, in the other World, that the People had not received the Donatives yet that were ordered them.* This was presently carried to *Tiberius*, who charg'd the Informer to go immediately, and cut the Man's Throat who said it; and then, says he, *tell him to be sure to deliver the Message himself.*

THE noted *Anthony*, commonly call'd *Black H—y*, having resolv'd (upon some Disgust) to affront the Duke of *Somerset*, who, it is known, is not the humblest Man in the World, no more than the other is the best manner'd, buys a cast off Coach of the Duke of *Norfolk's*, and contrives it so, as to meet the Duke of *Somerset* upon the Road. The Servant who rode before, perceiving the *Norfolk* Arms upon the Coach, return'd, and to'd his Grace, it was the Duke of *Norfolk's*

Coach;

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Coach ; upon which the Duke order'd the Coachman to break the Road, and as he was preparing to pay his Compliment to his Grace of *Norfolk*, behold, the facetious Mr. *Henley*, with a broad Grin upon his Olive Cheek, saluted his Grace as he pass'd, with — *I am the Duke of Norfolk !* — to the no small Mortification of the other noble Duke.

SIR *Nicholas Pelham* had once a very wicked Fellow for a Falconer, who was often shewing his Talent ; and one Day going to a neighbouring Gentleman's House, he was telling the Servants how regularly they were call'd to Prayers every Morning and Evening ; which the other Gentleman's Servants hearing, told him, they ne'er had any Prayers, and we ne'er call'd together in a Morning, but to take their Breakfasts, and drink their Master's Health in a full Horn of strong Beer : At which the old Falconer holding up both his Hands, cry'd, not go to Prayers ! Z——s *how happily do you live !*

ONE Sailor coming to see another on Pay-day, desir'd to borrow 20 s. of him. — The money'd Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a Half Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again ; but then an impertinent Crown Piece was as officious as its *half Brother* had been, and again interrupted the Tale ; so that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, *Here Jack, — Give me a handful when your Ship's paid, what a Pox signifies counting it.* ONE

ONE was saying that Women wou'd bear Malice longer than Men. — Why so, said another—I had a Scuffle (*says he*) with a Girl, once, and she remember'd me for it *nine Months after*.

ONE meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had frown'd on a little, ask'd him where he lived? *Where I live? I don't know*, says he, *but I starve down towards Wapping, and that way*.

WHEN the famous Mr. *Ferguson*, of facetious Memory, was taken up for being concern'd in the Plot, and brought before the Earl of *N—m*, then Secretary of State, to be examin'd; Look you Mr. *Ferguson*, *says his Lordship*, I intend to be very brief with you; I will only ask you one short Question or two. To which he tenaciously reply'd—I *shall be as short as your Lordship, for I won't answer one of 'em*; and so went to *Newgate*.

A famous Physician ventur'd 5000 *l.* once upon a Project in the *South Sea*, when he was told at *Garraway's* 'twas all lost: *Well*, says he, 'tis but going up 5000 pair of *Stairs more*.

A Taylor putting the Dun upon a Gentleman, he as he usually did, to stop his Mouth, call'd for some Sack to Treat him. Come, *says he*, Mr. *Stitch*, here's a Cup of Forbearance to you. Oh, *says the Taylor*, I'll Pledge  
D 5 you

you that in a Bumper.—— Why, *says the Gentleman*, I drink to you that you may forbear your Money a little while. And I to you, *says the Taylor*, that I'll forbear working for you till I have my Money.

ONE meeting a surly Gentleman, asking what o'Clock it was? *Pox*, says he, *D'ye take me for a Church Clock*, that is obliged to tell the whole Parish.

SOME Books, says one are like the City of London, *Fare the better for being burnt*.

'T WAS a merry saying of *Rablais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books which come out because they will never be printed again.

WHEN the Forces were going to Land near *Cadiz*, in the Year 1702, an Officer who was in one of the sternmost Boats, encourag'd the Men to row away, and he wou'd give them a good Reward; which had such an Effect, that they came one of the very first to Shore; an *Irish* Fellow, who was one of the Boats Crew, coming to the Officer, said, *Be my Shoul, Sir, we are first at last, tho' we were behind before*.

IT was wittily said of a Poet's Cap, *That the Outside was Bayes, and the Lining Fustian*.



AN Alehouse standing close to the Church, as the Vicar was Preaching, he heard some merry Fellows drinking Healths: Upon which, says he, *Brethren, I see no reason that these Fellows should partake of our Prayers, and we not taste of their Liquor*; and so went out of the Church, and all the People after him.

ONE sent six cold Patridges to his Friend, but by the way the Servant eat one; and finding by the Letter six were sent, said, I thank your Master for the five Patridges which he hath sent me; but *for the Sixth thank him yourself.*

A Gentleman ask'd a Shepherd, whether a River he came to was to be pass'd over or not? Yes, says he; but going to try, flounc'd over Head and Ears; why, you Rogue, said he, did not you tell me it might be pass'd over? Truly, Sir, says he, I thought so; *for my Geese go over and back again every Day.*

ONE lent his Neighbour his As for two Days, but he kept him a Week; and going to ask for him, he told him he was not at home, and as he spoke, the As bray'd in the Stable, at which the Owner was angry: *Neighbour says he, will you believe your As before me?*

ONE broke a Jest upon a Gentleman ; and after Dinner he told him, he could not break a Jest, *but he could break his Pate*, and did so.

A Judge willing to save a Man that stole a Snuff-box, it was valued but at Twelve-pence ; but he that lost it, said, the Fashion of it cost him Five Pounds. Oh, says the Judge, *we must not hang a Man for Fashion sake.*

A Malefactor was told by the Priest, at the Place of Execution, That tho' his Dinner was sharp and harsh, yet he should find a joyful Supper in Heaven : Ay, says he, but 'twill do me no good, for *I never eat any Suppers.*

ONE *Hog* being tryed before Judge *Bacon*, told him, in hopes to gain Favour, that he was his Kinsman : Says he, Friend, No-Hog can be Bacon till 'tis hang'd, and *then I'll allow you to be my Kinsman.*

A Baker having stolen a Goose, one cry'd out after him, Baker, Baker ; I will, I will, says he. Being afterwards served with a Warrant, he said, the Prosecutor bid him bake her, which he did ; but he not coming to eat her, I eat her myself.

SIRRAH, says a Justice of Peace to one brought before him, you are an arrant Knave.  
Says

Says he, Just as your Worship spoke, the Clock struck *Two*.

A Gentleman had oft solicited his Wife's Maid for a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*. But she denied still, saying, He'd hurt her. He told her, he wou'd not. She said, If he did, she'd cry out. After all was done; now, says he, my Dear, did I hurt you? Well, or did *I cry out*? says she.

Two Gentlemen talking together busily, a Beggar importuned them very much for an Alms: They chid him often, but he did not stir: At last one of them let a great Fart; Says the Beggar, bless your Worship's Arse, upon which he gave him Six-pence: *You see, Sir*, says the Beggar, 'tis an ill Wind that blows no Body Good.

A Man with a great Beard, coming thro' *Thames-street*, there was a Stop of Carts: He standing near a Cart-Horse, the Horse took his Beard for a Truss of Hay, and snapt at it: A Pox take you, says he, *who made you a Barber?*

A Gentleman that was a very little Man, being one Day a Hunting, his Servant lost him; and asking a Shepherd whether he saw a Gentleman ride that way: Truly, says he, I saw no Gentleman, but only a *Hat upon a Saddle* gallop this way but a little while since.

A Puritan said, He had fasted one Day last *Lent*. What, says one, was it *Good-Friday*? No, says he, *Ash-Wednesday*. Why not rather on *Good-Friday*? The Truth is, says he, I eat so much on *Shrove-Tuesday*, that I could not eat any thing all *Ash-Wednesday*; and that is the Reason.

ONE at an Ordinary said; If any snatch my Bread from my Trencher, my Honour is such, that I should stab him. Says another there; And I have another Quality too, That when I see any Man stab, then I stab too; and so snatch'd away his Bread, and eat it.

SAYS a Man (having a Candle in his Hand) By this Candle, Wife, I dream'd this Night that thou madest me a Cuckold. She having a Piece of Bread in her Hand, said; By this Bread but I did not. Eat the Bread, says he. No (says she) eat you the Candle, for you swore first.

Two Persons being in a Tavern together, one would force the other to drink, but he desired to be excused. Upon this he swore, if he did not pledge him, he would run him thorough. Well, says he, seeing it must be so, I will run myself thorough, and then pledge you afterwards; so he ran thorough the Door down Stairs, and left him a Pledge for the Reckoning.

A.

A Man on his Death-bed bequeathed all he had to his three Sons: To the first he gave all his Land, for he said he had been very dutiful; but he said, he hoped his Father would live to enjoy it all himself; to the second he gave all his Money and Goods, for he had been dutiful also; and he said, he hop'd his Father would live and enjoy it all himself: And to the third he said, Thou hast been a Villain, a Rogue, and a Vagabond; I first give to thee the Benefit of the Stocks, to keep both thy Legs warm; and the next *Bridewell*, where thou shalt dine upon free-cost with Mr. *Lashington* every Day; and then I bestow the Gallows upon thee at last. Truly, Father, says he, I thank you, but *I hope you will live to enjoy them all yourself.*

A Lord Mayor of *London* died, it seems, the very same Day that he was elected: Upon which, says one merrily, A vigilant Mayor he was, for *he never slept all the time of his Mayoralty.*

ONE told Pope *Alexander* the Sixth, That it was necessary to banish all the Physicians out of *Rome*, for they were unnecessary. No, says the Pope, they are very useful; for *without them the World would encrease so fast, that one could not live by another.*



A Gamester owed a Gentleman, a Friend of his, Five Pounds; and having lost all his Money, sent to borrow of him Five Pounds more by the Token that he ow'd him already Five Pounds. *Pray, says the Gentleman, bid your Master send me the Token, and then I will send him the Five Pounds.*

A rich Bumpkin had a Son something simple, yet he would have him made a Priest, and spoke to the Bishop that he would be favourable to him in his Examination: Being brought before him for that Purpose, the Bishop said; *Noah* had three Sons, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japhet*: Now who was *Japhet's* Father? Truly, my Lord, says he, I never learn'd that yet. His Father was very angry when he heard it, and taking him to Task said, Has not *Cole*, my Dog, three Whelps, *Rig*, *Trig*, and *Tribal*? And must not *Cole* be the Sire of *Tribal*? Oh, Father, says he, now I have it. So the next Day he went to the Bishop again; and the Bishop asked the former Question; Who was *Japhet's* Father? Why. says he, *Cole*, my Father's Dog.

A Gentleman, suspected to be a Roman-Catholick, was convened before a Justice of Peace, who bid him call the Pope Knave: Sir, says he, should I call him Knave whom I never saw? But if I knew him as well as I  
do

*do your Worship,* I'd call him so a thousand times.

A Puritan went into a Cheesmonger's Shop to buy Cheese, when the Master gave him a Taste, he put his Hat before his Eyes to say Grace. Nay, says he, I see instead of tasting my Cheese you intend to make a Meal of it.

IN paying of a great Subsidy, the Rich would not, the Poor could not, so the middle Sort paid for all.

A young Gentleman being to borrow Money privately, and hearing the Bond run, *Be it known unto all Men* : Hey day, says he, if all Men must know it, then I'm sure it will come to my Father's Ear ; therefore I'll have no such Bond drawn ; nay and you deserve to be cut for drawing such Bonds.

SOME Women resolving to be merry with two Friars, laid a Hog under the Table, and pretended it was one of their dead Husbands, and desir'd they would sing a Dirge for his Soul. During the Service, the Women titter'd and laugh'd : Which one of the Friars observing, whilst they went into the next Room to laugh out, the Friars took up the Cloth, saw the Hog, and that they were impos'd on, took him up and carried him off ; Which the Women seeing, called after them : but they said, *It was a Brother of theirs, and must be buried in their Convent.*

ONE

ONE being desired to eat some Oysters, refused, saying, They were ungodly Meat, unchristianly Meat, uncharitable Meat, and unprofitable Meat: And being demanded his reason why he said it? He answer'd, They were ungodly Meat, because they were eaten without saying of Grace; unchristianly Meat, because the Creature was eaten alive; uncharitable Meat, because they left no Offal to the Poor; and unprofitable Meat, because most commonly there was more spent upon them than the Oysters cost.

*Hugh Peters* preaching on that Text, *Mat.* 8. concerning the Devil's entring into the Herd of Swine, he used these Words: Beloved, my Text divides itself into three Parts, and those three Parts fitly correspond with three old *English* Proverbs: First, *The Devils besought him, saying, If, thou cast us out, suffer us to go into the Herd of Swine*: By which Condescension, to go from Men to Beasts, he verifies that Proverb, *The Devil will play at small Game, rather than stand out*. Secondly, *And when they were gone out, they entred into the Herd of Swine*: Which makes good that other *English* Proverb, *They must needs go, that the Devil drives*. Thirdly, *And behold the whole Herd of Swine ran violently down a steep Place into the Sea, and perished in the Water*: Which is very suitable to our third Proverb, *That the Devil brought his Hogs to a fair Market*.

A Countryman going by *St. Paul's Church*, was saying, That it was like a Trunk with a Hat Case upon it. Nay, said another, I'll tell you what it is most like; and that is, that if it be not speedily repair'd, *it is like to fall.*

KING *James* keeping. his Court at *Theobalds*, in a time of some Contagion, divers Constables, with their Watchmen, were set at several Places to hinder the Concourse of People from flocking thither without some necessary Occasion; amongst others, one Gentleman (being somewhat in the Garb of a Serving-man) was examined what Lord he belong'd unto? To which he readily replied, *To the Lord Jehovah*: Which Word being beyond the Constable's Understanding, he ask'd his Watchmen if they knew any such Lord? They replied, No. However the Constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, Well, let him pass notwithstanding, *I believe it is some Scottish Lord or other.*

AN old Mass-Priest, in the Days of King *Henry VIII.* reading in *English*; after the Translation of the Bible, the Miracle of the Five Loaves, and Two Fishes: When he came to the Verse of the Number of the Guests, he paused a while; and at last said, they were above Five Hundred. The Clerk hearing him to be out of the Computation, whisper'd him in the Ear, and told him, it  
was

was Five Thousand. *Hold your Tongue, Sirrah,* said the Priest, *we shall never make them believe there were Five Thousand.*

A Man came to a Painter, and desir'd him to paint him a Bear for his Sign: The Painter advis'd him to have a Gold Chain on the Neck: He told him, No; for he would not go to the Charge: Then he drew the Bear in Colours not laid in Oil, and the first Rain wash'd the Bear quite away; Hey day! Says the Man, my Bear's gone. Why Yes, says the Painter; did I not advise you to have a Chain about the Neck?

A Fellow passing by *Ludgate* at Night, the Constable asked him whither he was going? He said he could not tell. As the Constable was carrying him to the Counter, Why look you, says the Fellow, did not I tell you I could not tell you whither I was going? For, did I know you'd send me to the Counter? For which Conceit he was releas'd.

A Fellow having abus'd a Gentleman by ill Language, the next Time he met him, he beat him, and gave him a great Gash on the Face; and when he came to the Surgeon, he told him he did not doubt but to cure his Face without a Scar. Oh, by no Means, says he, for he that gave me this, told me, he'd give me a Mark to know me by, and if he sees me without it, he'll cut me again.



A Fellow was going in the Dark, and held both his Arms out, to prevent the hitting of his Face ; and coming accidentally against the Door, which it seems stood out right, he hit his Nose a sore Blow ; Hey day, says he, I never thought my Nose was longer than my Arms till now.

Two Comedians being on the Stage, the one asked the other where they should meet ? who at the same time looking up in the Gallery, and espying a young Fellow's Hand under a Wench's Petticoats ; *Why we'll meet, cry'd he, at the Sign of the Hand and Placket :* The Fellow perceived the Discovery, and bashfully withdrew his Hand ; *Nay, says the Actor, Friend, if you take away the Sign, we shall never find the House.*

A strange Gentleman being much necessitated for a House of Office in the City, went into an Upholsterer's Shop, and bid him shew him a Close-stool ; which he did : *What, says he, have you no better ? Yes, says the Upholsterer, I have some covered with Velvet. Go, says he, fetch me two or three down.* In the mean time he lets down his Breeches, and sat down ; the Upholsterer coming down, and seeing him in that Posture, asked him what he was doing ? *Why truly, says he, I am trying of it.* And plucking up his Breeches again, said, he did not like any of them, for they were all too low for him, and so went out o'th' Doors.

A Citizen of London went to Ludgate to visit a poor Kinsman, a Prisoner there, and spying an old Acquaintance of his, cries, *Lord, Jack, how cam'st thou here?* He replied, *A blind Man might have come here as well as I, for I was led betwixt two.*

SIR *Joceline Piercy*, Brother to the Earl of Northumberland, in Queen Elizabeth's Days, being an airy Spark, and very ingenious; observing a Countrywoman had attended in the Lobby of the Council-Chamber several Days, he demanded her Business; who told him she had a Petition to deliver, in hopes of the Redress of a certain Grievance, and could get no Body to deliver it for her? *'Let me see it then?* said he; and looking upon it, *Puh, this will never do your Business, but I will draw up one instantly, that shall prove effectual.* Her Complaint, it seems, was against the Parson of *Mortelack*, about stopping the Water-course, which thereupon overflow'd her Grounds, and did her much Damage: He wrote her one accordingly, and getting it presented by a Friend, immediately retired. The Woman was called in, and the Clerk of the Council ordered to read it; who could not for a time do it for laughing, till he was checked and commanded to read it, which was in these Words:

*The Parson of Mortelack,  
With two Stones, and a Stake,  
Stops up my Water Lake;  
Help, Lords, for God's Sake.*

Upon

Upon this, they all burst out into a Laugh-  
ter, and, for the Fancies-sake, made an Or-  
der, that the Parson should remove his two  
Stones and a Stake, and leave the good Wo-  
man's Water Course open.

A certain Nobleman kept a Fool for his  
Diverſion in a lac'd Coat; and the Duke of  
G—— coming to make the Gentleman a  
Viſit, meeting the Fool at the Gate, making  
Dirt Pies; the Duke ask'd him whose Fool  
he was? Why, Such-a-one's, ſays the Fool,  
naming his Maſter; and ſeeing the Duke's  
Coat embroider'd, cries, *And whose Fool are  
you pray?*

A Maid named *Cunny*, who was of a free,  
jolly, yet innocent Diſpoſition; a Gentle-  
man happened to lodge in the ſame Houſe,  
whose Name was *Parsley*, being asked one  
Day how he liked Mrs. *Cunny*: *Very well*,  
ſays he, *but I ſhould like her much better, if ſhe  
was ſtuffed with Parsley.*

A Gentlewoman cheapening of a Cloſe-  
ſtool, bid too little for it; the Trunk-maker  
to perſuade her to give more, deſir'd her to  
look on the Goodneſs of the Lock and Key:  
*As for that*, ſays ſhe, *I value not, for I intend  
to put nothing in it, but what I care not who  
ſteals out.*

ONE ſpeaking of the Fire of *London*, ſaid,  
*Cannon-Street* roar'd, *Bread-Street* was burnt

to a Crust, *Crooked-Lane* was burnt straight, *Addle-Hill* stagger'd, and *Creed-Lane* would not believe it till it came, *Distaff Lane* had spun a fine Thread, *Ironmonger-Lane* was red-hot, *Sea-coal-Lane* was burnt to a Cinder, *Soaper-Lane* was in the Suds, the *Poultry* was too much singed, *Thames-Street* was dried up, *Wood-Street* was burnt to Ashes, *Milk-Street* was burnt-to, *Shoe-Lane* was burnt to-boot, *Snow-Hill* was melted down, *Pudding-Lane* and *Pye-Corner* were over-baked.

A certain Parson sent his Man one *Sunday Morning* to one *David's*, a Butcher, for some Meat for his Dinner: Mean while he went to Church to preach, and having taken out his Text, was reciting many Authorities out of Scripture for the Proof of the same. *And now*, says he, *what says David to this Matter?* Just as he had said this, in steps his Man at the Church Door, and hearing him talk of *David*, said aloud, *No more Meat* (he swears) *unless you pay him the old Score.*

A Bawd being carried before a Justice, and the chief Accusation against her was, she kept a Bawdy-House; which she confidently deny'd: *House-wife*, says the Justice, *you keep a Bawdy-House, and I'll maintain it.* *I thank your Worship*, says she, *for your kind Promise to me; for indeed I have very great Need for such Supporters.*

*Diverting*

*Diverting Poems, Epigrams,  
and Epitaphs.*

SPRING.

1.

**W**HEN the Buds open first, appear green in  
(the Spring,  
And all Nature looks youthful, and gay ;  
When the Birds on the Boughs, by their Mates sit  
(and sing  
And are chaunting their Loves on each Spray.

2.

Now, when gently descending the Rain in soft  
(Showers,  
With its Moisture refreshes the Soil,  
And the Drops as they hang on the Plants, and the  
(Flowers,  
Seem to add to their Beauties a Smile.

3.

When the Wood Pigeons sit on the Branches and  
(cooe,  
And the Cuckoe proclaims with its Voice,  
That this is the Time, and the Season to wooe,  
And for all that can love to rejoice.

4.

In a Cottage, at Night, may I spend all my Time,  
In the Fields and the Meadows all Day,  
With a Maiden, whose Charms are as yet in their  
(Prime,  
Kind as *April*, and blooming as *May*.

5.

When the Lark with shrill Notes sings a lost in the  
Let my fairest and I then awake, (Morn,  
View the far distant Hills, which the Sun-Beams  
(adorn,  
Then arise, and our Cottage forsake.

E

6. When



6.

When the Sun shines so warm, that this Charmer  
(and I,  
To some neighbouring Bank may repair,  
There sit, all vain Thoughts, and Ambition defy,  
While we breath the fresh Sweets of the Air.

7.

May this Bank have a Spring bubble out of its Side,  
From a Hollow that's rocky below.  
And gently creep on in its winding, and glide,  
Through the Valley beneath let it flow.

8.

When the Creatures are acting their Loves, and  
(her Eyes  
On a sudden are turn'd from the Place,  
Let me feel on her Breast a quick Motion arise,  
See a Blushing spread over her Face.

9.

While the Bee flies from Blossom to Blossom and sips,  
And the Violets their Sweetness impart,  
Let me hang on her Neck, and so taste from her  
(Lips,  
Of that Food which enlivens the Heart.

10.

While the Dove sits lamenting the Loss of its Mate,  
Which the Fowler has caught in his Snares,  
May we think ourselves bless'd, that it is not our  
To endure such an Absence as their's. (Fate,

11.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet Notes,  
When she sings, and no Sound interfere,  
But the warbling of Birds, which in stretching their  
(Thr tats,  
Are at Strife to be louder than her.

12.

When the Dazies, and Cowslips, and Primroses too,  
Checquer over the Meads and the Lawns,  
May we see bounding over their beautiful Hue,  
The swift footed Does with their Fawns.

13. When

13.  
When the Lap-wings while young, o'er the Turf,  
(take their run,  
And the Firstlings are all at their Play,  
And the harmless young Lambs, skip about in the  
Then let us be as frolick as they. (Sun,

14.  
When I talk of my Love, should I chance to espy,  
That she seems to mistrust what I say,  
By a Tear that is ready to fall from her Eye,  
With my Lips, let me wipe it away.

15.  
If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my Eyes,  
And let no single Beauty escape,  
But see none to create so much Love, and Surprise,  
As the Make of her Face, and her Shape.

16.  
Ev'ry Day let us pass in such Pleasures as these,  
And so live till the Meadows are mown,  
When the Lads on a Haycock receives such an Ease,  
That she afterwards blushes to own.

17.  
When the Evening grows cool, and the Flow'rs  
(hang their Heads,  
With the Dew, then no longer we'll roam,  
With an Arm round her Wasse, in a Path thro' the  
Let us hasten to find our Way home. (Meads,

18.  
When the Birds are at Roost, with their Heads in  
(their Wings,  
Each one by the Side of its Mate ;  
When a Mist that arises a Drowfiness flings  
Upon all but the Owl, and the Bat.

19.  
When soft Rest is requir'd, and the Stars lend their  
And all Nature lies quiet and still, (Light,  
Nor any one Sound to be heard in the Night,  
But at Distance the Clack of a Mill.

Thus in Shade, and in Silence, and free from all  
That a Voice in a Whisper is known, (Noise,  
Let us give and receive all those numberless Joys,  
Are conceiv'd by fond Lovers alone.

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SUMMER.

1.

**B**Y the Side of a Brook, in a Thicket of Trees,  
Where the Sun cannot dart in a Ray ;  
Not disturbed by a Whisper, but that of a Breeze,  
May I pass all the Heat of the Day.

2.

In a Cottage hard by, when to rest I am laid,  
At a Time when each Object invites ;  
Let me lie in the Arms of some beautiful Maid,  
Form'd by Nature for Lovers Delights.

3.

I could wish for a Meadow that Woods may sur-  
(round ;  
Hollow Rocks, cooling Grotto's to make,  
Thro' which may some Streams, with a murmuring  
(Sound,  
Run and form themselves into a Lake.

4.

Where my Dearest and I, on its Verge as we pass,  
For 'tis she that must still be my Theme,  
Our Shadows may view on the watery Glass,  
While the Fish are at play in the Stream.

5.

May the Herds cease to lowe, and the Flocks cease  
(to bleat,  
When she sings me some amorous Strain,  
All be silent, and hush'd, unless Echo repeat  
The kind Words, and sweet Sounds back again.

6. And

6.

And when we return to our Cottage at Night,  
Hand in Hand as we saunter, and stray,  
Let the Moon with her Beams, thro' the Leaves  
(give us light,  
Shew the Path, and conduct us our Way.

7.

Let the Nightingale warble its Notes in our Walk,  
As thus gently and slowly we move;  
And let no other Thought be express'd in our Talk,  
But of tender Caressing and Love.

8.

Thus enchanted each Day. with these rural Delights,  
And admiring her wonderful Charms;  
In Extasie let me lie down all my Nights,  
Close embrac'd, and lock'd fast in her Arms.

## AUTUMN.

1.

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> the Seasons may alter, yet still let me have  
That which all must confess to be rare.  
The Female to whom I'm devoted a Slave,  
May be found as sincere as she's fair.

2.

But should this not so happen, as most are too  
To be fickle, and changing their Mind, (prone,  
At the least, if 'tis possible, let me find one,  
Will a Season be constant and kind.

3.

Let one Side of our Cottage, a flourishing Vine  
Overspread with its Branches, and shade,  
Whose ripe Clusters appear all transparent and fine,  
As its Leaves are Beginning to fade.

4.

When the Fruit makes the Boughs seem to bend  
 (with its Load,  
 In our Orchard surrounded with Pales,  
 As a plentiful Crop appears ripe all abroad  
 On the Hills, may it so in the Vales.

5.

When the Vapours that rise from the Earth in the  
 Seem to hang on its Surface like Steams, (Morn  
 'Till dispers'd by the Sun that glides over the Corn,  
 And enlivens a-new with his Beams.

6.

When the Colours of different Hue stain the Leaves,  
 And at work in the Fields are all Hands,  
 Some in reaping the Wheat, others binding the  
 (Sheaves,  
 Let's divert ourselves then in the Lands.

7.

In our Walks as we see what a toiling they make  
 To collect what kind Nature has sent,  
 Heav'n grant we may not of their Labour partake,  
 But give us their happy Content.

8.

And sometimes on a Bank, under Shade by a Brook,  
 Let us silently sit at our Ease,  
 And there gaze on the Stream. 'till the Fish on the  
 Struggles hard to procure its Release. (Hook,

9.

And now when the Husbandman sings Harvest  
 And the Corn's all got into the House, (home,  
 When the long-wish'd for Time of their Meeting is  
 For to joak, and to feast, and carouze. (come

10.

When the Leaves from the Trees are begun to be  
 (shed,  
 And are leaving the Branches all bare,  
 There strew'd at the Roots, there lie wither'd, and  
 Or are blown to and fro, in the Air. (dead,

11. When



11

When the Ways all so dirty, and miry they seem,  
That the Axle's-Tree's ready to break,  
While the Waggoner whistles in stopping his Team,  
And he claps the poor Jades on the Neck.

12.

In the Morning let's follow the Cry of the Hounds,  
Or the fearful young Covey beset,  
Which tho' skulking in Stubble, and Weeds on the  
Are becoming a Prey in the Net. (Grounds,

13.

Let's enjoy all the Pleasures Retirement affords,  
Thus amus'd with these innocent Sports,  
Nor once envy the Pomp of fine Ladies and Lords,  
With their grand Entertainments in Courts.

14.

In the Evening when Lovers are leaning on Stiles,  
Deep engag'd in some amorous Chat,  
And 'tis very well known by his Grin, and her  
(Smiles,  
What they both have a Mind to be at.

15.

To our dwelling, tho' homely, then let us repair,  
And our mutual Endearments revive.  
And let no single Action, or Look, but declare,  
How contented, and happy we live.

16

Should Ideas arise, that may ruffle the Soul,  
Then let Musick the Phantoms remove.  
For 'tis Harmony only, has Power to controul,  
And unite all the Passions in Love.

17.

With her Eyes but half open, her Cap all a-wry,  
When the Lass is preparing for Bed,  
And the sleepy, dull Clown, who sits nodding just  
(by  
Sometimes rouzes, and scratches his Head.

18.

In the Night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and  
And the Labourers snore as they lie, (dark,  
Nor a Noise to offend us, unless a Dog bark,  
In some neighbouring Village, that's nigh.

19.

When the bashful young Maid softly steals from her  
And to that of her Lover retires, (Bed,  
By the Power of that Passion so strong, thither led,  
There to whisper her Fears, and Desires.

20.

At the Time of sweet Rest, and of Quiet like this,  
E'er our Eyes are clos'd up in their Lids,  
Let us feel all those Raptures, and taste of that Bliss,  
Which the Sun-shine, and Day-light forbids.

## WINTER.

1.

**W**HEN the Trees are all bare, not a Leaf  
(to be seen,  
And the Meadows their Beauty have lost,  
They not bearing a Tussock, or Tuft that is green,  
And the Waters bound up with the Frost.

2.

When the heavy, dull Peasant is shivering with Cold,  
As the bleak northern Winds they do blow,  
And the innocent Flocks too, we likewise behold,  
With their Fleeces all sprinkled with Snow.

3.

In the Yard, when the Cattle are fodder'd with  
(Straw,  
And they send forth their Breath like a Steam,  
And the neat looking Dairy-Maid sees she must  
(thaw  
Flakes of Ice that she finds in the Cream.

4. When

4.  
When the pretty young Lads, fresh, and red as a  
(Rose,

As she trips it along often reels,  
While the Rusticks laugh loud, if the Ice, as she  
(goes,  
Chance to throw, or to trip up her Heels.

5.  
When the Children, where Puddles are froze, make  
(their Slides,  
And they exercise there till they glow,  
And when black heavy Clouds much foul Weather  
(betides,  
Drooping Birds hop about in the Snow.

6.  
When the Lads and the Lasses together are got,  
And all close round the Embers are set,  
Talk of Fairies, Church-yards, and of Ghosts, and  
(what not,  
'Till the Lasses are all in a sweat.

7.  
Heaven grant in this Season it may be my Lot,  
That with her, I so love, and admire,  
While the Icecicles hang on the Eves of our Cot,  
To be warm, I may thither retire.

8.  
Where in Neatness, and Quiet, and free from Sur-  
May we live, and no Hardship endure, (prise,  
Nor may feel any turbulent Passion arise,  
But that which each other may cure.

9.  
If from Looks, and kind Words, we can spare so  
(much time,

We'll read over what Poets reveal,  
From the Records of Love, in soft Numbers, and  
(rhime,  
Of what Lovers have strove to conceal.

10.

When we turn down the leaf, may our Eyes with  
(Delight,  
And with Kindness each other survey,  
And declare how we long to act over at Night,  
All the Stories we've read in the Day.

11.

Sometimes let soft Musick our Meaning convey,  
And its wonderful Influence impart,  
That each Sound, with a Look, may, at once, find  
(its Way,  
And so steal itself into the Heart.

12.

When the bleak, stormy Winds, drive the Snow,  
(and the Sleet,  
And no Fowl to be seen on the Wing,  
While I gaze, may I doat on her Charms, and there  
(meet  
With the Bloom, and the Sweets of the Spring.

13.

When the Darkness from Shelter, and Comfort  
(misleads ;  
Not so much as a Star to be found,  
Nor a Glimmering of Light, but that which pro-  
(ceeds  
From the Snow as it lies on the Ground.

14

In these cold Winter Nights, that are long, may we  
(find,  
From their Rigour no Kind of Annoy,  
But lie close till each Morn, with our Bodies en-  
(twin'd,  
And the Warmth of the Summer enjoy.

*Apollon*

*Apollo and Daphne*

**A**POLLO's first Love,  
 As the Sequel will prove,  
 At the Thought of a Lover would shiver,  
 By Nature was cold,  
 For as we are told,  
 She was surely begot by a River.

But what made it worse,  
 Turn'd his Love to a Curse,  
 For Wits will be sometimes a joaking,  
 He of Love made a Jest,  
 Which must be confess'd,  
 Was extremely ill-judg'd, and provoking.

Now 'tis hard to be believ'd,  
 Nay, even conceiv'd,  
 That *Apollo* should be such a Fool,  
 For as Mortals do say,  
 'Tis dangerous Play,  
 To handle the Edge of a Tool.

I speak from my Heart,  
 I will never depart,  
 From this Rule, of such Consequence found,  
 For Women have Things,  
 That carry such Stings ;  
 'Tis incredible how they will wound,

To return as I say,  
 Young *Cupid* one Day,

Was



Was trying a dangerous Shaft,  
 And as he was shooting,  
*Apollo* was hooting :  
 But t'other perceiv'd that he laugh'd.

Says *Phœbus* at length,  
 Why thou hast no Strength,  
 What Mischief is done by a Boy ?  
 Let me see the Bow,  
 And I'll presently show,  
 Whatever I shoot, I destroy.

At this *Cupid* pouted,  
 And surlily glouted,  
 He took it so heinously ill :  
 At last on my Word,  
 He flew like a Bird,  
 To the Top of a very high Hill.

From thence he let fly,  
 If Poet's don't lie,  
 Such an Arrow, and struck it so deep,  
 That *Apollo* fell down,  
 At first in a Swoon,  
 But recover'd, he look'd like a Sheep.

A second he sent,  
 With another Intent,  
 For the Arrow was pointed with Lead,  
 Which sowse, at once came,  
 'Gainst the Breast of the Dame,  
 And very near knock'd her down Dead.

Thus *Apollo* on Fire,  
 With burning Desire,

And

And *Daphne* as cold as a Stone ;  
 They flew like two Witches,  
 O'er Hedges and Ditches :  
 Whene'er he approach'd, she was gone

In running, the Wind  
 Blew her Coats up behind,  
 And shew'd him her Legs and her Thighs ;  
 And then he thought fit,  
 To employ all his Wit,  
 That 'tis wonderful how she denies.

I earnestly crave,  
 Oh ! let me but have  
 This Thing, and forsake thee I'll never,  
 Consider my dear,  
 What 'tis to be near,  
 And enjoy a fond Lover for ever.

How unhappy am I !  
 That I cannot apply,  
 Some Remedy, find out no quenching,  
 Says *Apollo*, no Purge.  
 No Physick, no Scourge ;  
 To cure this vile Habit of Wenching.

The Girl he admir'd,  
 At last being tir'd,  
 Fell down, and cried out, Oh ! Ill Luck !  
 He'll have me I fear,  
 For he draws very near,  
 And I cannot endure he —————

Protect me each Power,  
 That he may not devour

The

The Thing ye have guarded so long;  
 For now, while I speak,  
 I'm so faint, and so weak,  
 'Tis in Danger, I'm sure, He's so strong.

Oh! rather exchange,  
 This Body to range  
 Thro' the Woods in the Form of some Beast,  
 Or, make me a Fowl,  
 Nay, even an Owl,  
 To get rid of this troublesome Guest.

*Apollo* drew near,  
 As she finish'd her Prayer,  
 And verily thought to have don't;  
 But says she, do'nt you see,  
 That I'm turn'd to a Tree,  
 And a Laurel sprouts out of ———

She had no sooner spoke,  
 But the God went to look;  
 And saw what surpass'd e'en Belief,  
 For it made him so stare,  
 When he saw that each ———  
 Was chang'd, and turn'd into a Leaf.

Hence-forward, says he,  
 In Honour to thee,  
 For all thou hast left me forlorn,  
 A Twig of these Branches,  
 From between thy two Haunches,  
 Poetical Heads shall adorn.

And it is, as he said,  
 For each Poet's Head,  
 Wears

Wears this Ornament, and it's as true,  
As there's Light in the Sun,  
That their Heads always run,  
On the Place where the Laurel first grew.

---

*Cupid Duck'd.*

LOVE is so subtle, and so light,  
He'll skip from Part to Part,  
And there conceal'd from Mortal's Sight  
Let fly th' envenom'd Dart.

How often will the Wanton lie  
In Hair as in a Bush?  
From thence into a Cheek he'll fly.  
And hide him in a Blush.

Upon an Eye-brow he will sit,  
And perch without a Noise;  
He'll also, when he thinks it fit,  
Lie wrap'd up in a Voice.

I oft have known the little Elf,  
Peep out as from a Nest,  
Pop in again, and hide himself  
Within the Fair one's Breast.

But oh! what Rage does it provoke!  
What Grief, what Hopes, what Fears!  
Whene'er he gives the fatal Stroke,  
With Arrows dip'd in Tears.

Some-

Sometimes that he the better may  
 Fond Lovers Hearts beguile,  
 He'll seem to be extremely gay,  
 And cloath him in a Smile.

In Shape, in Air, in Speech, in Mind  
 He lurks and keeps his Court,  
 Ten thousand different Ways he'll find  
 To make Mankind his Sport.

But that there is a ready Way  
 To trap, and punish Love,  
 I think that this Example may  
 Most clearly shew, and prove.

Upon a Time fair *Cosma* went  
 T' enjoy the cooling Air,  
 As to a Cave her Way she bent  
 She found *Alcippus* there.

The little God to Mischiefs prone,  
 Unseen by any Creature,  
 (Finding the Lovers there alone)  
 Lay hid in every Feature.

He'd sit upon her Eye, or Lip,  
 And thence he'd send a Shaft,  
 From one to t'other he wou'd skip,  
 And shoot, and then he laugh.

The Poison shortly took Effect,  
 They tremble, and they pant,  
 Their Silence, and their Looks direct  
 Each other what they want.

At



At length, *Alcippus* Silence broke ;

Ah ! *Cosma* I'm undone.

She sigh'd, and then she softly spoke,

Ah ! whither shall I run ?

Love is, says he, or in your Eyes

Or Breast — Oh ! wretched Man !

Feel all about me, she replies,

And catch him if you can.

His Hands o'er all her Body stray,

She finds him overjoy'd,

What Mortal would not when he may,

Be always so employ'd.

He laid her down, and search'd again,

Her left Hand hides her Face,

Her right Hand puts him out of Pain,

By pointing out the Place.

He's here, he's here, *Alcippus* cries.

He's there, says she, I know,

Stop close this Place between —

And do not let him go.

He presently obeys the Fair,

And pen's him in, which done,

The little Prisoner suffers there,

By being pump'd upon.

He's wash'd, and duck'd till almost drown'd,

And there the Urchin's left,

In this Condition he is found,

Of all his Power bereft.

Gal-

Gallants, and Ladies, when you find,  
 Love plays his Tricks, confound him,  
 Thus catch him, for you know he's lind,  
 Imprison him, and drown him.

### *Jupiter's Amours.*

**T**HE Poets of old,  
 Odd Stories have told,  
 Of *Jove* when he came from above;  
 That in different Shapes  
 He committed some Rapes,  
 Being whimsical often in Love.

He'd a Wife that was jealous,  
 Which made him so zealous,  
 Such Sort of Designs to conceal,  
 Tho' you think it a Jest,  
 In a Bird, or a Beast,  
 He would often his Passion reveal.

Besides that he knew,  
 'Mong Women are few  
 But predominant Passions discover,  
 One Beauty will have,  
 Some Money do crave,  
 And others a lusty young Lover.

He always took Care,  
 When he came to the Fair,

**To**

To appear so as not to affright her ;  
 His Mistress would please,  
 And give himself Ease,  
 In the Form that he thought would delight her.

Thus one Time inclin'd,  
 It came into his Mind,  
 And wonderful it is indeed-a  
 For not like a Man,  
 But a beautiful Swan,  
 He visited pretty Miss *Led-a*.

This Girl of Renown,  
 Lov'd feeling of Down,  
 And indeed one shall hear nothing odder ;  
 I tell you no Lies,  
 She open'd ———  
 And then it was *Jupiter* trod her.

He wanted that same  
 Of a Covetous Dame,  
 For *Danaë* was to be sold,  
 So down he did pour,  
 In a thundering Shower  
 Of bright, shining Pieces of Gold :

At hearing the Clap,  
 She open'd her Cap,  
 Resolv'd to have a good Freight on't,  
 The pleasing Surprise  
 So dazzled her Eyes,  
 She tumbled down under the Weight on't :

So great was her Fall,  
 She shew'd him it all,                      And

And *Jupiter* seeing the Edge on't ;  
 To give her enough,  
 Of the glittering Stuff,  
 He thrust in a swinging huge Wedge on't.

Another Time *Jove*  
 Was so hot in his Love,  
 And had such Inclination to *Grope-a* ;  
 He clapp'd Horns to his Skull,  
 Took the Shape of a Bull,  
 When he went to see Madam *Europa* :

The beautiful Maid,  
 All o'er him survey'd ;  
 His Colour was whitish, and grizzle ;  
 A long while she gaz'd,  
 And seem'd most amaz'd,  
 And delighted, with viewing his ———,

She wanted to ride,  
 So she got up a-stride,  
 All Manner of Danger she scorns ;  
 When mounted then he  
 Swam quite thro' the sea ;  
 She holding him fast by the Horns,

He got thro' the Water,  
 And finish'd the Matter,  
 By flinging her down on her Back ;  
 Then gave her a Touch,  
 She found to be such,  
 As she thought that her Carcass would crack.

For it can't be denied,  
 He threw off his Hyde      With

With swimming, he not at all tir'd ;  
 Then gave her a Bounce ;  
 Putting in with a Pounce  
 The Thing she had so much admir'd.

Thus Women you see,  
 The Poets agree,  
 Some one Passion was us'd to bewitch ;  
 But now *Jove* himself,  
 With his Power, and his Pelf,  
 Could not gratify every Itch.

In committing this Crime,  
 He was once at a Time,  
 Either vigorous, handsome, or rich ;  
 But now you must muster,  
 Them all in a Cluster,  
 Before you can make any Breach.

For would you draw in  
 A Woman to Sin ;  
 Your Purse it must ever be full ;  
 You must certainly shine,  
 Be handsome, and fine,  
 And then put on the Strength of a Bull.

## The Devil Outwitted.

*The Hint from RABELAIS.*

**O**LD Satan, who, for different Ends,  
 Sends Fools, as well as subtle Friends,  
 Once on a Time, as Stories tell,  
 A Messenger dispatch'd from Hell :



An Imp of very little Sense,  
 You'll find it by the Consequence.  
 As he was travelling, he found,  
 A pleasant, fertile Piece of Ground,  
 Which had lain fallow, till a Suit  
 At Law, had ended the Dispute,  
 But that a thrifty, neighbouring Clown,  
 Had plough'd, and sown it for his own.  
 'Twas here he stopt, and found the Swain,  
 It being Seed-time, sowing Grain :  
 Good Morrow, honest Friend, one cries ;  
 Good Morrow, t'other then replies ;  
 Such rural Compliments once past,  
 They enter on Discourse at last.  
 The Farmer could discern full well,  
 The cloven Foot, the Brimstone Smell,  
 But that he might not be too hard  
 For him, he stood upon his Guard :  
 When thus began the simple Fiend ;  
 This Corn you sow looks well, my Friend ;  
 But now, suppose you lose this Grain,  
 The Field is none of your's 'tis plain.  
 The Countryman who knew the Laws  
 Would not support him in his Cause,  
 Did hesitate, and make a Pause. }  
 Says he, I know the Land's not mine,  
 And I'm as sure, 'tis none of thine.  
 To sow it, you cannot deny,  
 Is better than to let it lie,  
 And nought produce but Weeds and Shrubs,  
 Food only fit for Worms, and Grubs ;  
 Whereas it now may add some Store,  
 To that small Heap I got before :

So

So I've a better Title to't,  
 Than you to ask me why I do't.  
 Come don't be testy, but be civil,  
 Replies this Numscull of a Devil;  
 Since I've as much a Right, as you,  
 I'll e'en go Halves in what you do:  
 What's under Ground shall be my Crop,  
 And you shall have whate'er springs up.  
 Done, says the Farmer, don't let's chatter,  
 At Harvest we'll decide the Matter:  
 'Tis well, says t'other, I'll be here,  
 Just at that Season of the Year.  
 He took his Leave in high Content,  
 And chuckl'd all the Way he went,  
 To think how pleasantly he'd bit  
 The Farmer, and had shewn his Wit.  
 Being sent on Business of Import,  
 He made what hast he could to Court,  
 And other Places of Resort.

The Time appointed being come,  
 The Farmer trudg'd away from home,  
 That he might save his Crop, compell'd  
 To go to work, and reap the Field:  
 Hither repair'd the foolish Elf,  
 With some no wiser than himself.  
 Both Parties seeming overjoy'd,  
 All Hands were busily employ'd;  
 The Countryman, with Toil, and Sweat,  
 Reap'd, bound, and safely hous'd his Wheat:  
 Some pluck the Stubble, bind it some,  
 And joyful all sing Harvest home.  
 The Farmer's Grain thresh'd out, and sold,  
 It fill'd his Pockets well with Gold;

While

While t'other with Vexation stung,  
 Found his was only fit for Dung ;  
 But no one Sign of Wrath reveal'd,  
 For all Resentment lay conceal'd.  
 Away he flew to Town, for there,  
 He'd Business worthy of his Care,  
 With Lawyers, Parsons, Pimps by Scores,  
 Physicians, Pawnbrokers, and Whores.

The following Spring, the Devil came,  
 And once again renew'd his Claim.  
 The Farmer, taking little Heed,  
 Was busy sowing Raddish-seed.  
 Farmer says he, you know, last Year  
 The scurvy Trick you play'd me here.  
 Should you a second Time deceive,  
 The faults not yours, I give you leave.  
 Nay, says the Farmer, don't exclaim,  
 'Tis you, yourself's alone to blame ;  
 You saw the Seed I sow'd look fair,  
 And therefore chose it for your Share ;  
 Not knowing the Crop would owe its Birth,  
 To Seed corrupted in the Earth.  
 Come replies t'other let's be Friends,  
 My present Choice shall make Amends ;  
 Henceforward I will have the Shoots,  
 And you, my Friend, shall have the roots.  
 With all my Heart, says he, but pray  
 Remember then, what now you say.  
 This Business settled, they adjourn'd  
 'Till proper Time, and then return'd :  
 The Raddishes were fit to pluck,  
 And both appear, to try their Luck :  
 They pull them up, the Farmer lops,  
 And gives, the Devil his Due, the Tops ;  
 With

With Care they gather in the Whole,  
 Then jog to Market, Cheek by Jole.  
 The Raddishes were sold, nay well,  
 But seeing Raddish Tops to sell,  
 The People round about them flock'd,  
 And pointing, ridicul'd and joak'd ;  
 The very Boys, and Girls, from School,  
 Laugh'd at the Devil, for a Fool.  
 Provok'd, and in an angry Mood,  
 He left the Place, and loitering stood,  
 Just by the Corner of a Wood.  
 The Farmer, having sold his Ware,  
 Was trotting home upon his Mare :  
 Here, full of Malice, and of Spight,  
 The Devil put him in a Fright,  
 For at each single Word he spoke,  
 There issued from his Mouth a Smoke :  
 Thou cheating Rogue, says he, prepare,  
 I now, for open War, declare,  
 Nor will thy wretched Carcass spare :  
 For eight Days hence, thou Villain, Lout,  
 We two will have a scratching Bout,  
 At Noon be ready, I command,  
 Who first gives out shall quit the Land :  
 The Words pronounc'd a sudden Flash  
 Of Fire, at once burst out, slap-dash.  
 The Farmer's Mare began to start,  
 And jump, and prance, and kick, and fart.  
 The Devil vanish'd out of Sight,  
 Poor Farmer was in doleful Plight,  
 And sorrowful, as well he might.  
 Tho' now he thought himself undone,  
 He spurr'd his Mare, together on.  
 Who likewise shew'd her Discontent,  
 By snorting all the Way she went ;

However, with a gentle Trot,  
 At home, by Dinner-time, he got:  
 'Tis here he finds his good old Wife,  
 The Care and Comfort of his Life;  
 She'd ready got the Table spread  
 With that, on which they daily fed.  
 He sat him down, and eyed the Meat,  
 And sobb'd, and sigh'd, but could not eat.  
 She, who at all Times would rejoice,  
 Whenever she but heard his Voice,  
 Enquir'd the Cause of all his Woe,  
 I broke her Heart to see him so.  
 He told her all, the whole Affair,  
 Surpriz'd, at first it made her stare:  
 But recollecting, pho! says she,  
 I'll get you off, as you shall see,  
 Leave but the Management to me. }  
 Before he comes, go you to Church,  
 And so you'll leave him in the Lurch:  
 Depend upon't in such a Place,  
 He never dares to shew his Face, }  
 For Fear of coming to Disgrace:  
 Mean time, tho' he be ne'er so stout,  
 You'll find I'll put him to the Rout,  
 He look'd more chearful, seem'd more gay,  
 At hearing all she had to say,  
 But still his Heart went pit-a-pat,  
 Not knowing what she would be at.  
 The Time came on, betimes arose  
 The Farmer, and to Church he goes;  
 When thither got, and being hous'd,  
 And well with Holy Water sows'd,  
 He thought himself, you may be sure,  
 While here, thus fortified, secure.



But let us now see what became,  
 At home, of this, his cunning Dame,  
 She first had fasten'd well the Door,  
 Then Threw herself upon the Floor ;  
 And rent her Cloaths, and tore her Hair,  
 As of a Person in Despair.  
 The Dame prepar'd, and all this done,  
 The Devil 'tis said, arriv'd at Noon ;  
 He knock'd, and call'd, and rais'd his Voice,  
 And bawl'd, and make a thundering Noise :  
 But yet, for all this hideous Din,  
 She could, or would not let him in.  
 He, listening, heard a doleful Moan,  
 With now and then a dismal Groan :  
 Quite tir'd at last, resolv'd to do't,  
 He broke it open with his Foot :  
 At entring thus, her Cries encrease,  
 Nor could he make her hold her Peace :  
 Where is, says he, this cheating Rogue,  
 This Villain, this confounded Dog ?  
 I'll have him wheresoe'er he be :  
 Oh ! that I could but tell ! says she,  
 You should, you should, with all my Soul.  
 She then again set up a Howl.  
 Last Night I heard the Monster say,  
 Says she, that you and he To-day  
 Where to encounter with your Paws,  
 And try which had the sharpest Claws :  
 His Cruelty so far prevails ;  
 To try the Sharpness of his Nails,  
 That while, poor I, lay fast a-sleep,  
 He struck them into me so deep,  
 No Knife could make a greater Slash,  
 A deeper, or a wider Gash :

The violent Anguish, Smart, and Pain,  
 Does even this Instant still remain ;  
 Nor can a Remedy be found,  
 Ever to close, or heal the Wound.  
 At this, she made a dismal Face,  
 Her Coats flew up, and shew'd the Place.  
*Furies ! Alecto ! Pluto ! Dis !*  
 Cries out the Fiend, what Sight is this !  
 E'en tell your Husband that I yield,  
 And freely give him up the Field.  
 This said, he left the Place, we find,  
 And left a horrid Stench behind.  
 With hasty Steps, she ran to Church,  
 And saw her Husband in the Porch ;  
 She found him trembling, fainting here,  
 And ready to expire with Fear ;  
 But soon convinc'd him by a Laugh,  
 That all at home was very safe,  
 The whole reveals, then Arm in Arm,  
 They both trudge homewards to the Farm.

## M O R A L

A merry, and diverting Tale,  
 Will o'er the Mind of Man prevail,  
 When serious Precepts often fail.  
 'Tis plain this tricking Devil would  
 Have bit the Farmer if he could.

}

The Seventh Chapter of SOLOMON'S  
 SONG Paraphras'd : An O D E.

## I

O Royal Maid, how beauteous are thy Feet  
 To every Eye ;  
 We own the Work compleat,  
 And stand astonish'd by.

Thy

Thy Ivory Joints and well proportion'd Thighs,  
That far exceed the cunning Workman's Art  
With Wonder strike our ravish'd Eyes,  
And captivate each Heart.

2.

Thy Navel (wondrous white)  
To what shall I compare ?  
So pleasing to the Touch and Sight,  
And soft as it is fair !  
What, but to a curious Coblet round  
Up to the Brim with smiling Liquor crown'd ?  
Thy Belly does such Charms display,  
Expressiō's dumb, and Words cannot find  
(Way.

Who can describe that Heaven well,  
Where wanton Loves, and smiling Graces  
(dwell ?

'Tis like unto a Heap of shining Wheat,  
That's all around with nodding Lillies set.

3.

Thy rising, panting Breasts,  
Soft Retreat of balmy Rest,  
Are like two youthful Roes that came  
At one kind Birth from their prolific Ea ne  
Thy Neck for Stateliness does vie  
With some smooth Tow'r of Ivory ;  
And then thine Eyes,  
From whose destructive Beams  
The fatal Arrow flies,  
Give more Delight  
To every Sight,  
Than *Heshbon's* silver Streams ;  
That in curling Mazes play,  
And by *Bethrabbin's* Gates divide their Way.  
F 3 Like

Like *Libanon's* fair Fabrick is thy Nose,  
Whose tow'ring Height points towards *Da-*  
*(mascus.*

4.

Thine Head to *Carmel* we compare ;  
As Purple is thy comely Hair.  
When thro' the Gallery the King retires,  
He stops, gazes, and admires.  
With what Transport doth thou crown the  
Thou fairest Object of Delight! (Night,  
Thy Stature's like the stately Palm or Pine,  
Whose Honours grace the Mountains they  
(possess;  
Thy Breasts exceeds the Clusters of the Vine,  
Nor are their Sweetness less.

5.

I said, I'll to the Palm-tree haste away,  
And gently stroak the tender Boughs ;  
With thy rising Breasts I'll play,  
And in thine Arms  
Dissolv'd in Charms,  
Forget the Trouble of the Day.  
The pleasant Flavour of thy Nose  
Far, far exceeds the Rose,  
Or where the purple Apple grows.  
Thy Mouth's sweet Roof and balmy Tongue,  
Are all around with richest Spices hung,  
And more grateful to the Lip than Wine.  
And then thy fragrant Breath  
(Incense and Smell divine)  
Wou'd wake one from the Arms of Death.

6.

Love has wounded with an equal Dart,  
My Belov'd has mine, and I her Heart ;  
Our

Our Passions are so true,  
 That none but Death can e'er subdue,  
 Let us, my Love, retreat  
 To some fair rural Seat  
 Far from the Town, that Theatre of Strife;  
 And quit the busy Cares of Life.  
 There in some shady Grove,  
 Or verdant Field  
 Our mutual Store of Pleasure yield,  
 And give a Loose to Love.

7.

Let us rise early in the Morn,  
 E'er *Phæbus* does the World adorn;  
 Up to the Vineyards we'll repair,  
 See if the purple Gums appear,  
 If the Pomgranates bud apace,  
 And give the Promise of a fruitful Year.  
 Then, then in that delightful Place  
 In Love will I pour out my Soul,  
 And the rich Banquet taste without Controul.  
 The Mandrakes give a pleasant Smell,  
 And at our Gates the Products dwell  
 Of each delicious Tree;  
 Which are laid up in Store for thee;  
 And ten Times more than this,  
 Thou Fountain of transporting Bliss.

*On a BRIDE.*

I Wonder *Zanthia*, why the Custom is  
 To use such Ceremony, such strict Shape  
 About us Women; forsooth the Bride must steal  
 Before her Lord to Bed; and then delays  
 Long Expectations, all against known Wishes,



I hate these Figures in Locution,  
 These about-Phrases, forc'd by Ceremony ;  
 We must still seem to fly what we most seek,  
 And hide ourselves from that we fain would  
 (find :  
 Let those that think, and speak, and do just Acts,  
 Know, Form can give no Virtue to their Facts,  
 Nor detract Vice. *Marston's Sophonisba.*

1. While early Light springs from the Skies,  
 A fairer from your Bride doth rise ;  
 A brighter Day doth thence appear,  
 And make a second Morning there.

Her Blush doth shed,  
 All o'er the Bed,  
 Clean shame-fac'd Beams,  
 That spread in Streams,  
 And purple round the modest Air:

2. I will not tell what Shrieks and Cries,  
 What angry Pishes, and what Fies,  
 What pretty Oaths then newly born  
 The list'ning Taper heard there sworn :  
 While forward she,  
 Most peevishly,  
 Did yielding Sight  
 To keep o'er Night,

What she'd have proffer'd you ere Morn.

3. Fair, we know, Maids do refuse  
 To grant what they do come to loose.  
 Intend a Conquest you that Wed ;  
 They would be chastly ravished

*Cartwright's Ordinary.*

The Maid, and thereby hangs a Tale,  
 In such a Maid no *Whitson Ale*

Could

Could ever yet produce :  
 No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be  
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
 Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring  
 Would not stay on which they did bring ;  
 It was too wide a Peck :  
 And to say Truth, for out it must,  
 It look'd like the great Collar just,  
 About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,  
 Like little Mice, stole in and out,  
 As if they fear'd the Light :  
 But, Oh ! she dances such a Way !  
 No Sun, upon an *Easter* Day,  
 Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,  
 But she would not, she was so nice,  
 She would not do't in Sight.  
 And then she look'd, as who should say,  
 I will do what I list To-day ;  
 And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on  
 No Daisy makes Comparifon,  
 Who fees them is undone :  
 For Streaks of red were mingled there,  
 Such as are on a *Cath'rins* Pear,  
 The Side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red ; and one was thin,  
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin ;

Some Bee had stung it newly.  
 But, *Dick*, her Eyes so guard her Face,  
 I durst no more upon them gaze,  
 Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small, when she does speak,  
 Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,  
 That they might Passage get :  
 But she so handled still the Matter,  
 They came as good as ours, or better,  
 And are not spent a Whit.

If wishing should be any Sin,  
 The Parson himself had guilty been,  
 (She look'd that Day so purely :)  
 And did the Youth so oft the Feat  
 At Night, as some did in Conceit.  
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

*Suckling,*

Now that Love's Holiday is come,  
 And *Madge*, the Maid, hath swept the Room,  
 And trimm'd her Spit and Pot,  
 Awake, my merry Muse, and sing  
 The Revels, and that other Thing,  
 That must not be forgot.

As the grey Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,  
*Clarinda* broke out of her Bed,  
 Like *Gynthia* in her Pride :  
 Where all the Maden Lights that were  
 Compriz'd within our Hemisphere  
 Attended at her Side.

But wot you then, with much ado,  
 They dress'd the Bride from Top to Toe,  
 And

And brought her from her Chamber;  
 Deck'd in her Robes and Garments gay,  
 More sumptuous than the live-long Day,  
 Or Stars enshrined in Amber.

The sparkling Bullice of her Eyes  
 Like two eclipsed Suns did rise

Beneath her crystal Brow;  
 To shew like those strange Accidents,  
 Some sudden changeable Events  
 Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,  
 Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed

Prefag'd the blust'ring Night;  
 Which his encircling Arms and Shade  
 Resolv'd to swallow and invade  
 And skreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, those Threads of scarlet Dye,  
 Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,

Legions of Sweets did crown;  
 Which smilingly did seem to say,  
 Crop me, crop me, while you may,  
 Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breasts, those melting *Alps* of Snow,  
 On whose fair Hills in open Shew,

The God of Love lay napping;  
 Like swelling Buts of lively Wine,  
 Upon their Ivory Stells did shine,  
 To wait the lucky Tapping.

Her Waste, that slender Type of Man,  
 Was but a small and sinleg Span,

Yet

Yet I dare safely swear,  
 He that whole thousands has in fee,  
 Would forfeit all, so he might be  
 Lord of the Manor there.

*Cleveland.*

### *The Country Christening.*

Done from the *Latin*, by Mr. GOODBARNE.

**A** Grand Procession, and a Babe I sing,  
 Sacred to God, from holy *Jordan's* Spring :  
 Thou, chaste *Diana*, hear the Bard descant  
 The Child-Bed Labours, and the Midwife  
 Thou *Juno*, conscious of the teeming Cares,  
 Approve the Songster, and assist his Prayers.

Now twice five Suns repell'd the dewy Morn  
 With gild'd Rays, since first the Child was born;  
 When strait th'assembled Neighbours flock to  
 The Infant squawling on the Nurse's Knee :  
 Here various Gossips different Arts employ,  
 Some dress the Feast, while others dress the Boy ;  
 Anxious they hie, while to the Font they came,  
 With Christian Water give the Babe a Name ;  
 Mean while the Farmer leaves his rural Care,  
 And round his Fields unfinish'd Toils appear :  
 Here half-plash'd Hedges sadly at a stand,  
 Forlornly left, invite the Plaster's Hand ;

Now



Now there, alas ! uncertain Dikes are found,  
 And *Roger's* Spade sticks idly in the Ground ;  
 While he in *Sunday's* Jacket gay appears,  
 Amidst his Louts adjusts his matted Hairs.  
 Not less his *Peggy* joins her *Roger's* haste,  
 With silken Girdle binds her taper Waist ;  
 Her slender Waist with the near Bandage shone,  
 Tho' from her Fingers woolly Toils have run ;  
 Spruce in each Part her cleanly Garments set,  
 And on her Head erects her High-crown'd Hat ;  
 Her Locks with Barley-Flower half grown  
 (white,  
 With skill she strews, to please her *Roger's* Sight.  
 Now for the Journey all the Guest provide,  
 Some walk the Plain, while some prepare to  
 (ride ;  
 The jaded Steeds with threefold Burdens tire,  
 And scarcely drag their Legs from out the Mire ;  
 The lusty Dames on Pillions plac'd behind,  
 O'ercharg'd with Fat now load the Palfrey  
 (kind ;  
*Peggy's* entrusted to her *Roger's* Care,  
 Whose folding Arms embrace his falling Dear ;  
 See how, o'erspent, her Colour comes and  
 (goes,  
 While *Roger's* Arms support his fainting Spouse,  
 With Joy to Mother Earth his Charge restores.  
 Then safe conducts her to the wish'd-for Doors :  
 Now enter'd every Guest the Child-bed Room,  
 Who *Lydia* kindly welcomes as they come,  
 With Compliments the Gossip Tribe ha-  
 (rangues,  
 While o'er her whiter Breasts a Nightrail hangs,  
 Plac'd on a Cushion in her Elbow-Chair,  
 Sits painful, brooding o'er a Mother's Care :  
 The

The goodly Matrons on the Infant tend;  
 Its Wit they praise, and every Look commend;  
 Some lull the Babe ; some hug ; some chat ;  
 (the rest  
 Play with its Mouth, and shake the Bantling's  
 (Fist ;  
 Look ! look ! says one ; Behold another cries,  
 The Father's Nose ! See, see, a third replies,  
 'Twas Granny's Cheeks, and Mother's 'n'own  
 (bright Eyes.

The Grandame then her long kept Silence  
 (broke,  
 With Pleasure smil'd, and with a Cough she  
 (spoke ;  
 " The Father thus (if I remember right)  
 " Thus look'd and laugh'd with innocent De-  
 (light,  
 " When dandled in his Nurse's Arms he  
 (smil'd,  
 " He look'n the very Picture of this Child ;  
 " O may'st thou grow thy Grandame's other  
 (Joy,  
 " And than thy Sire more fertile Fields em-  
 (ploy ;  
 " O may'st thou live to combat on the Green,  
 " Some few Years hence thou like thy Dad  
 (be seen.  
 " O may'st thou wrestling sling each sturdy  
 (Swain,  
 " And be a little Monarch of the Plain :  
 " Then shalt thou wear the Hat thy Strength  
 (has won,  
 " And shout thy Vict'ry, and the Prize thy  
 (own.  
 " O may

" O may some *Phyllis* then thy Sweet-heart  
 (prove,  
 " And kindle in thy Breast a glorious Love,  
 " But if my Harvest yellows in my Fields,  
 " And bounteous Nature large Increasement  
 (yields,  
 " Will but thy Sire consent, thou ne'er shalt  
 (know  
 " To goad the Steers, or guide the crooked  
 (Plough,  
 " But thou, exalted to some high Degree,  
 " Mayor of thy Town, believe me, thou  
 (shalt be :  
 " Thou with thy Train of Aldermen shalt go,  
 " Shalt gravely look, and walk in Triumph  
 (slow,  
 " While City Maces thy Distinction show. }

With one Consent the Gossips all approve,  
 The worthy Purpose, and the Grandame's  
 (Love.

When *Mopsa* for sagacious Judgment known,  
 Ordains this Boy a Daughter of her own.

Of equal Parts, nor yet inferiour Age,  
 And trust me, *Mopsa* is a Female Sage.

At length the Matrons march, a goodly Band,  
 Proud of her Burden, *Lucy* sweeps the Sand :  
 Careful the Infant in her Arms she bears,  
 And with a Mantle veils its tender Years.

At Church arriv'd, with bended joints they  
 (kneel,

In holy Order, round the sacred Well :

When from the Priest, baptismal Drops o'er-  
 (spread

The helpless Youngling's consecrated Head.

These

These Rites perform'd divinely good proclaim,  
 The Babe a Christian with its Father's Name.  
 The Bantling cries; the Matrons, from its  
 (Tears,  
 Pronounce its Life, and prophesy its Years.

Mean while at Home, confus'dly all pre-  
 (pare

To deck the Mansion with a studious Care.

Some rub the Dressers, others sweep the Hall,  
 Brush the low Ceiling and the mouldy Wall;  
 The Earthen Platters on the Cupboard gay,  
 In nicest Rank and Order they display:

With curious Sculpture does the Cupboard  
 (shine

In good old Oak, the Workmanship Divine.

They spread the Linnen o'er the brighten'd  
 (Board

A Napkin to each Trencher they afford.

Now *Spiders* mourn their nicest Webs de-  
 (stroy'd

Which o'er the Window late extended wide,

✓ For *Bridger's* Bosom left no Nook untry'd.

They move the *Holy Bible* from its Place,

To dust the Window where the *Bible* was;

And *Durfey's* Rhimes by hungry Vermin eat,

Are basely thrown beneath the Servants Feet.

Nor less confus'd the Cooks and Scullions

(hast,

To tempt the Gossips with a rich Repast,

Some stir the Flames and fiery Rage provoke,

While the Pot boiling, rises into Smoke:

Some spit the Beef, and others turn the Spit,

With ardent Haste they juggle as they meet;

Now

Now grievous Light offends the feather'd  
(Throng,  
The cooing *Pidgeon* moans her martyr'd Young.  
Now various Fowls lament their bitter Fates,  
While *Turkeys, Ducks, and Pheasants*, wail  
(their Mates.  
Now o'er the Orchard moaps the *Hen* alone,  
Her tender Brood, alas ! destroy'd and gone.

Here one with Garnish decks the noble Chear,  
Another blends the *Raisin-Puddings* there.  
Here one the stately Walls of Paste uprears,  
Which others line with *Apples, Plumbs, and*  
*(Pears.*  
On the first Threshold *Robin* laid along,  
Sharpens the Knives, and bellows out a Song,  
When as the Labours of the Kitchen burn,  
The hungry Gossips all from Church return :  
The feast prepar'd, all silently sit down,  
Without a Word, for Grace indeed they'ad  
*(none ;*  
Plac'd at the Head the Mistress of the Feast,  
Prepares to carve, and help each bidden Guest :  
To every one a Plate of Beef she sends,  
In rank and order to her Home-spun Friends.  
Thus round the Board, they feast, they chat,  
*(they laugh,*  
And flowing Bumpers merrily they quaff :  
In softest Ease and Wine their Cares they drown,  
And lose a-while the Labours-once their own.

Now 'gan the Rage of *Lucy's* Jeers to shine,  
Born of her Brain, begot by Parent Wine ;  
Keenly the Sluggard Husbands she inveighs,  
Who study Sleep, nor propagate their Race ;  
With



With gibeing Satire flows her Serpent Tongue,  
And spite of Years, her active Voice is young.

O ! shameful Herd of lazy Louts, she says,  
Within whose Hall no Son nor Daughter plays ;  
Whose childish Gewgaws ev'ry Ev'ning charm  
The weary Dad returning from his Farm ;  
Whose harmless Chat sweet Innocence affords,  
And join their Kisses with their Father's Words.  
But O ! the Brutes and Sluggards as they are  
Pretend, forsooth, to loath the nuptial Care.

O ! that our Laws some penal Pain would  
(chuse,  
To vex the sterile Husbands, who abuse,  
The Gifts of Nature, and neglect their  
(Spouse.

Long live the Man, and peaceful rest his Bones,  
Who counts his Years of Wedlock by his  
(Sons !

Thus spoke the Dame, with Thirst and  
(Rage o'ercome,  
Drinks and withdraws into a private Room ;  
To hear the pregnant Labours of her Ire,  
She becks the Female Synod to retire ;  
Whose fertile Reasons logically prove,  
By many ways Necessity of Love.  
She paints mysterious Wonders to the Life,  
And to a fallow Field compares a Wife :  
A fallow Wife, or fallow Field, what's worse ?  
There's nought on Earth exceeds the Barren  
(Curse.

Let no unmarried Nymphs these Precepts hear,  
They're too immodest for a Virgin's Ear.

To

To slander next her Neighbour she began,  
 And cloaks her Meaning, with a *certain Man*,  
 Not far from hence, whom ev'ry one must  
 (know,  
 Believe me, Matrons, 'tis but even so.  
 But what you hear, ne'er tell, for do you ye see,  
 I am not willing it should come from me.

Mean time, the Nurse disrobes her darling  
 (Young,  
 And in the Cradle lays the Child along :  
 See the rare Fabrick modell'd into Art,  
 With fairest Ofiers hemm'd in ev'ry Part ;  
 Whose top depending o'er the Infant's Head,  
 To skreen from Dust, a shaded Umbrage  
 (spread :  
 While Reeling-rocks the waving Fabrick  
 (press'd,  
 Whose fickle Motion lulls the Babe to rest.

Now as the Bantling sends a piteous Cry,  
 The Nurse diverting tunes her Lullaby.  
 But Songs in vain attempt its hungry Rage,  
 Nor Songs, nor Music, can its Tears assuage :  
 From Bed she takes the Babe, unknown to  
 (Rest,  
 Offers it Food, and ministers the Breast.  
 When in her Mouth she qualifies its Food,  
 Allays the Heat, and makes Digestion good.  
 So pecks the Mother Bird the scatter'd Grain,  
 And hastens homeward loaded o'er the Plain ;  
 Swift to her Callow-Young she wings her  
 (Way,  
 Her Off'spring greedy swallow thus their Prey.

The God-Sirs now salute the Gossip Dames,  
 And as they kiss, they kindle into Flames :  
 While future Love inglorious they design,  
 Heighten'd by Mirth, by Company, and Wine.  
 Now Night's Noon-Shade o'ertakes th'assem-  
 (bled Guest,

And twinkling Stars invite the Louts to Rest ;  
 When rising, all to take their leave prepare,  
 But *Corydon* fast seated in his Chair.

Ranging full Bottles by his jolly side,

Lifless to part, resolving to abide ;

But fearful lest his goodly Spouse should

(chide.

In gleeful Guise the Swains and Nymphs take

(leave,

While mutual Hearts and mutual Hands they

(weave

One with his Staff directs his sober Pace,

His trusty Steed another Lout conveys.

This Swain uxorious, leads his buxom Spouse,

And Arm in Arm the Hen-peck'd Cuckold

(goes.

'The Sire exulting bids his Friends farewell,

In next *December*, if I right can tell,

He says : Again in one revolving Year,

My fruitful *Lydia* will a Daughter bear.

When with the Year we will our Feast renew ;

Neighbours farewell, only till then adieu !

The Matrons laughing, hear his jocund Tale,

And wish his Purse and Progeny ne'er fail.

*The*

## The SMOCK-RACE, at FINGLAS.

**N**OW did the Bag-Pipe in hoarse Notes begin  
Th'expected Signal to the neighb'ring Green ;  
While the mild Sun, in the Decline of Day,  
Shoots from the distant *West* a cooler Ray,  
Alarm'd, the sweating Crowds forsake the Town,  
Unpeopled *Finglas* is a Desert grown.  
*Joan* quits her Cows, that with full Udders stand,  
And low unheeded for the Milker's Hand.  
The joyous Sound the distant Reapers hear,  
Their Harvest leave, and to the Sport repair.  
The *Dublin* Prentice, at the welcome Call,  
In Hurry rises from his Cakes and Ale ;  
Handing the flaunting Sempstresses o'er the Plains,  
He struts a Beau among the homely Swains.

The Butcher's foggy Spouse amidst the Throng,  
Rubb'd clean, and tawdry drest, puffs slow along :  
Her pond'rous Rings the wond'ring Mob behold,  
And dwell on every Finger heap'd with Gold :  
Long to St. *Patrick's* filthy Shambles bound  
Surpriz'd, she views the rural Scene around ;  
The distant Ocean there salutes her Eyes,  
Here tow'ring Hills in goodly Order rise ;  
There fruitful Valleys long-extended lay,  
Here Sheaves of Corn, and Cocks of fragrant Hay.  
While whatsoe'er she hears, she smells, or sees,  
Gives her fresh Transports ; and she doats on Trees.  
Yet, (hapless Wretch !) the servile Thirst of Gain  
Can force her to her stinking Stall again.

Nor was the Country-Justice wanting there,  
To make a Penny of the Rogues that swe r ;

With

With supercilious Looks he awes the Greek,  
 "Sirs, keep the Peace—I represent the Queen;  
 "Poor *Paddy* swears his whole Week's Gains away,  
 While my young Squires blaspheme, and nothing  
 (pay.

All on the mossy Turf confus'd were laid,  
 The jolly Rustick, and the buxom Maid,  
 Impatient for the Sport, too long delay'd.

When, lo, old *Arbiter* amid the Croud,  
 Princē of the annual Games, proclaim'd aloud,  
 "Ye Virgins, that intend to try the Race,  
 "The Swiftest wins a Smock enrich'd with Lace :  
 "A Cambrick Kerchiff shall the next adorn,  
 "And Kidde[n] Gloves shall by the third be worn.  
 This said, he high in Air display'd each Prize ;  
 All view the waving Smock with longing Eyes.

Fair *Oonah* at the Barrier first appears,  
 Pride of the neigh'bring Mill, in Bloom of Years ;  
 Her native Brightness borrows not one Grace,  
 Uncultivated Charms adorn her Face,  
 Her rosy Cheeks with modest Blushes glow,  
 At once her Innocence and Beauty show :  
*Oonah* the Eyes of each Spectator draws,  
 What Bosom beats not in fair *Oonah's* Cause ?

Tall as a Pine, Majestick *Nora* stood,  
 Her youthful Veins were swell'd with sprightly  
 (Blood,  
 Inur'd to Toils, in wholesome Gardens bred,  
 Exact in ev'ry Limb, and form'd for Speed.

To thee, O *Shevan*, next what Praise is due ? }  
 Thy Youth and Beauty doubly strike the View, }  
 Fresh as the Plum that keeps the Virgin Blue ! }  
 Each well deserves the Smock,—but Fates decree  
 But One must wear it, tho' deserv'd by Three.



Now Side by Side the panting Rivals stand,  
 And fix their Eyes upon th'appointed Hand:  
 The Signal giv'n, spring forward to the Race;  
 Not fam'd *Camilla* ran with fleetest Pace.  
*Nora*, as Lightning swift, the rest o'er pass'd,  
 While *Shevan* fleetly ran, yet ran the last.  
 But *Oonah*, thou hadst *Venus* on thy Side;  
 At *Nora's* Petticoat the Goddess ply'd,  
 And in a trice the fatal String unty'd.  
 Quick stop'd the Maid, nor would, to win the Prize  
 Expose her hidden Charms to vulgar Eyes.  
 But while to tie the treacherous Knot she staid,  
 Both her glad Rivals pass the weeping Maid.  
 Now in Despair she plies the Race again,  
 Not winged Winds dart swifter o'er the Plain:  
 She (while chaste *Dian* aids her hapless Speed)  
*Shevan* outstrip'd—nor further cou'd succeed.  
 For which redoubled Haste bright *Oonah* flies,  
 Seizes the Goal, and wins the noblest Prize.

Loud Shouts and Acclamations fill the Place,  
 Tho' Chance on *Oonah* had bestow'd the Race;  
 Like *Felim* none rejoic'd—a lovlier Swain  
 Ne'er fed a Flock on the *Fingalian* Plain.  
 Long he with secret Passion lov'd the Maid,  
 Now his encreasing Flame itself betray'd.  
 Stript for the Race how bright did she appear!  
 No Cov'ring hid her feet, her Bosom bare,  
 And to the Wind she gave her flowing Hair.  
 A thousand Charms he saw conceal'd before,  
 Those, yet conceal'd, he fancy'd still were more.

*Felim*, as Night came on, young *Oonah* woo'd;  
 Soon willing Beauty was by Truth subdu'd  
 No jarring Settlement their Bliss annoys,  
 No Licence needed to defer their Joys.  
*Oonah* ere Morn the Sweets of Wedlock try'd;  
 The Smock she won a Virgin, wore a Bride

*A P O E M, in Praise of*  
**NASTYNESS.**

**O** ! Goddess of the dirty Hue !  
 With Eyes so red ! with Cheeks so blue !  
 With Mouth so wide, and eke so wet !  
 With Lips of Snow ! with Teeth of Jet !  
 O ! thou to whom the Stars bequeath  
 A Vultur's Voice, and Viper's Breath,  
 Kindly accept the Verse that's due  
 To *Cindercola*, none but you —  
 Hail, Nastiness ! I thee adore !  
*Cindercola's* favourite Care ;  
 Mellow'd o'Nights, with her you sleep ;  
 With her you bask at Morning peep ;  
 And comfortably funk, and soak,  
 Lodg'd in a nasty, dirty Smock ;  
 Or else in Filth, you loll away,  
 In an Undress a Summer's Day.  
 What tho' the Laundress may look grave ;  
 They Three-pence get, who Three-pence save ;  
 And to wash oft the coarsest Clout  
 Most certainly will wear it out.  
 Fast every Festival you keep ;  
 Watch much, if much y'intend to sleep ;  
 And be long dirty, if you mean  
 T'enjoy the Sweets of being clean.

O, Nastiness ! I thee adore !  
 Friend to the Miser, and the Poor !  
 How many Craftsmen by thee live !  
 How many Poets with thee thrive !

And

And write in Rags, and stinking Room,  
 Works to bless Ages yet to come ;  
 Which, as the Earth from Chaos sprung,  
 Or Cucumbers grow out of Dung,  
 Or Sugar most refin'd arose  
 From *Indians* black, Filth-pressing Toes,  
 So from the Rubbish of thy Brain  
 Rises a bright Poetic Strain ;  
 Which, tho' in dirty Garrets bred,  
 Is yet in fine Apartments read.  
 Monks merit Heaven in dirty Cloysters ;  
 And dirty Shells preserve clean Oysters ;  
 Dear *Cindercola* ever be  
 From Cleanliness, so costly, free !  
 Dirt to our Souls can do no Harm ;  
 Dirt helps to keep the Body warm ;  
 Dirt interferes not with our Quiet ;  
 And Hunger's pleas'd with dirty Diet ;  
 Nay, some say, both at Court and Kirk,  
 Folks oft'n go thro' dirty Work :  
 From Dirt we came, to Dirt we go,  
 By G-d all Things are Dirt below :  
 Be dirty, witty, then, and rake,  
 And shine like *Chatesworth* in the Peak ;  
 Bright be your Souls forever seen ;  
 Bright thro' their nasty, dirty Screen.

---

### *A Marriage Certificate,*

By DEAN SWIFT.

UNDER this Hedge, in stormy Weather,  
 I join'd this Rogue and\*Whore together ;  
 And none but Him that made the Thunder.  
 Can put this Rogue and Whore asunder.

\* She was big with Child when the Ceremony passed.

*A Distich written uuder the Sign of  
the King's Head and Bell in Dub-  
lin, at the Host's Request.*

By DEAN SWIFT.

**M**A Y the King live long,  
Dong ding, Ding dong.

---

*The R A P T U R E.*

**C**Ry'd *Strephon*, panting in *Cosmelia's* Arms,  
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidst your  
(Charms!

Chear up, dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,  
Dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,  
All Men must Die (bright Boy, you know)  
E'er they can rise again.

---

**W**HEN *Phyllis* confess'd her, the Father was  
And so, without further Reflection, (rash,  
Her delicate Skin he condemn'd to the Lash,  
While himself would bestow the Correction.

Her Husband, who heard this, oppos'd it, by urging,  
That he, in Regard to her Weakness,  
And to save her soft Back, would himself bear the  
(scourging,  
With humble Submission and Meekness.

She piously cry'd, when the Priest gave Accord,  
To shew what Devotion was in her,  
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,  
For alas! I'm a very great Sinner.

SEV'N

SEV'N times a Day the just Men sin ;  
 So speaks the Sage, our Hearts to soften :  
 Well, the just Women, they fall in ?  
 Ay, but no Sage can tell how often,

---

THY Eyes and Eye-brows I could spare ;  
 Nor for thy Nose do I much care ;  
 I could dispense, too, with thy Teeth ;  
 And with thy Lips, and with thy Breath,  
 And with thy Breast, and with thy Belly,  
 And with that which I won't tell ye ;  
 And, to be short—hark, in thy Ear ;  
 Faith I could spare thee All, my Dear,

---

*Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.*

BENEATH this silent Stone is laid  
 A noisy antiquated Maid,  
 Who from her Cradle talk'd till Death,  
 And ne'er before was out of Breath.  
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell ;  
 For, if she talks not, she's in Hell :  
 If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest ;  
 Because she hates a Place of Rest.

---

*On a crooked, cross grain'd Woman.*

SHE's bent like a Nine-pence, and would  
 (have been broken,  
 Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token,



*A Distich written uuder the Sign of  
the King's Head and Bell in Dub-  
lin, at the Host's Request.*

By DEAN SWIFT.

MAY the King live long,  
Dong ding, Ding dong.

---

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*On a crooked, cross grain'd Woman.*

SHE's bent like a Nine-pence, and would  
 (have been broken,  
 Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token,

*On the Burser of St. John's College,  
Oxon, cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

**I**ndulgent Nature to each Kind bestows  
A secret Instinct to discern its Foes :  
The Goose, a silly Bird, avoids the Fox ;  
Lambs fly from Wolves ; and Sailors steer from  
(Rocks ;  
A Rogue the Gallows, as his Fate, foresees,  
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

---

*The contented Mistress.*

**T**O charming *Celia's* Arms I flew,  
And there all Night I feasted :  
No God such Transport ever knew,  
No Mortal ever tasted,

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,  
And pleas'd beyond expressing,  
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,  
Reward so great a Blessing ?

The whole Creation's Wealth survey,  
Thro' both the *Indies* wander :  
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,  
And fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air,  
The rifed Ocean's Treasure :  
'Tis all too poor a Bribe, by far,  
To purchase so much Pleasure,

She blushing, cry'd—My Life, my Dear,  
 Since *Celia* thus you fancy ;  
 Give her—but 'tis too much, I fear,  
 A Rundlet of right *Nantcy*.

---

**P** *Aulus*, the famous Quack, renown'd afar,  
 For killing more than Pestilence or War,  
 Of late, in Orders, is a Curate made,  
 And buries People--not to change his Trade.

---

**P** *AULA*, thou fain would'st marry me,  
 Now thou art old and tough ;  
 I cannot : yet I'd venture thee,  
 Wert thou but old enough.

---

EPITAPH on a Gentleman who died by  
 taking CANTHARIDES.

**H** E R E old *Grubbinol* lies,  
 Upon very odd Terms ;  
 First a Prey to the *Flies*,  
 Now a Prey to the *Worms*.  
 Let those who grieve for him not wonder he's  
 (flown,  
 For the Carcass must rot, when the Flesh is  
 (Fly blown.

Yet this may be said in his Praise,  
 Tho' Death, cruel Death, from us tore him,  
 He died by endeav'ring to raise  
 His Friend, who lay dead before him.

**T**HAI*S*, her Teeth are black and nought,  
*Lucinia's* white are grown ;  
 But what's the Reason ? These are bought,  
 The other wears her own.

---

*Under the Picture of a BEAU.*

**T**HIS vain Thing set up for a Man ;  
 But see what Fate attends him !  
 The Powd'ring-Barber first began,  
 The Barber-Surgeon ends him.

---

**G**IVE me a Girl (if one I needs must meet)  
 Or in her Nuptial, or her Winding-sheet.  
 I know but two good Hours, that Women  
 (have ;  
 One in the Bed, another in the Grave.  
 This of the whole Sex all I would desire,  
 Is to enjoy their Ashes, or their Fire.

---

*Death made easy.*

**I**F Death must come, as oft as Breath departs,  
 Then he must often die, who often farts ;  
 And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,  
 Then Death's a Fart ; and so a Fart for Death.

---

**P**Rythee, is not Miss *Gloe's* a comical Case ?  
 She lends out her Tail, and she borrows  
 (her Face.  
*Epi-*



*Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.*

**S**TAY, Batchelor, if you have Wit,  
A Wonder to behold :  
Husband and Wife, in one dark Pit,  
Lie still, and never scold,

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes :——  
Hark, she begins already :  
You've hurt my Head ;—my Shoulder akes ;--  
These Sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah Friend ! with happy Freedom blest !  
See how my Hope's miscarry'd :  
Not Death itself can give you Rest,  
Unless you die unmarried.

---

*A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating her Design of never marrying ; a Gentleman wrote these Lines underneath.*

**T**HE Lady, who this Resolution took,  
Wrote it on Glass, to shew it should be  
(broke.

---

*Verses pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Lady stood to do Penance in the Church.*

**H**ERE stand I, for Whores as great  
To cast a scornful Eye on :  
Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,  
You'd soon want one to lie on.

*Written on a Glass by a Gentleman, who  
borrow'd the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S  
Diamond Pencil.*

**A** CCEPT a Miracle instead of Wit ;  
See two dull Lines by Stanhope's Pencil  
(writ.

---

*To a Lady of Pleasure.*

**M**Y Heart is proud your Chains to wear,  
But Reason will not stoop :  
I love that Angel's Face ; but fear  
The Serpent in your Hoop.

That Circle is a magic Spell,  
To make the wisest fall ;  
Its Centre black and deep, like Hell,  
Contains the Dev'l and all.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love :  
But, oh, what Pain succeed !  
When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,  
And love, a Fire indeed.

---

*The MUSICAL CONTEST.*

**S**OME say, that Signior Bononcini,  
Compar'd to *Handel*, 's a mere Ninny :  
Others aver, that to him *Handel*  
Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle.  
Strange, that such high Disputes should be  
'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* !

*A lame*



WE Men have many Faults ;  
 Poor Women have but two :  
 There's nothing good they say ;  
 There's nothing good they do.

---

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no, for my Virginity,  
 When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll die.  
 Behind the Elms, last Night, cry'd *Dick*,  
*Rose*, were you not — extremely sick ?

---

On a certain POET.

THY Verses are *eternal*, O my Friend —  
 For he that reads them, reads them *to no*  
 (End.)

---

*Epitaph on the late Duke of ———,*  
*commonly call'd BUGG.*

HERE lies beneath this silent Bed of Grass,  
 A Man, a Mouse, a Monkey, and an Ass ;  
 A Dog, a Turd ; Invention can't express  
 Such heaps of Nonsense, and Confusedness :  
 Such mingled Metals heretofore did never,  
 Nature, nor Art, cast in a Mould together :  
 A Man by Substance, with some Human Shape ;  
 A Mouse by Courage, and by Face an Ape ;  
 An Ass by Conduct ; he was, in a Word,  
 A Dog by Snarling, and by Smell a Turd.

A Cha-

*A Character of SCOTLAND ; taken  
from a Pane of Glasſ in an Inn in  
the Northern Road.*

W H O E' E R he is deſires to ſee  
A barren Land, without a Tree ;  
The rankeſt Beggary and Pride,  
As cloſe as Nits and Lice ally'd ;  
Be poiſon'd when he eats and drinks ;  
Or flavour'd with all kinds of Stinks ;  
Whoe'er would bite, or would be bit,  
Would get the Itch, or be beſhit,  
Let him to *Scotland* but repair,  
He'll find all theſe Perfections there.

---

*On Mr. CORNELIUS MARTEN, (a con-  
tented Cuckold.)*

N I G R E L I O leads a marry'd Life,  
Not with his own, but's Neighbour's  
*Cornelius* knows it to be thus ; (Wife ;  
But he's *Cornelius tacitus*.

---

*Spoke Extempore, by ALLAN RAMSAY,  
on two young Ladies which ask'd him  
to make Verſes upon them.*

O N that Cheek ſits blooming Youth,  
Heaven ſparkles in that Eye ;  
There's ſomething ſweet about each Mouth,  
Dear Ladies let me try.

*The*



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Heaven sparkles in that Eye ;  
There's something sweet about each Mouth,  
Dear Ladies let me try.

*The*

*The HUSBAND : By a Lady.*

THE Poets sing of old, that am'rous *Jove*,  
 In various Shapes, perform'd the Feat of Love.  
 Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda's* Charms;  
 And, with a rival Whiteness, fill'd her Arms.  
 On *Danaë's* Lap he fell, a golden Show'r:  
 (Gold is the surest Friend in an Amour.)  
 Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's griev'd Shape,  
 He on some Beauty makes a welcome Rape.  
 Nor think it strange, that *Jove's* almighty Pow'r,  
 Thro' these base Forms, taught Females to adore:  
 A Likeness less agreeable he try'd;  
 He came a Husband to *Amphitryon's* Bride;  
 And, in a Husband's Shape, could welcome prove.  
 Who must not own th'Omnipotence of *Jove*?

---

*On a certain Writer.*

HALF of your Book is to an Index grown,  
 You give your Book *Contents*, your Reader  
 (none.)

---

A Lady lately, that was fully sped  
 Of all the Pleasures of the Marriage-Bed,  
 Ask'd a Physician, Whether were more fit,  
 For *Venus's* Sports, the Morning, or the Night?  
 The good old Man made Answer, as 'twas meet,  
 The Morn more wholesome, but the Night more  
 (sweet  
 Nay then, i'faith, quoth she, since we have Leisure,  
 We'll to't each Morn for Health, each Night for  
 (Pleasure.

## On WOMEN.

WOMEN are Books, and Men the Readers be,  
 In whom oft-times they great Errata see ;  
 Here sometimes we a Blot, there we espy  
 A Leaf misplac'd, at least a Line awry :  
 If they are Books, I wish that my Wife were  
 An Almanack, to change her ev'ry Year.

---

WHEN *Israel's* Daughters mourn'd their past  
 (Offences,  
 They dealt in Sackcloth, and turn'd Cinder-  
 (Wenches :  
 The *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will spoil their Locks :  
 They use whitePowder, and wear HollandSmocks.  
 O beauteous Church ! where Females think clean  
 As decent to repent in, as to sin in. (Linnen

---

MARTIAL, *Lib<sup>e</sup> 2. Epig. 20.*

PAUL so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,  
 With Gold he buys Verses, and calls them his  
 (own :  
 Goon, Master *Paul*, nor mind what the World says ;  
 They are surely his own, for which a Man pays.

---

## On a FEATHER in a Lady's Hair.

IF C———*rn* but wear it, a Feather's a Charm :  
 Ah ! who can be safe, when a Feather can harm ?  
 Since first I beheld, what a Life have I led !  
 All Joy and Content with that Feather are fled.  
 Fly, Youth, from this Beauty, whoever thou art ;  
 And, warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart.

*The*

1

\_\_\_\_\_

**A** Chapel of the Riding House is made :  
Thus we once more see *Christ* in Manger laid ;  
Where still we find the Jockey-Trade-supply'd,  
The Laymen bridled, and the Clergy ride.

---

**T**HY Beard and Head are of a different Dye;  
Short of one Foot; distorted in an Eye  
With all these Tokens of a Knave compleat,  
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.  
**BRIGHT.**



**B**RIGHT as the Day, and as the Morning fair,  
Such *Gloe* is — and common as the Air.

---

**T**EN Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,  
And was brought in a laudable manner, to Bed;  
She warbled her Groans from so charming a Voice,  
That one half of the Parish was stunn'd with the  
(Noise.

But when *Florimel* chose to lie privately in,  
Twelve Months before she and her Spouse were  
(a-Kin,  
She chose, with such Prudence, her Pangsto conceal,  
That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her  
(once squeal.  
Learn Husbands from hence, for the Peace of your  
(Lives,  
That Maids make not half such a Tumult as Wives.

---

**R**UTT, to the Suburb Beauties full well known,  
Was, from the Bag, scarce crept into a Gown,  
When he, by telling of himself fine Tales,  
Was made a Judge, and sent away to *Wales*.  
'Twas proper, and most fit it should be so;  
Whither should Goats, but to the Mountains go?

---

*Imitated from* BUCHANAN.

**Y**OU oft, *Corinna*, ask me, if you're fair;  
But won't believe me neither, till I swear.  
May I ne'er — *Leda*, win, or *Helen* gain,  
If she, or *Leda* could your Pow'r attain:  
Both Gods and Men lov'd them; but yet they had  
Their Senses still; — who loves *Corinna*, 's mad.  
Upon

*Upon a Boy and his Mother, having each  
but one Eye.*

**F**AIR half-blind Boy, born of an half blind  
(Mother,  
Equal'd by none, but by the one the other ;  
Lend her thine Eye, sweet Boy ; and she shall  
(prove  
The Queen of Beauty, thou the God of Love.

---

**S**YLVIA makes sad Complaints, she's lost her  
(Lover :  
Why nothing strange I in that News discover.  
Nay, then thou'rt dull ; for here the Wonder lies ;  
She had a Lover once ; ——— don't that surprize ?

---

*On an old Miser.*

**H**ERE lies Father Sparges,  
Who died to save Charges.

---

*On a Lock-Smith.*

**A** Zealous Lock-smith died of late,  
And did arrive at Heaven's Gate ;  
He stood without, and wou'd not knock,  
Because he meant to pick the Lock.

---

*On the Lord of Lampus.*

**H**ERE six Foot deep, fast a-sleep,  
The Lord of Lampus lies ;

Who

Who with his Blade  
His own Grave made,  
Betwixt his Mistress' Thighs.  
If thro' that Hole, to Heaven he stole,  
I dare be bold to say ;  
He is the first and will be last,  
That ever went that Way.

---

*Another.*

**B**EHOLD this Tomb,  
It doth embrace ;  
A virtuous Wife,  
With *Rachel's* comely Face ;  
*Sarah's* Obedience,  
*Lydia's* open Heart,  
*Martha's* Care,  
And *Mary's* better Part.

---

*On Sir HENRY LEIGH.*

**H**ERE Sir *Henry Leigh* is lying,  
With his *Doxy* kneeling by him ;  
When he was alive and had his feeling,  
When she lay down, then he was kneeling ;  
But now he's dead, and has lost his feeling,  
Now he lies down, she is kneeling.

*Sedley.*

---

*On a BAILY.*

**H**ERE he lies beside a Witch,  
Hated both by Poor and Rich,

How

How he fends, or how he fares,  
No body knows, nor no body cares.

---

*On a chaste MAID.*

**H**ERE lies the body of a beauteous Maid,  
Whose secret parts no Man did e'er invade;  
Scarce her own hand she wou'd admit to touch,  
That Virgin Spring, altho' it itch'd so much.  
She dy'd at eighteen Years of Age, and then  
She gave to Worms what she deny'd to Men:  
But t'was her last Request, with dying Groans,  
To have no Tomb at all, if built with Stones;  
Such vig'rous things she always us'd to wave.  
And fear'd they wou'd disturb her in her grave.

---

*Scotch EPITAPH on JOHN BELL.*

**F**Ohn'ny Bell ligeth underneath this Stane,  
Five of my awn Sons laid it on my Wame;  
I liv'd a'w my Days, without Sturt or Strife,  
I had meat in my House, and was Master of  
(my Wife.  
If any of yea have done more in your Time,  
(than I have in mine,  
Take the Stane aff my Wame, and lay it on  
(thine.

---

*On an Alderman of Norwich, by a Parish  
Clerk, made at his Request in his Life-  
time.*

**U**Nderneath this Clod of Dirt,  
Lies one, who never yet did Hurt;  
But

But Reader I'd be understood,  
As he ne'er did Hurt, he ne'er did Good:  
And as he did neither Good nor Harm,  
'Twould been e'en as well if he'd ne'er been  
(born.)

---

*On Mary Crefwell.*

**U**Nderneath this Stone lies one,  
Whom many a time, I've lain upon ;  
I have kiss'd her setting, standing, lying,  
When she rises again, have at her flying.

---

*On a Tomb-stone in the Church-Yard at  
Horsham, in Suffex.*

**H**ERE lieth the Body of *John Lintot*, now  
living at *South-Water*.

---

*On a Famous Toast at Oxford.*

**O**NE Stone now keeps *Kitty* down,  
Who when alive mov'd half the Stones  
(in Town.)

---

*On Thomas Shorthose.*

*Hic jacet Tho. Shorthose.*

**S**ine Tome, *sine* Sheets, *sine* Riches,

*Qui vixit*

*Sine* Gown, *sine* Cloak, *sine* Breeches.

*Obiit* 15th Day of *August*.

*On*



*On a Child, who died just after Born.*

**T**HIS little Child into the World did peep,  
Dislik'd it, clos'd it's Eyes, and fell asleep.

---

*On a very wicked Reprobate.*

**H**Ere stinks the Carcass of a Cursed Sinner,  
Doom'd to be roasted for the Devil's Din-  
(ner.

---

*On one of Queen ELIZABETH's Maids  
of Honour.*

**H**Ere lies, the Lord have Mercy upon her,  
One of her Majesty's Maids of Honour :  
She was both young, slender and pretty,  
She dy'd a Maid ; the more the Pity.

---

*On a Shrew : Written by her Husband.*

**W**E lived one and twenty Years,  
As Man and Wife, together ;  
I could not stay her longer here :  
She's gone, I know not whither.  
But widd I know, I do protest,  
I speak it not to flatter,  
Of all the Women in the World,  
I swear, I'd ne'er come at her,  
Her Body is bestowed well,  
This handsome Grave does hide her :  
And, sure, her Soul is not in Hell :  
The Dev'l will ne'er abide her.

But

But, I suppose, she's soar'd aloft ;  
 For, in the late great great Thunder,  
 Methought, I heard her damn'd shrill Voice,  
 Rending the Clouds asunder.

---

*On JOHN A-COMB, and old Usurer by  
 SHAKESPEAR, at COMB's Request*

**T**EN in the hundred here lies engrav'd,  
 'Tis a hundred to ten if his Soul is not sav'd;  
 But if any one should ask, who lies in the Tomb,  
 Oh ! Oh ! quoth the D——l 'tis my *John A-Comb*.

---

*On a PRIZE-FIGHTER.*

**H**IS Thrusts like Lightning flew yet subtil Death  
 Parried them all, and beat him out of Breath.

---

*In Gloucester Church.*

**P**RAY for the Soul of *Gabriel John*,  
 Who died in the year sixteen hundred and one  
 Or if you don't, it is all one.

---

*On John Cruker, Bellows Maker.*

**H**ERE lies *John Cruker*, a Maker of Bellows,  
 His Craft's-master, and King of good Fellows,  
 But at the Hour of his Death,  
 He that made Bellows could not make Breath.

*On a Cobler.*

**D**Eath at a Cobler's Door oft made a stand,  
And always found him on the mending hand ;  
At last came Death in very foul Weather,  
And ript the *Soal* from the *Upper-leather* :  
Death put a Trick upon him, and what was't,  
The Cobler call'd for's *Awl*, Death brought his  
(*Last.*)

---

*Humourous Dialogues and Scenes.*

*Countrymen and Women going Home from  
Windfor-Fair to a neighbouring Vil-  
lage ; some overtake others,*

**I**N new Straw Hats, and cleanest Gowns,  
A Crowd of Lasses with their Clowns,  
Who also (as they thought) well drest,  
Were in their newest, and their best,  
But awkward in their Cloaths, and Gates,  
The Gloss upon their Coats and Hats,  
Looking, whenever still they stood,  
Like clumsy Figures carv'd in Wood ;  
From seeing Shews, and drinking Ale,  
And gnawing Gingerbread quite stale,  
From buying Topknots, Buckles, Rings,  
Drums, Babies, Rattles, and such Things ;  
At Night as to their Homes they walk,  
'Tis thus they play, and thus they talk.

*Tom.* Well overtaken, How do ye do ?  
And how is't *Harry* ? How is't *Sue* ?

*Susan.* I thank you *Thomas*---How do you, }  
What

What--- I suppose you've been at Fair ?

*Tom.* Yes, and I've sold the old grey Mare.

*Harry.* Good lack ! and pray what mought  
(she bring ?

*Tom.* Why--- Three Pound ten, or some  
(such thing.

Hog Flesh was mighty dear to Day :

I heard old *Richard Harrow* say

(As he stood chewing of some Figs)

He'd bought a Sow, and seven Pigs ;

And what d'you think he gave the Chap ?

*Harry.* Why---

I can't say what--- Two Pound may hap.

*Tom.* Two Guineas, and a Pint of Beer :

*Harry.* Nay then they are confounded dear.

*Tom.* What ?--- You have been at Fair too  
(*Molly* ?

And how does little pretty *Dolly* ?

*Dol.* Let me alone--don't be so teasing ;  
You're always rumpling one, and squeezeing.

*Joan.* At her again *Tom*,--never mind her ;  
I'll have at *Susan* here behind her.

*Susan.* Be quiet--I ne'er saw such Loobies,  
They're always feeling of one's Bubbies.

*Harry.* Nay---now if you're at this Vagary,  
I'll e'en have one fly Bout with *Mary*.

*Mary* Pshaw---Pish---You're all grown per-  
(fect Goats.

Don't thrust your Hands so up my Coats.

*Tom.* Did you see *Patty* with her Belly ?

*Susan.* Ay she's a good one let me tell ye.

*Dol.* Why,---sure she can't have long to  
(go,

*Mary.* I can't tell that, but this I know,  
To Day she was at Puppet-show

With

With *William*, whom I think she rather  
Of the two to be the Father,  
Tho' at the Justice's I learn  
She swore *Ned* got it in a Barn :  
Poor Fellow he is like to pay.

*Suf.* Is't true?--I heard our Gammer say, }  
That *Robin Spade* was run away.

*Tom.* He dud--but now he's out of pain  
She swearing so--he's come again.

*Dol.* I vow I'm sorry for poor *Ned*,  
An honest Man as e'er broke Bread.

*Mary.* Pooh--Lord--nay--fie now prithee  
(*Harry*,

Can't you be easy 'till you marry?

*Harry,* You're just like any Girl at School.

*Mary.* You're always playing of the Fool.

*Dol.* I met to Day with a Mishap,  
I'd bought an Edging for a Cap,  
And put it in my Bosom safe,  
When on a sudden up comes *Ralph* ;  
Who says, I'm glad to see thee *Dolly*,  
Did you meet any where with *Molly* ?  
No says I *Ralph*---I cannot tell,  
Is n't she yonder at the Bell ?

So-----

I says no more but went my Way,  
And saw the Folks at Cudgel play ;  
I stood there about half an Hour  
Mayhap it mought he somewhat more :  
Who should stand by me, but our *Nan* ;  
When up there comes a handsome Man,  
A lovelier, jollier Man, I say  
One shall not see in Summer's Day ;  
He looks hard at us--by and by,  
He comes and stands 'twixt *Nan* and I.



So I——

While *Ben* at Cudgel Play was beat'n,  
 Stood cracking Nuts and staring at'n :  
 He whips his Hand quite round my waste,  
 Then kifs'd my Mouth, and held me fast :  
 I being in this ugly case,  
 Hit him a deuced Slap o'the Face ;  
 With that the staring, gaping Crowd,  
 All clap'd their Hands, and laugh'd aloud ;  
 He then did quite let go his hold  
 But was so impudent, and bold  
 To thrust his Hand quite down my Stays ;  
 He smil'd, and then he went his Ways.

*Susan*. Let me alone *Jan*—prithee will ye?  
 Don't pull me so—don't be so silly.

*Dol*. And so I before was saying,  
 They had no sooner done their playing,  
 Who shou'd I meet but *Betty Haycock*,  
 Walking about with *Patty Laycock*.

*Mary*. Be quiet, can't you? How you  
 (hawl?)

*Harry*. Lord a mercy how you bawl  
 One cannot touch you, but you squawl.

*Dol*. Now——  
 I thought no more on't, no not I,  
 Than of the Hour I was to die,  
 So says I *Betty* how does Daddy?  
 And how does *Patty's* dear sweet Baby?  
 Says *Pat* I left my little Bobby,  
 Riding about upon his Hobby.  
 Oh Dear says I, and can he walk?  
 And does he now begin to talk?  
 Says *Pat* he often cry's out ah!  
 Stretches his Hands, and says Dadda.

H

Says

Says I again I wish you Joy ;

I swear it is a lovely Boy.

Pray what's become of *Katy Stone* ?

Says *Pat*, what, is not that yet known ?

Oh Dear, she's had a little one.

I being but her next Door Neighbour,

Was sent to, and was at her Labour :

When all was over I was glad,

For 'twas a grievous Time she had ;

Indeed she was most pitteous Bad.

And Lord says I what Pity 'tis !

But what does *Gaffer* say to this ?

Says *Pat* he swears *Will* shall be found

If anywhere above the Ground,

For as to Bastards, he'll keep none,

That are not prov'd to be his own.

You know that *Joan* will marry *Peter*,

Indeed says I she can't do better ;

He'll have as sure as this is Ground,

His Mother's Goods, and twenty Pound,

Besides the House quite free from Rent,

Which is a pretty Settlement.

And how does *Furrow* furrow---well ?

They say he's near, that I can't tell,

But he's I know upon the Whole,

A cheaful, merry, good old Soul.

*Susan*. One can't be easy, that one can't,

Lord *John* ! be quiet then---you shan't.

*Dol*. What is it you'd be at there *Sue* ?

Let her alone *Jan*---prithee do.

*Susan*. I think he's grown a perfect Hog ;

I'll break his Head, a nasty Dog,

He's making rattling, silly Speeches

And puts my Hand into his Breeches.

*Dol*.

*Dol.* Don't *Jan*,----where was't I made an  
(End?)

Oh! I was talking with my Friend.  
So says the *Dick* has taken a Trade;  
He's left off Hedging, and the Spade.  
Says I, oh! now you talk of Hedging  
I bought to Day the prettiest Edging,  
With that I puts my Hand in Haste  
Into my Stays, quite to my Waste  
I feels my Pockets, shakes my Cloaths,  
But where 'twas gon, old *Harry* knows.  
Now such a Thing you know, one dashes,  
I'm sure I look'd as pale as Ashes.  
Says I let's think where I have been,  
Who is't to Day that I have seen?  
Thinks I 'tis gon, that's a plain Case,  
Sure *Thomas* woudn't be so base;  
No he'd his Hand at t'other Place.  
*William* was rude---but 'twas in Jest,  
Besides he only felt my Breast:  
Wasn't *Ben*? --ay--that I doubt me;  
His Hands were creeping all about me;  
Tho' 't can't be him, for all Folks say  
He's true, and honest as the Day.

*Susan.* Well---

As I hope to be sav'd then you---

*John.* Now why so loud? What is't I do? }

*Dol.* Don't shreick so, Prithee lett'n *Sue*. }

*Susan.* You don't know what he's at I tell ye,  
He's got his Hand upon my Belly.

*Dol.* So thinking upon one and t'other,  
Of *James*, and *Bob*, and *Sally's* Brother,  
At last I feels a Smart and Itching,  
Just where that *Rascal* has been twitching,

H 2

I mean

I mean that lusty, handsom Man,  
 Who stood sometime 'twix me and Nan :  
 I then cries out 'tis he I'gad,  
 As sure as that nine Loaves are Bread }  
 I'll forfeit else my Maidenhead.  
 At this Conclusion all the Rest  
 Shouted, and laugh'd at such a Jest.  
 'Twas late, the Night was very fine,  
 The Ground was dry, the Moon did shine,  
 Swinging their Arms, in Hast they walk,  
 Some sing, some squeak, and others talk.  
 They are so buisy, they don't mind,  
 So *John* and *Susan* lag behind ;  
 Who both fell to it, nothing fearing  
 The rest were gon, quite out of Hearing :  
*John* was resolv'd to have a Bout,  
 And *Susan* whisper'd a Cry out. (mean?  
*Susan*. Nay fie now *Jan*, what is't you  
*John*. Lie down my Girl, the Ground is (clean.  
*Susan*. You're Drunk I believe, how rude  
 (you're grown?  
 You shan't for all you have got me down.  
 I'll scratch you that I will---oh Lord !  
*John*. Now hold your Tongue--don't speak  
 (a Word.  
*Susan*. Good God ! what Mischief are you  
 (brewing?  
 You woudn't surely be my Ruin ?  
 Nay Dear now do not *Jan* I begs ;  
 What is't you've got between my Legs ?  
 Oh ! How you hurt me !  
*John*. Do not fear it.  
*Susan*. I am not able to bear it.

You

You stifle me,—I'm out of my Breath ;  
 You squeeze a Body quite to Death.

*John*. Lie still then, and heave up your  
 (Bum :

Why don't you closer to me come ?

*Susan*. I'll swear you are a wicked Man, }  
 I am as close as e'er I can. }

Now should you prove false to me *Jan* ? }

Make hast, suppose we should be found ;

In this same Posture on the Ground ?

Oh! now — my Dear——come close——my  
 (Treasure,

Oh Lord! ---- you kill me---quite----with----  
 (Pleasure.

The Lovers lay a-while quite hush'd,  
 Then rose, *John* grinn'd, and *Susan* blush'd,  
 She puts to Rights her Cloaths, and Cap,  
 Not thinking of an After-clap ;

For when he laid her on the Green,

'Twas in a Place that was not clean ;

So in the doing of the Nack,

She'd got a Cow-turd at her Back.

*John* button'd up, and wip'd his Face,

Which done, they both strode on a-Pace,

They trudge along, such Haste they make,

That soon the rest they overtake.

So when they were together met,

Seeing them both in such a Sweat,

Their shouting I shall ne'er forget. }

But when they saw the sheepish Lowtherd,

And *Susan's* Back bedaw'd with Cow-Turd,

Their Laugh was louder than at first,

I thought indeed they wou'd have burst.



They held their Sides at such a Sight,  
 Nor cou'd they hold themselves upright ;  
 But stoop'd, and when they would have spoke,  
 A loud Horse-Laugh their Words did choak ;  
 They slaver'd, and their Cheeks were wet  
 With Tears, that mingl'd with the Sweat.  
 When they had finish'd this Uproar,  
 And laugh'd until their Sides were sore,  
 Each one had something for to say,  
 And thus they chat, and keep their Way.

*Harry.* Why *Jan*--thou look'st a little blue.

*Mary.* Ay, by my Trooth--and so does *Sue*.  
 Methought they staid a plaguy while.

*Dol.* *Jan* help'd her over yonder Style.

*Mary.* I'm sure we've walk'd since that a  
 (Mile.)

*Susan.* Nay, Mistress *Mary*, you have need,  
 Of all Folks make this Rout indeed :

Pray hold your Tongue, and don't you chatter,  
 Who staid?--And what was there the Matter?  
 Where *Harry* was a making Water?

Now *Jan* and I are not so fond,  
 We only staid at that same Pond  
 That lies on this Side o' th' Spittle,  
 To see the Moon there dance a little.

*Tom.* *Sue* lay there on her Back no doubt,  
 To see the Moon pop in and out.

*Susan.* Why how now, you pert, saucy  
 (Jack?)

Pray what's the Matter with my Back?

*Harry.* Your Back,---look here,---upon my  
 (Word,

'Tis quite all over Dirt and Turd.

At

At this they turn her round about,  
And then they give another Shout.

*Suf.* Now look you *Jan*,--why now you see,  
I said, I did so, how 'twould be;  
The Fool mought easily have known,  
That he would daub, and spoil my Gown;  
For teasing me, I pray'd'n for Love,  
With that I gav'n a great Shove;  
So down he falls, away runs I,  
Says he, I'll catch you by and by:  
Do if you can, says I,—then he  
Flings a great Cow-chip after me,  
Which being something wet came spat,  
And spreads upon my Shoulder flat:  
Says I——

How can such Things your Fancy tickle?  
You'll make me in a pretty Pickle:  
Then presently sowe comes another,  
Which stuck, as I suppose, by t'other.  
And so you have it now all out:  
A mighty Thing to cause this Rout.

This said, she sobb'd, and wip'd an Eye,  
And fetch'd a Sigh, and feign'd a Cry.  
The Country Girl, the City Dame,  
Are both alike, they're both the same.  
For Woman still will do the Feat:  
She's all a Lie, she's all a Cheat.  
She'll say she's not so weak, and frail,  
Next Minute she'll turn up her Tail;  
Then to the next that asks, forbid it,  
And say, and swear she never did it:  
For when they once are enter'd in,  
They'll swear, and lie thro' thick and thin;  
They'll cant, and pray, but yet they'll sin.

But to go on with my Story.  
They all said they were mighty forry,  
That what they did, and what they spoke,  
Was only meant as in a Joak :  
*Susan* was honest, all agreed,  
So (as before) they do proceed.

And now the Village is in Sight,  
Where they must quickly bid good Night.  
A Brook they pass, with Weeds quite rank,  
With Willows growing on its Bank ;  
Now on the Bridge the Men begin  
To play, and push each other in ;  
One falls, and pulls another after,  
The rest are dead almost with Laughter :  
They're in a Mead, th' approach the Houses,  
Some lug along their weary Spouses ;  
Some go before and whoop, and hollow,  
Others with sucking Children follow ;  
One shoves and pushes against t'other,  
So tumble over one another :  
Some talk, some play, some kifs, some  
squable,  
Some run, some walk, while others hobble ;  
Dogs bark, Hens cackle, Turkeys gobble :  
They're got among (by this one learns)  
Thatch'd Houses, Hovels, Ricks and Barns.  
So now their Day of Pleasures past,  
I think I brought 'em home at last ;  
Susan she halts behind some Trees,  
And gives John's Hand a gentle-Squeeze ;  
One takes a Hug, and Buss at Parting,  
Another stretching, falls a farting :

## Some

Some few among the rest are missing,  
 And those behind old Oaks are pissing :  
 Each bids good-Night, and goes t'his Cottage,  
 Where after eating Messes of Pottage,  
 Into their dirty Nests they creep,  
 And there they fall quite fast asleep ;  
 They're not so noisy as before,  
 But lie and sweat, and stink, and snore.

*Dialogue between MAD MULLINIX  
 and TIMOTHY.*

*M.* I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,  
 But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter ?  
 Why ever in these raging Fits,  
 Darning to Hell the *Jacobites* ?

When, if you search the Kingdom round,  
 There's hardly any to be found ;

No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.

*T.* 'Twixt you and me, G——damn the  
 Lyars.

*M.* The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over,  
 To our illustrious House of *Hanover*.  
 From all their Conduct this is plain,  
 And then——

*T.* G——damn the Lyars again.

Did not an Earl but lately vote,  
 To bring in (I could cut his Throat)  
 Our whole Accounts of publick Debts ?

*M.* Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets !  
(*aside*)

*T.* Did not an able Statesman  
 This dang'rous horrid Motion dish up

As *Popish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?  
 Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?  
 Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,  
 And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?  
 Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,  
 Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

*M.* In every A——you run your Snout.  
 To find this damn'd *Pretender* out,  
 While all the silly Wretch can do,  
 Is but to frisk about like you.  
 But, *Tim*, convinc'd by your Persuasion,  
 I yield there might be an Invasion,  
 And you, who ever f—— in vain,  
 Can f—— his Navy back again.

*T.* Z——ds, Sir.

*M.* But to be short and serious,  
 For long Disputes will only weary us;  
 These wrangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,  
 Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.  
 The wrong is certain, you were both in,  
 And now you find you fought for nothing;  
 Your Faction, when their Game was new,  
 Might want such noisy Fools as you;  
 But you when all the Show is past,  
 Resolve to stand it out at last:  
 Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,  
 Not minding when the Song was done,  
 When all the Bees were gone to settle,  
 You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.  
 The Leaders whom you listed under,  
 Have dropt their Arms, and seiz'd the Plunder,  
 And when the War is past, you come  
 To rattle in their Ears your Drum:

And



And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*  
*Thersites* (he was your Relation)  
 Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those  
 With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes ;  
 So thou art grown the Detestation  
 Of all thy Party through the Nation ;  
 Thy peevish and perpetual Teizing,  
 With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason ;  
 Thy busy, never-meaning Face,  
 Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State Grimace,  
 Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,  
 Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,  
 (Which are, whatever you may think,  
 But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink)  
 Have made thy Presence in a true Sense,  
 To thy own Side so damn'd a Nuisance,  
 That when they have you in their Eye,  
 As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend, *Mullinix*, forbear,  
 I vow to G— you're too severe :  
 If it could ever yet be known,  
 I took Advice, except my own,  
 It should be yours : But, D—— my Blood,  
 I must pursue the publick Good :  
 The Faction (is it not notorious ?)  
 Keck at the Memory of *Glorious* :  
 'Tis true, nor need I to be told,  
 My *quondam* Friends are grown so cold,  
 That scarce a Creature can be found,  
 To prance with me the Statue round :  
 The publick Safety, I forsee,  
 Henceforth depends alone on me ;  
 And while this vital Breath I blow,  
 Or from above, or from below,

I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,  
The *Tories* Terror Scourge and Flail.

*M. Tim*, you mistake the Matter quite,  
The *Tories*! you are their Delight;  
And should you act a different Part,  
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their Heart:  
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,  
And often see a Puppit-show;  
Observe, the Audience is in Pain,  
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene:  
But when they hear his rusty Voice,  
With what Impatience they rejoice!  
And then they value not two Straws,  
How *Solomon* desides the Cause,  
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*,  
Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor*,  
Should *Faustus*, with the Devil behind him,  
Enter the Stage, they never mind him;  
If *Punch*, to spur their Fancy, shews  
In at the Door his monstrous Nose,  
Then sudden draws it back again,  
O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain!  
You, ev'ry Moment, think an Age,  
'Till he appears upon the Stage;  
And first his Bum you see him clap,  
Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap:  
The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,  
*Punch* roaring ran, and running roar'd;  
Reviles all People in his Jargon,  
And sells the *King of Spain* a Bargain;  
St. *George* himself he plays the Wag on,  
And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*;  
He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks,  
Yet cannot leave his roguish Tricks;

In

In every Action thrusts his Nose,  
 The Reason why, no Mortal knows;  
 In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,  
*Punch* comes, like you, and lets a F—t.  
 There's not a Puppet made of Wood,  
 But what would hang him if they could;  
 While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,  
 How well are the Spectators pleas'd!  
 Who in the Motion have no Share,  
 But purely come to hear and stare;  
 Have no Concern for *Sabra's* Sake,  
 Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,  
 Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jest)  
 Be soundly mawl'd, and plagues the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,  
*The World consists of Puppet-shows*;  
 Where petulent, conceited Fellows  
 Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;  
 So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*,  
*Tim*, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble in;  
 You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,  
 Put all your Brother Puppets out,  
 Run on in a perpetual Round,  
 To teize, perplex, disturb, confound,  
 Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,  
 To interrupt all serious Matter,  
 Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clan*,  
 Who hate and scorn you, to a Man;  
 But then, the lookers on, the *Tories*,  
 You still divert with merry Stories;  
 They wou'd consent, that all the Crew  
 Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,  
 By all this Coyl what hast thou got;

If

If *Tories* must have all the Sport,  
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at Court.

T. Got? D——my Blood, *I frank my  
Letters,*

Walk by my Place before my Betters,  
And simple as I now stand here,  
Expect in Time to be a P——

Got? D—— me why I got my Will!  
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still:  
I sit with twenty Ladies by;  
They call me Beast and what care I?  
I bravely call the *Tories, Jacks,*  
And Sons of Whores—behind their Backs;  
But could you bring me once to think,  
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,  
Revile, and slander, fume and storm,  
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,  
With such a constant, loyal Zeal,  
To serve myself and Common-weal,  
And fret the *Tories* Soul to death,  
I did but loose my precious Breath,  
And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,  
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game,  
Consume my Vitals, they shall know,  
I am not to be treated so,  
I'd rather hang myself by half,  
Then give those Rascals Cause to laugh.

But how, my Friend, can I endure,  
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?  
No little Boys and Girls to cry,  
*There's nimble Tim a passing by,*  
No more my dear delightful Way tread,  
Of keeping up a *Party Hatred.*

Will

Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,  
 When thro' the Streets I cry *Holloo*?  
 Must all my D—mee's, Bl—s, and W—ds,  
 Pass only now for empty Sounds;  
 Shall *Tory* Rascals be elected;  
 Although I swear them disaffected?  
 And when I roar, a *Plot*, a *Plot*,  
 Will our own Party mind me not?  
 So qualify'd to swear and lye,  
 Will they not trust me for a Spy?  
 Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice  
 I beg, you see the Case is nice:  
 O, were I equal in Renown,  
 Like thee, to please this thankless Town!  
 Or bless'd with such engaging Parts,  
 To win the truant School-Boys Hearts!  
 Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,  
 Attended by the *Sable-Guard*,  
 Charm'd by the Voice the 'Prentice drops,  
 The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops;  
 Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,  
 Allure the Cinder-picking Fair.

*M.* No more—in Mark of true Affection,  
 I take thee under my Protection:  
 Your Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,  
 I wish they had been well apply'd.  
 But now observe my Counsel, (*viz*)  
 Adapt your Habit to your Phiz;  
 You must no longer thus equip ye,  
 As *Horace* says, *optat Ephippia*,  
 There's *Latin* too, that you may see  
 How much improv'd by Dr——  
 I have a Coat at home, that you may try,  
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry.

*My*



My Hat has much the nicer Air,  
 Your Block will fit it to a Hair;  
 That Wig, I would not for the World,  
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd,  
 'Twill be so oily, and so sleek,  
 When I have lain in it a Week!  
 You'll find it well prepar'd, to take  
 The Figure of *Toupee* and *Snake*:  
 Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,  
 That which is which, 'tis hard to know,  
 When first in Public we appear,  
 I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear:  
 Be careful as you walk behind,  
 Use all the Talents of your Mind;  
 Be studious well to immitate  
 My portly Motion, Mein, and Gate;  
 Mark my Address, and learn my Style,  
 When to look scornful, when to smile,  
 Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,  
 But keep your Swearing to the last,  
 Then at your Leisure we'll be witty,  
 And in the Streets divert the City:  
 The Ladies from the Windows gaping,  
 The Children all our Motions aping.  
 Your Conversation to refine,  
 I'll take you to some Friends of mine,  
*Choice Spirits*, who may employ their Parts,  
 To mend the World by useful Arts;  
 Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy  
 Direct the *Zenith* of the Sky;  
 Some have the City in their Care,  
 From noxious Steams to purge the Air;  
 Some teach us, in these dang'rous Days,  
 How to walk upright in our Ways;

Some

Some whose reforming Hands engage,  
 To lash the Lewdness of the Age;  
 Some, for the public Service go.  
 Perpetual Envoys to and fro;  
 Whose able Heads support the Weight,  
 Of twenty M——rs of State:  
 We scorn, for Want of Talk, to Jabber  
 Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Glabber*;  
 Nor are we studious to enquire,  
 Who votes for Manours, who for Hire;  
 Our Care is to improve the Mind,  
 With what Concerns all human Kind;  
 The various Scenes of mortal Life,  
 Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;  
 Or how the Bully at a Stroke  
 Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke:  
 One tells the Rise of Cheese and Oatmeal;  
 Another when he got a hot Meal;  
 One gives Advice in Proverbs old,  
 Instructs us how to tame a Scold;  
 One shews how bravely *Audouin* dy'd,  
 And at the Gallows all deny'd;  
 How by the *Almanack* 'tis clear,  
 That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament  
 My precious Time, so long mispent,  
 By Nature meant for nobler Ends,  
 O, introduce me to your Friends!  
 For whom, by Birth, I was design'd,  
 'Till Politics debas'd my Mind:  
 I give myself intire to you,  
 G——d—— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

S C E N E

## S C E N E,

*Between BEN, and Miss PRUE.*

*Ben.* C O M E Mistress, will you please to sit down? For an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together,— Come, I'll haule a Chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

*Miss.* You need not sit so near one, if you have any Thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

*Ben.* Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,— I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a League asunder, I'd undertake to hold Discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you Forsooth, I am as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may steer into your Harbour. How say you Mistress? the Short of the Thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a Hammock together.

*Miss.* I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

*Ben.* No, I'm sorry for that.— But pray why are you so scornful?

*Miss.* As long as one must not speak one's Mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lye for the Matter.

*Ben.*

*Ben.* Nay, you say true in that, it's but a Folly to lye: For to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary Way; is as it were, to look one Way, and row another. Now for my Part d'ye see, I'm for carrying Things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's Name, there's no Harm done; may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some Maidens thof' they love a Man well enoguh, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's Face: If that's the Case, why Silence gives Consent.

*Miss.* But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak Truth, tho' one should always tell a Lye to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your Answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly Thing.

*Ben.* Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.—As for your Love or your Liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End;—And may-hap I like you as little as you do me:—What I said was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o'Nine Tails laid cross your Shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard

heard t'other handsome young Woman speak civilly to me, of her own Accord : Whatever you think of yourself, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of Small-Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

*Miss.* Well, and there's a handsome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a sweet Gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him : and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

*Ben.* What do you mean that fair-Weather Spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my Jacket? —Let'n——let'n, —— But an he comes near me, may-hap I may giv'n a salt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean to leave me alone as I come home, with such a dirty Dowdy——Sea-Calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheese-Curd you, —— marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* Witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Vessels.

*Miss.* I won't be call'd Names nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't— If I were a Man —[*Crys*]—you durst not talk at this Rate— No you durst not, you stinking Tar-Barrel.

S C E N E,

*Between* MANLY *and* Sir FRANCIS  
WRONGHEAD.

*Manly.* S I R Francis, your Servant.  
*Sir Fr.* Cousin *Manly*!

*Man.*



*Man.* I am come to see how the Family goes on here.

*Sir Fran.* Troth! all as busy as Bees; I have been upon the Wing ever since Eight o'Clock this Morning.

*Man.* By your early Hour, then, I suppose you have been making your Court to some of the Great Men.

*Sir Fran.* Why, Faith! you have hit it, Sir—I was advis'd to loose no Time: So I e'en went strait forward, to one great Man I had never seen in my Life before.

*Man.* Right, that was doing Business: But who had you got to introduce you?

*Sir Fran.* Why, no Body—I remember'd I had heard a wise Man say—My Son, be bold—so troth! I introduc'd myself.

*Man.* As how, pray?

*Sir Fran.* Why thus—Look ye—Please your Lordship, says I, I am Sir *Francis Wronghead* of *Bumper-Hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown*—Sir, your humble Servant, says my Lord; thof I have not the Honour to know your Person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made Choice of so worthy a Representative; and so, says he, Sir *Francis*, have you any Service to command me? Naw, Cousin! those last Words, you may be sure gave me no small Encouragement. And thof I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary Opinion of my Parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I mist it naw.

*Man.* Well, I hope, I shall have no Cause.

*Sir*

*Sir Fran.* So when I found him so courteous—My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with Business upon my first Visit; but since your Lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon Ceremony——why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another Time.

*Man.* Right! there you pusht him home.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, I had a Mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd Ones.

*Man.* Very good!

*Sir Fran.* So in short, my Lord, says I, I have a good Estate—but—a—it's a leetle awt as Elbows; and as I desire to serve my King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

*Man.* So, this was making short Work on't.

*Sir Fran.* I' cod! I shot him flying, Cousin: Some of your Half-witted Ones naw, would h' humm'd and haw'd, and dangled a Month or two after him, before they durst open their Mouths about a Place, and may hap, not ha' got it at last neither——

*Man.* Oh! I'm glad you are sure on't—

*Sir Fran.* You shall hear, Cousin——*Sir Francis*, says my Lord, pray what Sort of a Place may you ha' turn'd your Thowghts upon? My Lord, says I, Beggars must not be Chusers; but ony Place, says I, about a thousand a Year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till something better falls in—for I thowght it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

*Man.*

*Man.* No, no, your Business was to get Footing any way.

*Sir Fran.* Right! there's it! ah Cousin, I see you know the World.

*Man.* Yes, yes, one sees more of it every Day—well! but what said my Lord to all this?

*Sir Fran.* Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way, that lies in my Power; so he gave me a Squeeze by the Hand, as much as to say, Give yourself no Trouble—I'll do your Business; with that he turn'd him about to somebody, with a colour'd Ribon a-cross here, that look'd in my Thoughts, as if he came for a Place too.

*Man.* Ha! so, upon these Hopes, you are to make your Fortune!

*Sir Fran.* Why, do you think there's ony Doubt of it, Sir?

*Man.* Oh no, I have not the least Doubt about it—for just as you have done, I made my Fortune ten Years ago.

*Sir Fran.* Why, I never knew you had a Place, Cousin.

*Man.* Nor I neither, upon my Faith, Cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better Fortune: For I suppose my Lord has heard of what Importance you were in the Debate To-day—You have been since down at the House, I presume!

*Sir Fran.* O, yes! I would not neglect the House, for ever so much.

*Man.* Well! and pray what have they done there?

*Sir*

*Sir Fran.* Why, troth ! I can't well tell you, what they have done, but I can tell you what I did : and I think pretty well in the main ; only I happen'd to make a little Mistake at last, indeed.

*Man.* How was that ?

*Sir Fran.* Why, they were all got there, into a Sort of a puzzling Debate, about the Good of the Nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in short, the Arguments were so long-winded o'both sides, that waunds ! I did no well understand 'um : Howsomever, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my Conscience—so, when they came to put the Question, as they call it,—I don't know haw 'twas—but I doubt I cry'd Ay ! when I should ha' cry'd No.

*Man.* How came that about ?

*Sir Fran.* Why, by a Mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humour'd sort of a Gentleman, one Mr. *Tother-side* I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd Ay ! gives me a hearty shake by the Hand ! Sir, says he, you are a Man of Honour, and a true *Englishman*, and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so with that, he takes me by the Sleeve, along with the Crowd, into the Lobby—so, I know nowght—but Ods-flesh ! I was got o'th' wrung side of Post— for I were told afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

*Man.* And so, if you had not quite made your Fortune before, you have clenched it now—Ah ! thou head of the *Wrongheads* !

[ *Aside.*

SCENE

## S C E N E,

*Between Sancho, Teresa, and Mol  
the Bucksome.*

*Teresa.* Oh, thou Dromedary, thou Founder'd Mule without a Pack-Saddle ; or what other foul Beast shall I call thee, for Man thou art not, nor hast not been to me, Heaven knows the Time when ; art not thou ashamed to see me, thou Nicompoop.

*Sancho.* Why how now Crooket Rib, how now Crockadile, can your Tongue wag this Morning, is the Matrimonial Horn-Pipe Tuning already.

*Mol.* Oh Lord Vather, why would you run away so, Vather ; and how do you think I shall get my new pair of Green Stockings home, and have my Sabbath Days Shoes mended, if you leave me and my Mother in this Fashion, oh, ho, oh. (*Howls out.*)

*Sancho.* If any one wants a pair of Marriage Bag-pipes, I can sell him now a rare Bargain : A Man that had her for a Wife, and an Acre of Thistles, need not care which he burnt first ; oons what a Coil is here.

*Teresa.* How have I deserved this, thou Man of the Devil ; Have not I been most true, and loving to thee, mended thee weekly from Top to Toe, and taken as much care of Dapple thy Ass as if he had been Born of my own Body ; have I not clip'd the Bristles of  
I thy



thy Beard with Wife-like Patience, that no filthy Vermin might breed there; and washed thee with my own Hands when thou hast been as full of Mire as a Hog in a Highway: Nay, and what's more, the last Night we were in Bed together, would I may never drink more, if I did not move to thee in the way of Kindness whilst thou lay'st Snoring like a Drunken Carrier, and at last gav'st me a huge thump, enough to spoil a Woman's Childing for ever after.

*Sancho.* Why, thou she Cormorant, thou Man Devourer, have I been beating the Conjugal Drum this twenty Years, and dost thou blame me now for Snoring: O Conscience, Conscience, Where art thou?

*Mol.* Yow dont do well Vather, so you dont, to call my Mother such Names, she's no Drum; lookee slidikins, if any one else had call'd her a Drum, Ide ha set my Nails in the Jaws of un.

*Sancho.* Here's a mettled Whore too, sbud, a Word or two more would make that young Cat set her Claws in my Face indeed.

*Teres.* Ay, you see the Child will take her Mother's Part, however; go to him *Moll*, speak to him Child, dont be afraid of his whittle Truth, has a good Face, though the Quoif be torn, speak to him I say *Moll*.

*Sancho.* Nay, *Moll*'s an admirable Speaker, I'll say that for her; Well, Offspring, mine *Moll*, the Buxome, What say you humph?

*Mol.* Why, I say, you shall go home with us now we have found ye Vather; I  
cant

cant get the Cow home to Night without ye :  
And there's a Bag of Barley must be carried to  
the Mill too : Gadfniggers I hold fast by this  
Arm.

*(Takes hold of his Arm.)*

*Teres.* And I'll stick close to t'other.

*(Takes the other.)*

*Sancho.* So, Now is here the true Sign of  
the Marriage Mousetrap ; and I, a Pox on  
me, am the unlucky Vermin that's caught  
in't : I'm a notable Figure now I believe  
if my Picture were drawn : Sbud you Man  
Leaches let go my hand, Or by my Hollidame.

*Mol.* O Lord, you maynt Swear Vather,  
the Devil will have you if you swear.

*Sancho.* And his Dam, there, will have thee,  
if thou follow'st her Advice, ye young Oaf.  
Here am I, that by seeking noble Adventures,  
am going to be an Earl ; and in the twinkling  
of a Star to be able to make ye both Countes-  
ses ; and yet this Devil of a Woman will be  
always crossing me, and damning herself to  
Clouted Shoes, and a Canvas Smock all days of  
her Life.

*Mol.* A Countess ! O Lord, Is that true,  
Mother ?

*Teres.* Pshaw, waw, neer mind those great  
founding Titles, Fool ; they are a great deal  
too big for our Mouths, *Moll* ; My Name  
has been always *Teresa*, and Goodwife *Pan-  
ca* ; and thou, Time out of Mind, hast been  
call'd *Moll* or *Mary*, and at the latter End of  
my Days to be called Countess, and I know  
not what ; I shall die, I shall ne'er be able to  
bear it.

*(Weep.)*

*Sancho.*

*Sancho.* Why, there 'tis now ; A Plague on't, who would put Honey into an Asses Mouth : I am making myself a Governor, and setting her upon Velvet Cushions of State ; and this plaguy Woman of *Barrabas*, in spite of me will sit bare-buttock'd upon a Dung-hill.

*Mol.* And do you say, that I should be a Governor's Daughter, and sit upon a Cushion too, Vather ?

*Sancho.* Wowns, thou shalt be a Countess, I tell thee, in a Month's time ; if that Adder there would leave her Hissing, and let me be quiet : I would marry thee in an instant to the great Lord Don *Whirligigario*, Son and Heir to the r'other great Lord Don *Whachum* : Thou shouldst walk in the Streets with thy Train held up, and two embroidered Laqueys holding an Umbrel over thee, to keep thy amiable Phiz from Tanning.

*Mol.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ---oh Gemini, and that will fit my Humour to a Button, Vather : Well, the first Thing I would do should be to learn to be Proud, and look Scornfully ; I warrant I'd carry myself like a Countess quickly.

*Teres.* Alas, poor Mawkin, she's bewitch'd already ; I find this Earldom will be the undoing of the poor Jade, do what I can : Why hear me I say, thou Father of Folly, thou wilful Corrupter of thy own Flesh and Blood ; Does that Child look as if she could walk in State with her Train held up ? dsheart 'twill give me the Gripes to hear how the Folks will Laugh  
at

at her ; Look how Stately the Hoggrubber goes, says one ; she that was yesterday at her Spinning-Wheel, and went to Church with the Skirt of her Coat over her Head, to keep her from the Rain, has now a Tail three Yards long, says another ; and an Umbrel to defend her Olive-coloured Countenance, with a Pox to her, says a third ; This will be the Cry all the Village over ; therefore come away *Moll*, and dont be a Countess, Child.

*Sancho*. Call thy Mother Fool, *Moll* the Buxom, and be a Countess in spite of her : Remember thou art to be married, and breed a Race for the Honour of the *Panca's* ; think upon the young Lord *Whirligigario*, Child.

*Teres*. Think upon thyself, *Moll*, remember thou hast sometimes worn Shoes, and sometimes none, Child.

*Sancho*. Crooked Logs make good Fires, think upon Don *Whirligigario*, *Moll*.

*Mol*. Ay, ay, Vather, I'm for Don *Whirligigario*, and there's no more to be said ; but let my Mother sit bare-buttock'd upon a Dung-hill, if she will, I'll be a Countess, I.

*Sancho*. That's my good Girl, look'ee *Teresa*, the Court has given their Judgment, your Cause is lost in Course.

*Teres*. Well Satan, I know thou dost it to break my Heart, thou cruel Man : for the very Hour that I shall see that Girl a Countess, will be the Hour of my Death ; I'm sure the Jade will never be able to know herself, she'll be every Minute hoydning and

discovering her course Thread : Well, she's thy own, do what thou wilt with her ; but for my part I'll neer consent to 't, an so farewell : A Countess, O Lord, I've no Patience to think on't. *(Exit Teresa.)*

*Mol.* Good Lord, now is my Mother as Rusty as an old Cow that has got the Belly-Ach, but I care not ; she dares not beat me, because she knows I'll beat her again. Well de hear Vather, be sure you make me a Countess as soon as ever you can.

*Sancho.* I warrant thee Girl ; and let thy Mother go and sume at home with the Smoke in the Chimney-corner : He that looses his Wife and Six Pence looses a Tester : Thou art my Dearling, and shalt ere long be a Lady ; for she that has Luck has better than a good Estate in Reversion ; and the full Bags of Fools command Wise-Men for Followers. I by following Adventures intend to be a Governor ; and when I am so, I intend to make thee Rich ; And when thou art Rich, no Body will say thou art Freckled, nor think thee a Dowry.

*For Gold makes Country Joan look fair and bonny,  
Though old and chop'd, and Skinn'd like Orange  
tawny.*

## S C E N E,

*Between TOM and PHILLIS.*

*Tom.* **W**ELL, *Phillis!* ——— what with a Face, as if you had never seen me before ——— What a Work have I to do now ?



now? She has seen some new Visitant, at their House, whose Airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the Changes she'll dance thro', before she'll answer this plain Question; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Master's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to ask an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as she. [*Aside.*]—Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleas'd to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this Instant. [*Looking stedfastly at her.*]

*Phil.* Did ever any Body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

*Tom.* I am indeed——The Thing I have least Reason to be satisfied with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; Perhaps if I were rich, I should overlook the finest Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought so.

*Phil.* How prettily was that said? But, I'll have a great deal more, before I'll say one Word. [*Aside.*]

*Tom.* I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Master's Servant for Hire; I am my Mistress's from Choice; wou'd she but approve my Passion.

*Phil.* I think it is the first Time I ever heard you speak of it, with any Sense of the Anguish, if you really do suffer any.

*Tom.* Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have seen?

*Phil.* I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at Leisure, you may tell me, when you fell in Love with me: How you fell in Love with me; and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

*Tom.* Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in Haste about my Master's Letter—— But I must go thro' it. — [*Afide.*] — Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occasion I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of *April*, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand's* Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Handmaid of the House-keeper—— At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was ordered to get out of the Window, one Pair of Stairs, to rub the Sashes clean, — the Person employ'd on the Inner-side was your Charming self, whom I had never seen before.

*Phil.* I think, I remember the silly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

*Tom.* You know not, I warrant you—— You could not guess what surpriz'd me. You took no Delight, when you immediately grew wanton in your Conquest, and put your Lips  
close

close and breath'd upon the Glass, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd against my Face, and hid your beautiful Form; when I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd, and smil'd at my Undoing.

*Phil.* What silly Thoughts you Men have!

*Tom.* We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* — but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only thro' a Wall, I saw her, saw my *Thisbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will against me — Would she but yet relent! — Oh, *Phillis*! *Phillis*! shorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

*Phil.* I believe it's very sufferable; the Pain is not so exquisite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

*Tom.* Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my Fair One's Will, I could with Glory suffer — But, dearest Creature, consider our miserable state.

*Phil.* How! miserable!

*Tom.* We are miserable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than those we love — with that generous Passion in the Heart, to be sent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest Trifles. Oh, *Phillis*! you don't know how many China Cups, and Glasses, my Passion for you has made me break: You have broke my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

*Phil.* Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Master

writes and you speak the best of any Men in the World. Never was a Woman so well pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Answer to it.

[Gives him a Letter.

*Tom.* This was well done, my Dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty Livelihood for ourselves, by closing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them to give us a little Being of our own, some small Tenement, out of their large Possessions: Whatever they give us, 'twill be more than what they keep for themselves: One Acre, with *Phillis*, would be worth a whole Country without her.

*Phil.* O, could I but believe you!

*Tom.* If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [Kisses her.

*Phil.* There's no contradicting you; how closely you argue, *Tom*!

*Tom.* And will closer in due Time. But I must hasten with this Letter, to hasten towards the Possession of you—Then, *Phillis*, consider how I must be reveng'd, look to it, of all your Skittishness, thy Looks, and at best but coy Compliance.

*Phil.* Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my Lady calls it, I must not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you should behave, if you had a right Sense, or were a Man of Sense, like Mr. *Gimberton*, with Distance and Indifference, or let me see some other becoming hard Word, with seeming in-in-inad-

inadvertency, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a Prey. But hush—the Ladies are coming—Good *Tom*, don't kiss me above once, and begone—Lard, we have been Fooling and Toying, and not consider'd the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.

*Tom*. Why their Business is to be Fooling and Toying, as soon the Parchments are ready.

*Phil*. Well remember'd — Parchments — my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Cousin *Cimberton*, and my Mistress; though my Master has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Master, Mr. *Bevil*, and my Mistress; and I believe my Mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd, in her Heart to Mr. *Myrtle*—Did I not bid you kiss me but once and begone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

*Tom*. No, you smooth Creature, how should I? [Kissing her Hand.]

*Phil*. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality. [They salute formally.]

*Tom*. Pox of all this State.

[Offers to kiss her more closely.]

*Phil*. No, pr'ythee, *Tom*, mind your Business. We must follow that Interest which will take; but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most—O here is my young Mistress! *Tom* [taps her Neck behind, and kisses his Fingers.] Go, ye liquorish Fool.

SCENE,



S C E N E,

*Between ARCHER and CHERRY.*

*Arch.* COME, my Dear, have you conn'd  
over the Catechise I taught you  
last Night.

*Cher.* Come, question me,

*Arch.* What is Love?

*Cher.* Love is I know not what, it comes  
I know not how, and goes I know not when.

*Arch.* Very well; an apt Scholar. [*Chucks  
her under the Chin*] Where does Love enter?

*Cher.* Into the Eyes.

*Arch.* And where go out?

*Cher.* I won't tell you.

*Arch.* What are the Objects of that Pas-  
sion?

*Cher.* Youth, Beauty and clean Linnen,

*Arch.* The Reason?

*Cher.* The two first are fashionable in Na-  
ture, and the third at Court.

*Arch.* That's my Dear: what are the  
Signs and Tokens of that Passion.

*Cher.* A stealing Look, a stammering  
Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impos-  
sible, and Actions impracticable.

*Arch.* That's my good Child, kiss me.—  
What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

*Cher.* He must adore the Person that dis-  
dains him, he must bribe the Chambermaid  
that betrays him, and court the Footman  
that laughs at him?—He must, He must——

*Arch.* Nay, Child, I must whip you if you  
don't mind your Lesson; he must treat his—

*Cher.*

*Cher.* O lay. He must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruin, and throw himself away.

*Arch.* Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine?—Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle.

*Cher.* Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a Child, he governs Man.

*Arch.* Mighty well!—And why is Love pictur'd blind?

*Cher.* Because the Painters out of their Weakness or Privilege of their Art, chose to hide those Eyes they could not draw.

*Arch.* That's my dear little Scholar, kifs me again.—And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

*Cher.* Because that a Child is the End of Love.

*Arch.* And so ends a Love's Catechism.—And now, my Dear, we'll go and make my Master's Bed.

*Cher.* Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*.—You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it.

*Arch.* What?

*Cher.* That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be Nonsense in me to believe you Footman any longer.

*Arch.* Oons, what a Witch it is?

*Cher.* Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I

was

was born to Servitude, I hate it:— Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then——

*Arch.* And then we shall go make my Master's Bed.

*Cher.* Yes.

*Arch.* You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman; my Education was liberal, but I went to *London* a younger Brother. fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

*Cher.* Then take my Hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you a Master of two thousand Pounds.

*Arch.* How?

*Cher.* Two thousand Pounds that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this Instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

*Arch.* What said you? a Parson?

*Cher.* What! do you scruple?

*Arch.* Scruple! No, no; but—two thousand Pounds you say?

*Cher.* And better.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, what shall I do?——But heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of yourself and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your own Hands?

*Cher.* Then you won't marry me?

*Arch.* I would marry you, but—

*Cher.* O sweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: Wou'd you persuade

suade me that any Gentleman who could bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pounds, let the Condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir, —but I hope you'll pardon the Freedoms I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the Respect that I ought to pay you. [Going]

*Arch.* Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*—Hold, Hold, and have you actually two thousand Pounds?

*Cher.* Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you —when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will—In the mean while, be satisfied that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my Father.--- [Exit.]

*Arch.* So-- we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his—let me see—two thousand Pounds! If the Wench would promise to die when the Money were spent, I'gad, one would marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live—Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-keepers Daughter; ay, that's the Devil—there my Pride brings me off.

*For whatso'er the Sages charge on Pride,  
The Angels Fall and twenty Faults beside;  
On Earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,  
Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling.*  
[Exit.]

LUDICROUS

## LUDICROUS LETTERS.

To the Earl of B————

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she would give you an Account of the extraordinary Company she had on the Road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. *Lintott*, the redoubtable Rival of Mr. *Tonson*, who mounted on a Stonehorse (no disagreeable Companion to your Lordship's Mare) overtook me in *Windsor-Forest*. He said, he heard I design'd for *Oxford*, the Seat of the Muses, and would, as my Bookseller, by all Means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his Horse? He answer'd, he got it out of his Publisher: 'For that Rogue my Printer, (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good Humour by a Treat at the Tavern of a brown Friccassee of Rabbits, which cost two Shillings, with two Quarts of Wine, besides my Conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his Horse, which he readily promis'd me, but said, that Mr. *Tonson* had just such another Design of going to *Cambridge*, expecting there the Copy of *A Comment upon the Revelations*; and if Mr. *Tonson* went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said Copy.'

' So



‘ So in short, I borrowed this Stonehorse of my Publisher, which he had of Mr. *Oldmixon* for a Debt ; he lent me too the pretty Boy you see after me ; he was a smutty Dog yesterday, and cost me near two Hours to wash the Ink off his Face : But the Devil is a fair-condition’d Devil, and very forward in his Catechise : If you have any more Bags, he shall carry them.’

I thought Mr. *Lintott*’s Civility not to be neglected, so gave the Boy a small Bag, containing three Shirts, and an *Elzevir Virgil* ; and mounting in an Instant, proceeded on the Road, with my Man before, my courteous Stationer beside, and the aforesaid Devil behind.

Mr. *Lintott* began in this Manner : ‘ Now damn them ! what if they should put into the News-Paper, how you and I went together to *Oxford* ? why what would I care ? If I should go down into *Suffex*, they would say, I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that ? If my Son were but big enough to go on with the Business, by G--d, I would keep as good Company as old *Jacob*.’

Hereupon I enquir’d of his Son. ‘ The Lad, says he, has fine Parts, but is somewhat sickly, *much as you are* - - - I spare for nothing in his Education at *Westminster*. Pray don’t you think *Westminster* to be the best School in *England* ? most of the late *Ministry* came out of it, so did many of this *Ministry* ; I hope the Boy will make his Fortune.

Don’t

Don't you design to let him pass a Year at *Oxford*? 'To what Purpose (said he) the Universities do but make Pedants, and I intend 'to breed him a Man of Business.'

As Mr. *Lintott* was talking, I observ'd he sat uneasy upon his Saddle, for which I express some Sollicitude : Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough ; but since we have the Day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a while under the Woods. When we were alighted, 'See here, what a mighty pretty *Horace* I have in my Pocket, what 'if you amus'd yourself in turning an Ode, 'till we mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, 'what a clever *Miscellany* might you make at 'leisure Hours.' Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on ; the Motion is an Aid to my Fancy ; a round Trott very much awakens my Spirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensu'd for a full Hour ; after which Mr. *Lintott* lugg'd the Reins, stopp'd short, and broke out, 'Well Sir, how far have you 'gone?' I answer'd, seven Miles. 'Z---ds 'Sir, said *Lintott*, I thought you had done 'seven Stanza's. *Oldsworth*, in a Ramble 'round *Wimbleton - Hill*, would translate a 'whole Ode in half this Time. I'll say that 'for *Oldsworth*, (though I lost by his *Timothy's*) he translates an Ode of *Horace* the 'quickest of any Man in *England*. I remember *Dr. King* would write Verses in a Tavern three Hours after he couldn't speak : 'And there's Sir *Richard*, in that rumbling  
' old

‘ old Chariot of his, between *Fleet-Ditch*,  
 ‘ and *St. Giles’s* Pound, shall make you half  
 ‘ a *Job*.’

Pray Mr. *Lintott* (said I) now you talk of  
 Translators, what is your Method of managing  
 them? ‘ Sir (replied he) those are the  
 ‘ saddest Pack of Rogues in the World: In  
 ‘ a hungry Fit, they’ll swear they understand  
 ‘ all the Languages in the Universe: I have  
 ‘ known one of them take down a *Greek*  
 ‘ Book upon my Counter, and cry, Aye  
 ‘ this is *Hebrew*, I must read it from the lat-  
 ‘ ter End. By G--d, I can never be sure in  
 ‘ these Fellows, for I neither understand  
 ‘ *Greek, Latin, French*, nor *Italian*, myself.  
 ‘ But this is my Way: I agree with them for  
 ‘ ten Shillings *per* Sheet, with a Proviso, that  
 ‘ I will have their Doings corrected by whom  
 ‘ I please; so by one or the other they are  
 ‘ led at last to the true Sense of an Author;  
 ‘ my Judgment giving the Negative to all  
 ‘ my Translators.’ But how are you secure  
 that those Correctors may not impose upon  
 you? ‘ Why I get any civil Gentleman,  
 ‘ (especially any *Scotchman*) that comes into  
 ‘ my Shop, to read the Original to me in  
 ‘ *English*; By this I know whether my first  
 ‘ Translator be deficient, and whether my  
 ‘ Corrector merits his Money or no.’

‘ I’ll tell you what happened to me last  
 ‘ Month: I bargain’d with S---- for a new  
 ‘ Version of *Lucretius* to publish against *Ton-*  
 ‘ *son’s*; agreeing to pay the Author so many  
 ‘ Shillings at his producing so many Lines.

‘ He

‘ He made a great Progress in a very short  
 ‘ Time, and I gave it to the Corrector to  
 ‘ compare with the *Latin*; but he went di-  
 ‘ rectly to *Creech*’s Translation, and found it  
 ‘ the same Word for Word, all but the first  
 ‘ Page. Now, what d’ye think I did? I ar-  
 ‘ rested the *Translator* for a Cheat; nay, and  
 ‘ I stopp’d the *Corrector*’s *Pay* too, upon this  
 ‘ Proof, that he made use of *Creech* instead of  
 ‘ the Original.’

Pray tell me next, how you deal with the  
 Critics? ‘ Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I  
 ‘ can silence the most formidable of them;  
 ‘ the rich ones for a Sheet a-piece of the  
 ‘ blotted Manuscript, which costs me nothing.  
 ‘ They’ll go about with it to their Acquain-  
 ‘ tance, and pretend they had it from the Au-  
 ‘ thor, who submitted it to their Correction:  
 ‘ This has given some of them such an Air,  
 ‘ that in Time they come to be consulted  
 ‘ with, and dedicated to, as the top Critics of  
 ‘ the Town---As for the poor Critics I will  
 ‘ give you one Instance of my Management,  
 ‘ by which you may guess at the rest. A lean  
 ‘ Man that look’d like a very good Scholar,  
 ‘ came to me the other Day; he turned over  
 ‘ *Homer*, shook his Head, shrugged up his  
 ‘ Shoulders, and pish’d at every Line of it;  
 ‘ One would wonder (says he) at the strange  
 ‘ *Presumption of Men*; *Homer is no such easy*  
 ‘ *Talk*, that ever; *Stripling*, every *Versifier*---  
 ‘ He was going on, when my Wife call’d to  
 ‘ Dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to eat a  
 ‘ *Piece of Beef* with me? Mr. *Lintott*, said  
 ‘ he,

‘ he, *I am sorry you should be at the Expence of this great Book, I am really concern’d on your Account*---Sir, I am much oblig’d to you :  
 ‘ If you can dine upon a Piece of Beef, together with a Slice of Pudding--- *Mr. Lintott,*  
 ‘ *I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with Men of Learning*-----Sir,  
 ‘ the *Pudding* is upon the Table, if you please  
 ‘ to go in---My Critic complies, he comes to  
 ‘ a Taste of your Poetry, and tells me in the  
 ‘ same Breath, that the *Book* is commendable,  
 ‘ and the *Pudding* excellent.’

Now Sir, (concluded *Mr. Lintott*) in return to the Frankness I have shewn, pray tell me,  
 ‘ Is it the Opinion of your Friends at Court,  
 ‘ that my Lord *L*----- will be brought to the  
 ‘ Bar or not ?’ I told him, I heard *not*, and I hop’d it, my Lord being one I had particular Obligations to. ‘ That may be (reply’d *Mr. Lintott*) but by G--d if he is not, I shall lose  
 ‘ the Printing of a very good Trial.’

These, my Lord, are a few Traits by which you may discern the Genius of my Friend *Mr. Lintott*, which I have chosen for the Subject of a Letter. I dropp’d him as soon as I got to *Oxford*, and paid a Visit to my Lord *Carleton* at *Middleton*.

The Conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my Pen, and the Pleasures from them only to be equall’d when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few Days to cast myself from your Horse at your Feet.

I am, &c.

To



To Dr. DELANY.

Dear Doctor,

**T**H O' you expected to see me the happiest Man in the World, by the extraordinary Honours which I receiv'd from his *Excellency*, yet I cannot forbear acquainting you that you are greatly disappointed in that Respect.

Before I receiv'd his Bounty, (which far surpass'd my Hopes, and was more the Effect of his Generosity than any Merit of mine,) I thought *Riches* were so necessary an Ingredient in human Life, that it was scarce possible to attain any Degree of Happiness without them.

I imagin'd that if I had but a competent Sum, I should have no Care, no Trouble to discompose my Thoughts, nothing to withdraw my Mind from *Virtue* and the *Muses*, but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted Degree of Content and Delight than I had hitherto. But now I perceive these Kind of Notions to have been the pure genuine Effect of a very empty *Purse*.

My Hopes of Happiness are vanish'd at the Encrease of my Fortune : My Opinions of Things are of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the *Rich* ; who by my Computation (after three tedious Weeks Experience,) must of Necessity have an Income of *Plagues*, proportion'd to that of their Fortunes.

I know

I know this Declaration surprizes you, but in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of DIARY, the different Emotions of Mind which I labour'd under, during the first three Weeks *Guardianship* (for I can hardly call it possession) of that same unfortunate, Care-bringing fifty Pounds, and I have not the least Doubt but you will believe my Assertion to be true.

*Monday, Feb. 16.*

Receiv'd this Morning the agreeable News of being ordered to wait on his Excellency the Lord *Carteret*; but suffered a great deal of Perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a Station, and more admired and eminent for Learning, and every other Perfection of the Mind.—Went however to the *Castle*—met with a very gracious Reception—had full Proof of that Affability, Wisdom and Generosity for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguish'd, and which I knew before only by the Testimony of others—was ordered to go to Mr. T—— to receive the Premium appointed by my Lord.

*Memorand.* Imagin'd my Stature greatly increas'd, and walk'd more erect than usual—went in high Spirits to the *Secretary's*, (but as a Drawback to my Happiness) receiv'd the dispiriting Account of his being confin'd to his Chamber—denied Admittance.

*Me-*

*Memorand.* His Excellency easier of Access than his Officer.

*Tuesday 17.*

The Secretary still Sick — paid a Visit to his Street-Door about twelve—returned Melancholy—

*Wednesday — ditto.*

*Thursday — ditto.*

*Friday — ditto.*

*Saturday — ditto.*

*Sunday — ditto.*

O! 'twas a dreadful Interval of Time!

*Monday 23.*

Ordered to wait again on Mr. T — ; but happening to be over eager to receive the Sum, I hastened away too unseasonably about half an Hour after twelve, and found him asleep—.

*Mem.* Admitted this Morning to stand in the Hall, and not at the Door, as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume, because it happen'd so at other Times—.

Walk'd in the *Piazza's* till after *one*, ruminating on the various Hopes and Fears with which my Mind had been tormented this Week past — could not forbear repeating aloud the two Lines of the *Libel*, which accidentally

dentally are not more true of Mr. *Addison* than his Friend,

*Who, grown a Minister of State  
Sees Poets at his Levee wait.*

*Mem.* Not under any Apprehension of being understood by any Persons walking there, which were only a few *Lawyers*, and a *Parson* or two —.

Saunter'd again to the *Secretary's*—out of Hope permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished Apartment—in half an Hour's Time admitted to his Presence—receiv'd a *Bill* of fifty Pounds—return'd with great Delight—

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy, I pleased myself also with the Thought of communicating Happiness to my Friends, who would share in my Success, and particularly to you who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the Felicity of others. How far I was disappointed will appear in the Sequel—so to proceed with my Diary.

I wrapp'd up my *BILL* very carefully — yet could not forbear looking at it sometimes, tho' not oftener than at every Streets Length—. But mark the Instability of all human Affairs! As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering Fellow rushes by me—I immediately suspected an Attempt upon my Treasure, look'd as earnestly as I dar'd in the Fellow's Face, and thought I read Robbery in the Lines of his Counte-

K

nance

nance—so, hastily flit my Bill into my Pocket without its Cover—met a Friend—told him of my Success—and the Generosity of his Excellency—but pulling out the Bank Note hastily tore it in the Middle—dismally frightened—! came home—shew'd it to my Wife—was more terrify'd at hearing that it would now be of no Value—receiv'd several Compliments from her for my Care of it—and, *that I was likely to be rich, since I took such Pains to preserve what I got*—and the like—went directly in a Fit of Anger and Vexation to Henry's Bank—smiled a little and spoke submissively to the Clerk——obtaining a new Bill—returned again in great Joy—all Things settled amicably between us.

*Mem.* Found upon Enquiry that the ill-favour'd Gentleman above mention'd was only Mr——what d'ye call him——the *Attorney*, of whom I need not have been in such Terror, since he was never known to be guilty of any such Action in a *publick Way*.

*Monday Night 12 o'Clock.*

Went to Bed as usual—but found my self violently pull'd 'till I awoke—seiz'd with a very great trembling—grew less concern'd when I heard a Voice crying—*Take Care of the Bill*——found immediately it proceeded from the Concern of my Bed-Fellow, who, it seems, was as ill formed to possess great



great Riches as myself — pitied her — told her it was safe — fell asleep soon, but was in less than two Hours rous'd again with her crying — my Dear — my Dear — are you sure it is safe —? Don't you hear some Noise there —? I'll lay my Life there's Robbers in the Room —! Lord ha' Mercy upon us —! What a hideous Fellow I just now saw by my Bedside with a drawn Sword —! Or did I dream it —? Trembled a little at her Suspicions — slumber'd — but was awaken'd a third Time in the same Manner — rose about Six much compos'd — receiv'd a very solemn Charge to be watchful against Accidents — and let me beg of you, my Dear, to have a great Care of the Bill.

*Tuesday 24.*

Became extremely impatient to have this tormenting Bill chang'd into Money, out of a Belief that it would then be less liable to Accidents, breaking of Bankers, &c. — went to one Bank and was refus'd — yet was asham'd to go to Henry's so soon — contrived however to get it exchang'd after a great Variety of Schemes and Journeys to several Places — came home — spread it upon a Table to see the utmost Bounds and Extent of my Riches — all the rest of this Day fate contriving where to lay it — what Part of my House would be most secure — what Place would be least suspected by Thieves if any should come — perceiv'd my Mind

abundantly more disturb'd with having so much Money in my Custody, than I was before——.

*Tuesday Night 11 o'Clock.*

Went round my House to inspect the Doors whether they were all safe—— perceiv'd a great Deficiency of Bars, Bolts, Locks, Latches, Door-Chains, Window-Shuts, Fire-Arms, &c. which I never had taken the least Notice of before——. Peep'd with great Circumspection under the Beds——resolv'd to watch this Night and to prepare proper Expedients for my Security next Morning——watch'd accordingly.

*Wednesday 25.*

Extremely fatigu'd with last Night's watching——consulted several Hours about preserving my Wealth, believ'd it most safe in *Bills*—— after mature Deliberation hurry'd away to the Bank, and took a *Bill* for it——came away with easier Mind——walk'd above two Streets Length chearfully——but began to reflect, that if my Load was lighter, yet on the other Hand the *Bill* might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid——went back again in Haste——once more receiv'd it in Money——brought it Home——look'd frequently behind me as I walk'd——hid it——resolv'd to lay out the greatest Part of it in Plate——bespoke it accordingly——  
prepar'd

prepar'd my Fire-Arms—went to Bed——  
not one Wink of Sleep all this Night——.

*Thursday 26.*

Look'd a little paler to Day than usual—  
but not much concern'd at that, since it  
was misinterpreted by my Friends for the  
Effects of hard Study——invited abroad to  
Dinner——went——sat down to Table, but  
in that dreadful Moment recollected, that my  
Closet, where my whole Treasure was de-  
posited, was left open——was observ'd to  
change Colour, and look terrified—not *Mac-  
beth* so started when he saw the Ghost of  
murder'd *Banquo* at the Feast——.

*Mem.* Money a perpetual *Apparition* to the  
covetous Mind.

——Ran distractedly home——found  
all safe, but return'd too late for Dinner——  
fasted--fretted--well saith *Paul*—*Money is the  
Root of all Evil.*

*Thursday Night 12 o'Clock.*

Hired a Watchman to guard my Doors—  
went to Bed—but no Sleep—those same Mind-  
plaguing Riches floated uppermost in my  
Thoughts—methinks they cry'd—*Sleep no  
more! Thy Wealth has murder'd Sleep!*—  
slumber'd however a little towards Morning—  
dreamt of nothing but *Robbers, Assassins,  
Spectres, Flames, Hurricanes*—wak'd in great  
Terror.

Dear Doctor,

It would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful Narration any further. Every Day administer'd new Cause of Uneasiness, nor did my Concern forsake me even in the midst of Company and Wine.

'Till I had the Plate sent home I was uneasy, lest after I had order'd it to be made I should be robb'd of my Money, and then not be able to pay for it; and when I had it once in my Possession, I trembled every Instant for Fear of losing it for ever.

When at home, I was afraid of being murder'd for my Substance; and when abroad, I was as much terrify'd with the Apprehension, that either my Servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was not guarding it, or else, that by Carelessness they might set Fire to my House and destroy it all at once.

Every Bell I heard ring, I immediately imagin'd to be a *Fire-Bell*; and every *Fire-Bell* alarm'd me with a Belief that my own House was in a Blaze; so that I was plagued without Interruption.

Since I have recover'd myself a little, I have made an exact Calculation of the Quantity of Pleasure and Pain which I endur'd, and I shall shew you the just Ballance the more fully to convince you.

*A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of MATTHEW PILKINGTON, Clerk for the Space of eleven Days, on receiving fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord CARTERET.*

## H A P P Y.

During the whole Time of being	}	Day.	H.	M.
with my <i>Lord</i> , and 'till I went to the <i>Secretary's</i> .		0	1	0

By telling my Success to several Friends, and describing his <i>Excellency's</i> Person and Perfections.	}	0	3	1
--	---	---	---	---

By receiving the Sum from Mr. T—	}	0	0	3
----------------------------------	---	---	---	---

By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my <i>Wife</i> .	}	0	3	0
---	---	---	---	---

<i>Total of Happiness</i>	0	7	4
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## M I S E R A B L E.

	Day.	Hour.	Min.
All the Remainder.	10	16	56

To conclude all, to keep my Mind as calm and quiet as it was in the Days of my Poverty, I have expended thirty two Pounds in Plate, to be a Monument of his Excellency's Generosity to me: And that Plate I have lodg'd

K 4

at



at a rich Neighbour's House for its Security ; about ten Pounds I have expended in fortifying my House, against the next *Money-Misfortune* may happen to me ; of which however at present there appears no great Danger. And if providentially my Fortune be advanc'd, I hope to bear it with greater Resolution, and to be in a better Condition to preserve it. I am,

Dear DOCTOR,

Your Affectionate

Friend and Servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

To Dr——

SIR,

THERE is an old Heathen Story, that *Prometheus* who was a Porter in *Greece*, took a Frolick to turn all the Clay in his Shop into Men and Women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the Sexes. The *Males* were formed of a Mixture *Blue Red*, as being of the toughest Consistence, fitter for Creatures destined to Hardships, Labour, and difficult Enterprizes, the *Females* were moulded out of the most refined Stuff, much of the like Substance with *China-ware*, transparent and brittle ; designing them rather for Shew and Beauty, than to be of any

any real Use in Life, farther than that of Generation. By the Transparency he intended the Men might see so plainly through them, that they should not be capable of *Hypocrisy*, *Falshood* or *Intrigue*, and by their Brittleness, he taught them, they were to be handled with a Tenderness suitable to their Delicacy of Constitution.

It was pleasant enough, to see with what Contrivance and Order, he disposed of his Journey-men in their several Apartments, and how judiciously he assign'd each of them his Work, according to his Natural Capacity and Talents, so that every Member, and part of the humane Frame, was finish'd with the utmost Exactness and Beauty.

In one Chamber you might see a *Leg-shaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-stretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*, for each Workman was distinguish'd by a proper Term of Art, such as a *Knuckle-turner*, *Tooth-Grinder*, *Rib-Cooper*, *Muscle-maker*, *Tendon-drawer*, *Paunch-blower*, *Vein-brancher*, and such like. But *Prometheus* himself made the *Eyes*, the *Ears*, and the *Heart*, which, because of their nice and intricate Structure, were chiefly the Business of a *Master-Workman*. Beside this, he compleated the Whole by fitting and joining their several Parts together, according to the best Symetry and Proportion. The Statues are now upon their Legs. Life the chief Ingredient is wanting, *Prometheus* takes a *Ferula* in his Hand (a Reed of the Island *Chios* having an Oil-Pith) steals

up the back-Stairs to *Appollo's* Lodgings, lights it clandestinely at the Chariot of the *Sun*, so down he creeps upon his Tip-toes to his Ware-house, and in a very few Minutes, by an Application of the Flame to the Nostrils of his *Clay Images*, sets them all a stalking and staring through one another, but intirely insensible of what they were doing. They look'd so like the latter End of a *Lord Mayor's* Feast, he could not bear the Sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely necessary to give them *Passions*, or Life would be an insipid Thing, and so from the Super-abundance of them in other *Animals*, he culls out enough for his Purpose which he blended and temper'd so well, before Infusion, that his Men and Women became the most amiable Creatures, that Thought conceive.

Love was then like a pure Vestal Flame not made up of sudden Joy, Transports and Extasses, but constant, friendly, and benevolent.

Anger did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent Emotions of the Breast, and Distortions of the Face; but preserv'd a Dignity of Resentment in the Countenance, Commending a reverential Awe in the Offender.

Fear did not in the least encroach upon the Bounds of Fortitude, by a slavish Dejection of Spirits, nor was it ever seen upon any Occasion, but as a Monitor, to prevent the doing of any Action, which might be attended with Disgrace or Repentance.

In the same Manner was every Passion and Appetite under the best Regulation and Dominion of Reason. The World would have been a most delightful Scene had People continued in this Situation ; but alas ! there can be no Happiness here without a Mixture of Misery.

*Prometheus* is apprehended for his Theft and Presumption, bound fast in Chains to a Rock, with a *Vulture* to prey upon his Liver. His Journey-men get Drunk for Joy they were now their own Masters, during which Interval, they fall to Man and Woman making with excessive Precipitation and Hurry. Now you might see a small Head set upon a pair of broad Shoulders ; a Nose too long, too short, too thick, too small, or awry on the Face ; a large heavy Carcass rear'd upon a small pair of Spindle Shanks, by which means they became handy ; a long Chin to a short Face ; one Arm longer than the other ; Eyes too big for the Sockets ; Mouths three Times too wide or too narrow, every Part and Limb almost chosen and put together at random. But to conclude the Farce, when they came to the Passion-Work, instead of blending, and tempering them in true Proportion, they took them from the worst of *Animals* simply, and by guess. To one was given the Rage and Fury of a *Wolf* : Hence came a most virulent, persecuting, malicious Villain ; from whom has descended those boisterous and outrageous Pests of Society, who are every Day disturbing our Peace ; the only

Blessing

Blessing we can enjoy upon Earth. To another the Poison and Rancour of a Toad; from whom sprang the revengeful, who upon the least Touch of Offence, are ever upon the Watch, to ruin the Inadvertent. To another the Subtilty and Cunning of a Fox; from whom we trace the *Politician*, who turns all the Motions of his Soul to *Seducing, Betraying, Surprizing, fair Promises with foul Intentions, perpetual Stratagems to his own Advantage, under the specious Appearance of the publick Good.*

To another the Alertness of a Monkey: He begat a large Family of Jibbers, Buffoons, and Mimicks, these are a numerous Breed and dispersed over the Face of the whole Earth. The chief Business of their Lives is to make People laugh at one another, and not to spare even their nearest Friends; who while they are copying the Imperfections of others, bring themselves to be *Originals*. You may distinguish this happy Race by their Hawk-noses, one Eye less than t'other, and a perpetual Sneer, which by repeated Habit, becomes inseparable from their Faces. To another the Pride of a *Peacock*: He turns *Beau*, stitches all the Tinsel about him that he can, hangs a Tayl to his Head, and so walks through the World. To another the Gluttony, Laziness and Luxury of a *Hog*: From him are descended your pamper'd Citizens, and others, whose chief Exercise consists in Eating and Drinking: They are very easily distinguish'd by the Plumpness and Rotundity of their *Dew-lap,*



lap, the *Torosity* of their *Necks* and *Breasts*, and the *Prominence* of their *Abdomen*. Numberless are the Instances might be given of the Predominance of Brutes, thus occasion'd in Men, but that I hasten to give a summary Account of the *Animals*, chiefly chosen by these Journey-men, to give proper Accomplishments to the other Sex, viz. *Cats*, *Ferrets*, *Weasels*, *Vipers*, *Magpies*, *Geese*, *Wag-tails*, *Rats*, *Stoats*, *Rattle-Snakes*, *Wasps*, *Hornets*, and some few others. It is needless to inform the Reader, what Qualities were infused from these, when he can behold them so plainly in one half or more of his Female Acquaintance. And I dare venture to say, that you can hardly go into a Family, where you may not distinguish some one Lady eminently remarkable for a lively Resemblance to one or more of the aforesaid *Animals*. Upon the whole, I shall make this Remark, that the Handy-work of *Prometheus* and their Progeny are to be distinguished with the greatest Ease from that of the Journey-men; his being all *Humane*, *Benevolent*, *Easy*, *Affable*, *Good-humour'd*, *Charitable* and *Friendly*; whereas those of his Journey-men are *Cruel*, *Malicious*, *Turbulent*, *Morose*, *Ill-natured*, *Snarling*, *Quarrelsome*, *Pragmatical*, *Covetous* and *Inhuman*, which we daily experience among the *great Vulgar* and the *Small*, nor can all the Power of Art, or Education, intirely wash away the Dirt of the Journey-men's Palm, or quite abolish, or restrain the Exuberance of wrong Passions which  
are

are owing to the Cause already assign'd. And I will say farther, that I know nothing else in Nature, but what may by *Cultivation* or *Chymistry* change its Nature, such Persons only excepted, who have had a wrong Impression at first, and *human Excrements*: But this being of too foul a Nature, to bear a Dissertation in *Prose*, I shall transcribe it, as it was cooked up in *Verse*, for the Taste of the Polite, being a very fit Emblem, to explain this great and useful Maxim, *That there is no Method, as yet found out, to change natural Inclination.*

*The T A L E of a T——D.*

**A** Pastry Cook once moulded up a T——d  
(You may believe me when I give my Word)

With nice Ingredient of the fragrant kind,  
And *Sugar* of the best, right double refin'd.

He blends them all; for he was fully bent,  
Quite to annihilate its Taste and Scent.

With out-stretch'd Arms, he twirls the Rolling-Pin.

And spreads the yielding *Ordure* smooth and thin;

'Twas not to save his Flow'r but to shew his Art,

Of such foul *Dough* to make a sav'ry *Tart*.

He heats his Ov'n with Care, and bak'd it well,

But still the Crust's offensive to the Smell.

The

The *Cook* was vext to see himself so foil'd,  
 So works it to a *Dumpling*, which he boil'd:  
 Now out it comes, and if it stunk before,  
 It stinks full twenty Times as much, and  
 more.

He breaks fresh *Eggs*, converts it into *Bat-*  
*ter*,

Works them with *Spoon* about a Wooden-  
 Platter,

To true Consistence, such as *Cock-maids*  
 make

At *Shrovetide* when the toss the *Pliant Cake*.

In vain he twirls the *Pan*, the more it fries

The more the nauseous, fetid Vapours rise.

Resolv'd to make it still a sav'ry Bit,

He takes the *Pan-Cake* rolls it round a *Spit*.

Winds up the *Jack*, and sets it to the Fire,

But roasting rais'd it's pois'nous Fumes the  
 high'r.

Offended much (altho' it was his own,)

At length he throws it where it shou'd be  
 thrown,

And in a Passion, storming loud, he cry'd,

If neither bak'd, nor boil'd, nor roast, nor  
 fry'd,

Can thy offensive hellish Taint reclaim,

Go to the filthy *Fakes* from whence you came.

*To Mademoiselle de BOURBON.*

MADAM,

**L**AST Friday in the Afternoon I was toss'd in a Blanket; because I failed of making you Laugh in the Time that was given me: Madam de Rambouillet pronounc'd the Sentence, at the Request of her Daughter, and Mademoiselle Paulet. They had deferr'd the Execution till the Return of the Princess, and yourself; but they bethought themselves afterwards, not to delay it any longer; and that it was very improper to put off my Punishment to a Time, which ought to be wholly devoted to Pleasure. 'Twas in vain to cry out and make Resistance; the Blanket was brought, and four of the lustiest Fellows they cou'd get, were pick'd out for this Service. I may venture to affirm to you, Madam, that no Man was ever yet in so exalted a Condition as I was, and I could not have believed that Fortune would ever have rais'd me so high. At every Toss they threw me out of Sight, and sent me higher than a soaring Eagle. I saw the Mountains crouching far below me, the Winds and Clouds travelling beneath my Feet. I discover'd Countries that I never had seen, and Seas I never had thought of. Certainly nothing cou'd be more diverting, than to see so many Things all at once, and to discover half the Globe at one View: But I assure you, Madam, all this cannot be seen without some Disturbance;

turbance ; when one is in the Air, and certain of falling down again. That which frighted me the most was, That, when I was very high, looking downwards, the Blanket appear'd so small, that I thought it impossible to fall into it ; and that I confess was some Trouble to me : But, among so many different Objects, which at the same time struck my Sight, there was one which for some Moments took away my Fear, and touch'd me with real Pleasure : 'Twas this, Madam ; Being desirous to look towards *Piedmont* to see what pass'd there, I saw you at *Lyons*, as you cross'd the *Saone* ; at least, I saw a great Light upon the Water, and Abundance of Rayes in the most charming Face in the World : I could not well discern who was with you, because at that Time my Head was lower most ; and I believe you did not see me, for you look'd another Way ; I made Signs to you as well as I could : But as you began to look up, I fell down again, and one of the Tops of the Mountain *Tarara* hinder'd you from seeing me : As soon as I came down, I told them that I had seen you, and, as I was going to tell them how you did, they all fell a Laughing as if it had been a Thing impossible, and immediately began to make me leap higher than before. There happen'd to me a very strange Accident, which will seem incredible to those who have not seen it : One Time when they had toss'd me to a very great Hight, coming down, I found myself in a Cloud, which being very thick, and I extremely light, I was a great while intangled in it before



fore I could fall down again ; so that they stay'd a long Time below, spreading the Blanket, and looking up without being able to imagine what was become of me. By good Luck there was no Wind stirring, for if there had, the Cloud in marching would have me carried off one Side or t'other, and so I must have inevitably fallen to the Ground, which could not have happen'd without hurting me very much. But a more dangerous Accident succeeded this: The last Time they threw me into the Air, I found myself amongst a Flock of Cranes, who at first were mightily surpriz'd to see me so high ; but when they came near me, they took me for a Pigmy, with whom, you know, Madam, they have perpetual War, and thought I came to them as a Spy into the middle Region ; immediately they fell upon me with great Strokes of their Beaks, and with such Violence that I imagin'd myself struck with a hundred Daggers. And one of them that had taken me by the Leg, pursu'd me so furiously, that she did not leave me till I was in the Blanket. This made my Tormentors afraid to send me back to the Mercy of my Enemies ; who were now got together in great Numbers, and hover'd in the Air, expecting me again. At last they carried me home again in the Blanket, but so dispirited as never Man was: To tell you the Truth, this Exercise is a little too violent for one of my tender Constitution. I leave it to you, Madam, to judge, how cruelly I have been dealt with, and for how many Reasons you are oblig'd to condemn this Action ;

Action ; and to deal plainly with you, you that are born with so many commanding Qualities, should think it highly concerns you to begin betimes to hate Injustice, and to take those that are oppress'd into your Protection : I beseech you then, Madam, in the first Place, to declare this an Outrage you by no Means approve ; and for Reparation of my Honour, and my Strength, to order a great Canopy of Gause to be set up for me in the Blue Chamber of the House of *Ramboillet*, where I may be waited on, and magnificently entertained for a whole Week, by the two Ladies who were the Cause of this Misfortune ; that at one Corner of the Room they shall be continually making Sweet-meats ; one of them shall blow the Fire, and t'other shall do nothing else but put Syrup upon Plates to cool, and bring it me as often as I have Occasion. Thus, Madam, you will do a Deed of Justice, worthy of so great and beautiful a Princess, and I shall be oblig'd to be with the utmost Sincerity and Respect,

MADAM,

*Yours, &c.*

*To*

*To my Lady Abbess, to thank her for a  
Cat which she had sent him.*

MADAM,

I Was so perfectly yours before, that I imagin'd you ought to have believ'd there was no need of Presents to secure me to you, nor that you should have contriv'd to catch me like a Rat, with a Cat. However I must needs own, that your Liberality has created in me some new Affection for you ; and if there had been yet any thing in my Soul that was straggling from your Service, the Cat you sent me has caught it, and now it is entirely your own. 'Tis certainly the most beautiful and jolliest Cat that e'er was seen : The greatest Beau-Cat of *Spain* is but a dirty Puss compar'd to him ; and *Rominagrobis* himself, who, you know, Madam, is Prince of the Cats, has no better a Mein, nor can better *smell* out his Interest. I can only say, that 'tis very hard to keep him in, and that of a Cat brought up in Religion, he is the most uneasy to be confin'd to a Cloyster. He can never see a Window open, but immediately he is for jumping out of it ; he had e'er this leap'd twenty times over the Walls, had he not been prevented ; and there is no Secular Cat in Christendom that is more a Libertine, or more head-strong than he. I am in Hopes, however, that I shall persuade him to stay by the kind Entertainment I give him ; for I treat him with nothing but good Cheese  
and

and *Naples-Biskets*; and perhaps, Madam, he was not so well treated by you: For I fancy the Ladies of — don't suffer their Cats to go into their Cupboards, and that the Austerity of the Convent won't afford them such good Chear. He begins to grow tame already; Yesterday I thought verily he had torn off one of my Hands in his wanton Addresses. 'Tis doubtless one of the most playful Creatures in the World; there's neither Man, Woman, nor Child, in my Lodgings, that wears not some Mark of his Favour. But however lovely he is in his own Person, it shall always be for your Sake that I esteem him; and I shall love him so well, for the Love I have for you, that I hope to give Occasion to alter the Proverb, and that hereafter it shall be said, *Who loves me, loves my Cat*. If, besides this Present, you will give me the Raven that you promis'd me; and if you will give me the little Dog in a Hand-Basket one of these Days, you may as proudly say, that you have given me all the Sorts of Beasts that I love, and ev'ry way oblig'd me to be, all the Days of my Life,

*Yours, &c.*

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*To Mademoiselle de CHOUX.*

MADAM,

**D**ID you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give you the Reason then, why I ask'd it:  
There's

There's an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he is only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore, *Cupid*, has so pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like—let me think, like what;—like your Ladyship's Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Your eyes had like to have prov'd more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I drop'd plump into your Fish-Pond, by the same Token, that I his'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pounds to a Penny, but I had been drown'd; for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boil'd Fish, that were as plentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of,

MADAM,

*Your most devoted Slave,*

COLLETIER.

GLYCERA to PHILINNA.

SOME ill Demon certainly ow'd me a Spite, (by the same Token he more than got out of my Debt) when I was seduc'd to marry



marry this dull Flegmatic Lawyer of mine ; for I'll tell you after what a horrid Rate he uses me : Every Night, when other Husbands, as in Duty bound, solace their poor Wives a-Bed, my Man of Law sits up, pretending he has a Conveyance to draw for my Lord-----and then, says he, I'am to make a Speech in the Court To-morrow for my Client Sir *John*----, and if I have it not by Heart, there will be the Devil and all to do ; with that he walks about the Room in a meditating Posture, to make me believe he is in Earnest, mumbling I know not what unintelligible Stuff to himself. Since he has not Assets enough, as far as I can perceive, to discharge the Debt of Matrimony, why should he marry, I wonder, to inflame his Reckoning ? Why shou'd a Man that doth not want a Wife to humble his Constitution, pretend to monopolize a young Virgin to himself, especially when he wants either Will or Ability to do her Justice ? Did he chuse to make me his Spouse only to deafen me with impertinent Stories of Executions, Answers, Ejectments, and impertinent Decrees ? Did he think I cou'd ever prove such a supple Slave, as to sit up all Night to hear him ? Since I find he puts my Bed-Chamber to no other Use, than to prophane it with nasty Petty-fogging, I am resolv'd for the future to have a separate Bed by myself : If this won't reform him, but he still continues an incorrigible Sot, drudging in other People's Business, and neglecting mine, I am resolv'd to give him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and to  
speak

Speak to some more able Council to manage my Law-Case. This I hope is enough to make you comprehend my Meaning: You are a sensible Woman, experienc'd in these Affairs, and therefore a Hint is sufficient. Consider then, my dear Friend, and tell me how I must play this Game. You are a Woman, and understand the Necessities of our Sex, and tho' I have not nam'd my Disease to you in down-right Terms, (for my Modesty wou'd not give me leave to do that) yet since you know the Nature of it, I hope you'll be my Doctress, and prescribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reasonable, I think, that you, who are my near Relation, and besides have a good Talent at composing of Differences, should stand my Friend at this Juncture: Besides, as you had a great Hand in making this wicked Match, you are obliged in Honour, to make it supportable to me. But above all, it will be requisite to be very secret, for shou'd my litigious Blade come to hear that I apply myself to other Council, he might reject me for good and all, and so what I get in the Hundred, I must expect to lose in the County.

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STESICHORUS to ERATOSTHENES.

TO see now what cunning Gipsies these Women are! T'other Day a certain Woman of my Acquaintance, walking in the Market-

Market-Place with her Husband by her Side, and a Train of Servants at her Heels, saw a Gallant of her's at some Distance off, with whom she used to be familiar. She had a mighty Longing to whisper something in his Ear, and, if possible, to steal a Kiss from him before her Husband's Face; so to bring the Matter about, she pretends to fall upon her Knee, and her Gallant, who, as it seem'd, understood her Design, charitably lent her his Hand to help her up: Then down she tumbles again, and our Gentleman was forc'd the second Time to give her his Assistance. Oh! my poor Wife, cries the Cuckold, in a strange Consternation, I hope thou hast not hurt thyself. Troubled with such cruel Fits, cry'd she; and then she made the third Stumble. The Gallant on one Side, and the Husband on the other, did what in them lay to set her on her Legs again, but as her Fits still increas'd, the Husband, with the Help of the kind Gentleman, was obliged to carry her to the next Town: The Gallant chafed her Hand, and rubb'd her Face; and all the while the Fellow thank'd him for the great Pains he took with his Wife: But finding her Indispotion still increase, he ran down Stairs like Lightning to fetch a Physician of his Acquaintance to her, not daring to trust his Servants with so important a Message. In the mean time, our Lovers were not wanting to administer mutual Consolation to each other: So by that Time the Husband came back with his Doctor, his Wife was

exceedingly refresh'd. The Gallant was complimented a thousand Times for his Civilities on this Occasion: Sir, says the Man, I heartily beg your Pardon for the Trouble my Wife has given you. Lord, Sir, answer'd he, if it was to do ten Times again, it would be no Trouble. But indeed 'twas too much, Sir. I'faith, cries the other, I don't think I can ever do too much for her. I swear but you have, says the Husband, I find she hath put you into a Sweat with helping her. In short, they drank a loving Glass together; the Wife pretended she was twenty *per Cent.* better then when she set out in the Morning, the Gallant was highly satisfy'd with what he had done, and the Husband the merriest Man alive, to see his Wife so miraculously recover'd.

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*Fables, Riddles, Ænigma's,  
Speeches, Soliloquies, and  
various Thoughts.*

F A B L E S.

*The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the  
FAIRY.*

GIVE me a Son. The Blessing sent,  
Were ever Parents more content?  
How partial are their doating Eyes!  
No Child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd

Wak'd to the Morning's pleasing Care,  
 The Mother rose, and sought her Heir ;  
 She saw the Nurse, like one posselt,  
 With wringing Hands and sobbing Breast.

Sure some Disaster has besel,  
 Speak Nurse ; I hope the Boy is well.

Dear Madam, think nor me to blame,  
 Invisible the Fairy came,  
 Your precious Babe is hence convey'd,  
 And in the Place a Changeling laid ;  
 Where are the Father's Mouth and Nose,  
 The Mother's Eyes, as black as Sloes ?  
 See here, a shocking aukward Creature,  
 That speaks a Fool in ev'ry Feature.

The Woman's blind, the Mother cries,  
 I see Wit sparkle in his Eyes.

Lord ! Madam, what a squinting Leer !  
 No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a pigmy Sprite  
 Pops through the Key-hole, swift as Light,  
 Perch'd on the Cradle's Top he stands,  
 And thus her Folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited Lie  
 That we the World with Fools supply ?  
 What ! give our sprightly Race away,  
 For the dull helpless Sons of Clay !  
 Besides, by partial Fondness shown,  
 Like you, we doat upon our own,  
 Where yet was ever found a Mother,  
 Who'd give her Booby for another ?  
 And should we change for human Breed,  
 Well might we pass for Fools indeed.



*The PAINTER who pleased No-body  
and Every-body*

**L**EST Men suspect your Tale untrue,  
Keep Probability in view.  
The Trav'ler leaping o'er those Bounds,  
The Credit of his Book confounds;  
Who with his Tongue hath Armies routed  
Makes ev'n his real Courage doubted.  
But Flatt'ry never seems absurd,  
The Flatter'd always take your Word,  
Impossibilities seem Just,  
They take the strongest Praise on Trust;  
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,  
Will still come short of Self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,  
That every Eye the Picture knew;  
He hit Complexion, Feature, Air,  
So just, the Life itself was there.  
No Flatt'ry, with his Colours laid,  
The Bloom restor'd the faded Maid,  
He gave each Muscle all its Strength,  
The Mouth, the Chin, the Nose's Length.  
His honest Pencil touch'd with Truth,  
And mark'd the Date of Age and Youth.

He lost his Friends, his Practice fail'd;  
Truth should not always be reveal'd,  
In dusty Piles his Picture lay,  
For no one sent the second Pay.

Two Bustos, fraught with ev'ry Grace,  
A *Venus*' and *Apollo's* Face,  
He plac'd in View; resolv'd to please,  
Whoever sate, he drew from these,

From

From these corrected ev'ry Feature,  
And spirited each aukward Creature.

All Things were set ; the Hour was come,  
His Pallet ready o'er his Thumb,  
My Lord appear'd, and seated Right  
In proper Attitude and Light,  
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the Piece,  
Then dipt his Pencil, talk'd of *Greece*,  
Of *Titian's* Hints, of *Guido's* Air ;  
Those Eyes, my Lord, the Spirit there  
Might well a *Raphael's* Hand require,  
To give them all the native Fire ;  
The Features fraught with Sense and Wit  
You'll grant are very hard to hit,  
But yet with Patience you shall view  
As much as Paint and Art can do.

Observe the Work. My Lord reply'd,  
'Till now I thought my Mouth was wide,  
Besides, my Nose is somewhat long,  
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young.

Oh, pardon me, the Artist cry'd,  
In this we Painters must decide.  
The Piece ev'n common Eyes must strike,  
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew ;  
No Looking-glass seem'd half so true.  
A Lady came, with borrow'd Grace  
He from his *Venus* form'd her Face,  
Her Lover prais'd the Painters Art ;  
So like the Picture in his Heart !  
To ev'ry Age some Charm he lent,  
Ev'n Beauties were almost content.

Through all the Town his Art they prais'd,  
His Custom grew, his Price was rais'd.

Had he the real Likeness shown,  
 Would any Man the Picture own?  
 But when thus happily he wrought,  
 Each found the Likeness in his Thought.

*The SCOLD and the PARROT.*

**T**H E Husband thus reprov'd his Wife.  
 Who deals in Slander, lives in Strife.  
 Art thou the Herald of Disgrace,  
 Denouncing War to all thy Race?  
 Can nothing quell thy Thunder's Rage,  
 Which spares no Friend, nor Sex, nor Age?  
 That vixen Tongue of yours, my Dear,  
 Alarms our Neighbours far and near;  
 Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling River,  
 That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!  
 Ne'er tir'd, perpetual Discord sowing!  
 Like Fame, it gathers Strength by going.  
 Heighday! the flippant Tongue replies,  
 How solemn is the Fool! how wise!  
 Is Nature's choicest Gift debarr'd?  
 Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.  
 Women of late are finely ridden,  
 A Parrot's Privilege forbidden!  
 You praise his Talk, his squaling Song;  
 But Wives are always in the Wrong.

Now Reputations flew in Pieces  
 Of Mothers, Daughters, Aunts and Nieces,  
 She ran the Parrot's Language o'er;  
 Bawd, Hussy, Drunkard, Slattern, Whore,  
 On all the Sex she vents her Fury,  
 Tries and condemns without a Jury.

At

At once the Torrent of her Words  
 Alarm'd Cat, Monkey, Dogs and Birds;  
 All join their Forces to confound her,  
 Puffs spits, the Monkey chatters round her,  
 The yelping Cur her Heels assaults,  
 The Magpye blabs out all her Faults;  
*Poll*, in the Uproar, from his Cage,  
 With this Rebuke out-scream'd her Rage.

A Parrot is for talking priz'd,  
 But prattling Women are despis'd;  
 She, who attacks another's Honour,  
 Draws ev'ry living Thing upon her.  
 Think, Madam, when you stretch your Lungs,  
 That all your Neighbours too have Tongues;  
 One Slander must ten Thousand get,  
 The World with Interest pays the Debt.

---

*The F O X and the M A S K.*

**A** F O X a *Player's* Room survey'd,  
 And all the Gimcracks of his Trade;  
 At last a handsome Mask he found,  
 And as he turn'd the Bauble round,  
 This Face, said he, is trimly done,  
 But Brains! ay Brains! alas here's none!  
 " *Beauty* is but a poor Pretence,  
 " When unaccompany'd with *Sense*.

---

*The D R O W N ' D W I F E and her  
 H U S B A N D.*

**A** N honest Man, whose *Wife* was drown'd,  
 Being careful that her Corps was found,  
 L 4 Sought

Sought it himself ; but, as they say,  
 Sought it, and in a strange, aukard way.  
 Against the Stream, as he went on,  
 His Neighbours kindly tell the Clown,  
 That Bodies with the Current go,  
 And that he ought to search below.  
 Ay ! ay ! cry'd he, but my old *Wife*,  
 Walk'd still *contrary*, thro' her Life ;  
 And tho' she's dead, I dare to say  
 She yet holds on her wayward Way.  
 " A fullen and ill-natur'd Dame,  
 " In all she does, is still the same.

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## M E R C U R Y.

**T**HE Thund'rer once, so Poets say,  
 Bid *Mercury* go take his way  
 To earth, and there to Tradesmen give  
*Lying, i. e. the Art to live.*  
 A certain Liquor was devised,  
 Which gave this *Faculty* so prized.  
 Eager the hasty Tradesmen sup,  
 Yet left, thro' Shame, half in the Cup.  
 This down, at once, the *Taylor* drinks,  
 Deep in his Mind the Potion sinks.  
 Hence,—tho' to *Lying* all Trades fall,  
 The *Taylor* still outlies them all.

---

## The S W A G G E R E R.

**A** *Braggadacio* void of Sense,  
 But full of Pride and Impudence,  
 Bounce



Bounces admidst the Croud ; and boasts  
 Of great Exploits on foreign Coasts ;  
 And there thought fit, amongst the rest,  
 To mention this, as much the best.  
 At *Rhodes* he jump'd to such a Length,  
 That none to reach him had the Strength.  
 Of which--quoth he--tho' strange the Thing,  
 Were I but there--such Proof I'd bring !  
 Such Proof ! cries one -- to make it plain,  
 Think you're at *Rhodes* -- and jump again.  
 " *Words* faintly prove a doubtful *Fact*,  
 " An *Act* demonstrates best an *Act*.

---

*The CHEAT and APOLLO.*

A MAN of Art, who vainly thought  
 He had so high his Cunning wrought,  
 That Heaven itself might be deceived,  
 To prove it Truth what he believed,  
 A Sparrow brought to *Delphos*' Shrine,  
 Close in his Hand with this Design,  
 To ask if it was dead or no,  
 Whereby he thought his Craft to shew.  
 For if the Oracle had said  
 Alive -- He then would squeeze it dead:  
 If Dead -- He meant to let it fly,  
 And leave the *God* without Reply.  
*Apollo* scorn'd such Tricks as these ;  
*It is*, said he, *just as you please*.  
 " Can there a Notion be more odd,  
 " Than his, who thinks of cheating *GOD* ?

## R I D D L E S.

**I** Am of Nature so subtle  
 That if 'tis not luted with Care,  
 The Spirit will work thro' the Bottle  
 And vanish away into Air:  
 To keep it, there's nothing so hard is,  
 'Twill go betwixt waking and sleeping;  
 The Simple too weak for a Guard is,  
 And no Wit would be plagu'd with the keeping.

*A Maiden-Head.*

---

**W** H A T Fortune gives, I wear in State,  
 A little Thing does make me Great;  
 All admire me when I wear it,  
 Yet Cares attend all those that bear it.

*A Crown on a King's Head.*

---

**I** View the World in little Space,  
 Am always restless, changing Place:  
 No Food I eat, but by my Power,  
 Procure what Millions do devour.

*The Sun.*

---

**O** F Mirth the Parent and the Child of Art.  
 A Stranger to my self in every Part,  
*East-India* has a Native in my Breast,  
 The *West* my Softness and my Fire the *East*:  
 While

While kinder Climes my Virtues to compleat,  
 Quicken my mildness and correct my Heat.  
 Thus perfect, yet Humility I show;  
 The more I am admired the less I grow,  
 My faithful Friends upon my Ruin thrive,  
 And see me dying as they grow alive.

*Punch.*

---

**A** *French* Gentleman being in Company with several Ladies that were puzzling him with Riddles, at last it came to his Turn to give 'em the following, which was very modest he assured 'm.

The Man var willing, the Woman var willing, but the Ting between his Leg var no willing, vat be dat Ladies? After many wrong GuesSES, one said it was a Man and Woman on Horseback, which wanted to get Home, but the Creature being tir'd did not Care to stir any farther.

---

### Æ N I G M A ' s

**M** Y Sire is Av'rice, Idleness my Dam,  
 Tho' rais'd from Rags, a train of Kings  
 I claim;  
 Queens, to my Will submissive, stand prepar'd;  
 The *Great Mogul* even deigns to be my Guard.  
 Gay splendid Robes of various Dyes I wear,  
 No Wealth I boast, yet deck'd with Gems  
 appear;

Con-

Continual War I wage without Expence,  
 A Gard'ners Tool I use in my Defence;  
 My Heart with native Ardour ever glows,  
 And arm'd like *Hercules* I dare the Foes,  
 Swift fly the Hours, while I the Hours employ,  
 At once the Source of Madness, Grief, and  
 Joy;

I rest by Day, neglected, and retir'd,  
 By Night I shine, by all Degrees admir'd!  
 For me the Gay, the Grave, can Time afford,  
 Alike caref'd by Porter, and by Lord.  
 For me fair *Celia* quits her Husband's Arms,  
 And gives whole Nights to my superior  
 Charms!

Anxious, for me, her lovely Bosom heaves,  
 Me, at the Dawn, she with Reluctance leaves,  
 Oft to my Aid the needy Villain flies,  
 The wealthy Fool oft falls my Sacrifice.  
 The Sick I ease, yet oft produce much Evil,  
 The Clergy's Darling, Darling of the Devil!  
 Patriots themselves my Favours don't despise,  
 Tho' nearly I'm related to th' Excise.  
 Brave Sons of *Mars* in War with me delight,  
 And toil and struggle thro' the well-fought  
 Night.

In liquid Sulphur drench'd my death I find,  
 And dying I am useful to Mankind.

*Quadrille.*

W H E N first the Architect of all  
 Gave Motion to this rolling Ball,  
 (Ere mortal Man began to be)  
 The fertile Earth produced me.

And

And till the Sun shall loose his Light,  
 The Moon be Blood, and all be Night,  
 Secure from Fate, I shall remain  
 Exempt from Passion and from Pain.  
 All Night I range the spangl'd Skies;  
 But when bright *Sol* begins to Rise,  
 From upward Regions down I fly,  
 And on this earthly Globe I lie,  
 In different Forms, on distant Plains  
 I'm present with the Herds and Swains!  
 Who, when they're tir'd with Toil and Heat,  
 Oft find in me a cool Retreat.  
 There's not an Action nor a Shape  
 But what I may be seen to Ape:  
 Nor swiftest Beast can range so wide,  
 But I can always run by's Side;  
 Nor Bird that open Air does Plough,  
 Nor Arrow from the Archer's Bow  
 Can over-match me in my Flight;  
 I'm swift as are the Rays of Light:  
 Yet, by Degrees, my Motion's slower;  
 At last, not move an Inch an Hour.  
 Sometimes in publick I appear,  
 And all the Marks of Grandeur wear;  
 My Pavement curious to behold,  
 My Steps are laid with purest Gold;  
 Approach'd by Crowds, who stand and gaze,  
 Their Thirst of Knowledge to appease;  
 While I to all alike am kind,  
 And what they sought, by me they find;  
 Yet after *Sol* concludes the Day,  
 I never thus was known to stay;  
 But when you view the setting Sun,  
 Beyond the Lunar Orb I'm gone;

Nor



Nor there still lost to human Sight;  
But oft the Vulgar I affright,

*A Shadow.*

---

**W**Ork'd into Shape by skilful Art,  
Mindless of ought besides,  
Grateful I act my destin'd Part,  
As my Dictator guides.  
Strange Composition, wond'rous Frame,  
Aukward in ev'ry Feature ;  
I challenge all the World to name  
Such a deform'd Creature.  
Sometimes, in native Dress, I'm seen  
In many a Peasant's Cot ;  
When Nature wears a look serene,  
And Gloom surrounds the Grot.  
When *Phæbus* tips with Gold the Skies,  
I've seldom much to do ;  
But when his beamy Splendor dies,  
My Labours strait ensue.  
The Man's esteem'd a busy Fool,  
(This my Director knows)  
Who makes me break the gen'ral Rule,  
The Day's for my Repose.  
Sometimes in glitt'ring Coat array'd,  
I grace the Lady's Table ;  
To act, without assisting aid,  
Still utterly unable.  
Strange ! I possess two monstrous Eyes,  
Each void of human Sight ;  
Fix'd on my small supporting Thighs,  
And open to the Light.

But

But if a Monarch (pray excuse me)  
 For his Advantage plies me ;  
 With Thumb and Finger, to abuse me,  
 He more than half diseyes me.  
 A Head of monstrous Size I wear,  
 A Mouth, almost as large,  
 Ope, and imbogues Provision there,  
 Which soon demands Discharge.  
 Far on my Front appears my Nose,  
 Slender and sharp at Top ;  
 Nor *Shipton*-like, my Patron knows,  
 To need a chinny Prop.  
 Black as the Shades of Night my Food,  
 By Night my chief Employ ;  
 Strange Incoherence ! understood  
 The Spring of lightsome Joy.  
 Clammy and hot my Food I take,  
 Yet for no selfish Cause,  
 And when my Agent bids, I shake  
 It from my opening Jaws.  
 Head, Mouth and Nose, but ne're a Tongue,  
 (Believe the wondrous Scene)  
 At distance from my Eyes are hung,  
 With only Thighs between.  
 Hideous Composure, call'd a Pair,  
 Yet in my Frame but one ;  
 Ye wond'ring Nymphs and Swains declare  
 My Name, as yet unknown.

*A Pair of Snuffers.*

---

I N diff'rent Regions diff'rent is my Name,  
 rove, and change ; another, yet the same  
 Constant

Constant to borrow, thoughtless how to pay,  
 Like Prodigals, I squander all away.  
 I am a Female, and to curb my Pride,  
 As others of my Sex, have one blind Side,  
 My Locks are fair, my Visage pale and wan,  
 Sworn against Wedlock, yet I keep a Man.  
 Feign'd Chastity ! my Midnight round I keep,  
 And dearly love to kiss young Men asleep ;  
 I'm Old and Young, a Prude and yet a Lover,  
 A Twin by Birth, and have an elder Brother;  
 Physician he, to *Galen's* Method true,  
 Well skill'd in Herbs, and some say Min'rals  
 too :

But as these Doctors seldom deal in Grace,  
 He fumes, and topos, and 'spoils a handsome  
 Face ;

Yet fond of Ladies, oft in sportive Joke,  
 He pulls off *Chloe's* Tippet, Hood and Cloak :  
 On her bare Breast his am'rous Fingers stray,  
 And tarnish'd Marks disclose the wanton Play.  
 Alack ! to Flowers how like is every Maid !  
 Touch them they wither, and with handling  
 fade.

My whole Expence this Brother does sustain,  
 But yet one House could never hold us twain :  
 Kind at a Distance ; if we meet, beware,  
 Hostile we threaten, and for War prepare.  
 He burns my Cap, and stung with Female  
 spite

His Eyes I tear, and aim to blind him quite,  
 Women and Children sicken at the Sight :  
 But Fury quickly spent, we end the Fray,  
 Shake Hands and Kifs, and Peaceful march  
 away.

*The Moon.*

SPEECHES.

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## Imitation

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Wife: Mrs. J. J. J.

## The World

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Lustre

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Lurie

Pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting;  
Formings and Conformings; painting blue  
Veins,

And Cheeks; such stir with Sticks, and Combs,  
Casscanets, Dressings, Purles, Falls, Squares,  
Busks,

Boddice, Scarfs, Neck-Laces, Carcanets,  
Rebatoes,

Borders, Tires, Fans, Pallizadoes, Puffs, Ruffs,  
Cuffs, Muffs, Pusles, Susles, Partlets, Frislets,  
Bandlets, Fillets, Croslets, Pendulets, Amulets,  
Anulets, Bracelets, and so many Lets,

That she is scarce drest to the Girdle: And

Now there is such calling for Fardingals,

Kirtlets, Busk-Points, Shoe-ties, &c. that seven

Pedlar's Shops, nay all *Sturbridge* Fair, will

Scarce furnish her: a Ship is sooner rigg'd

By far, than a Gentlewoman made ready.

*Lingua.*

*On a B A W D*

**A** Bawd, first for her Profession, or  
Vocation, 'tis most worshipful of all

The twelve Companies; for as that Trade is  
most

Honourable that sells the best Commodities,

As the Draper is more worshipful than

The Point-maker; the Silk-man more wor-  
shipful

Than the Draper, and the Goldsmith more  
honourable

Than both; so the Bawd above all: her Shop  
Has



Has the best Ware ; for where these sell but  
Cloth,

Sattens and Jewels, she sells divine Virtues,  
As Virginity, Modesty, and such rare  
Gems, and those not like a petty Chapman,  
By Retail, but like a great Merchant, by  
Wholesale. And who are her Customers?  
Not base Corn-cutters, or Sow-gelders, but  
Most rare wealthy Knights, and most rare  
Bountiful Lords are her Customers. Again,  
Whereas no Trade or Vocation profiteth,  
But by the Loss and Disappointment of  
Another ; as the Merchant thrives not but  
By the Licentiousness of giddy Youth,  
And unsettled ; the Lawyer but by the  
Vexation of his Client ; the Physician  
But by the Maladies of his Patient,  
Only my smooth-gumb'd Bawd lives by others  
Pleasure, and only grows rich by others  
Rising, O merciful Gain ! O righteous  
Income ! So much for her Vocation,  
Trade, and Life : As for their Death, how  
can it

Be bad, since their Wickedness is always  
Before their Eyes, and a Death's Head most  
commonly

On their middle Finger. To conclude, 'tis  
Most certain they must needs both live well, and  
Die well, since most commonly they live in  
*Clarkenwell*, and die in *Bridewell*.

*Marston's Dutch Courtezan.*

## On CONSCIENCE.

WHERE's my Conscience, now ?  
 O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* Purse.  
 When he opens his Purse to give me my  
 Reward, my Conscience flies out.

'Tis no Matter,

Let it go ; there's few or none will entertain it.  
 No I'll not meddle with it ; 'tis a dang'rous  
 Thing, it makes a man a Coward : a Man  
 Cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a Man  
 Cannot swear, but it checks him ; a Man cannot  
 Lie with his Neighbour's Wife but it detects  
 Him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd Spirit, that  
 Mutinies in a Man's Bosom : It fills  
 One full of Obstacles. It made me once  
 Restore a Purse of Gold, that by Chance I  
 Found. It beggars any Man, that keeps it.  
 It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities for  
 A dang'rous Thing ; and every Man that means  
 To live well, endeavours to trust to himself,  
 And live without it.

*Shakespear's King Richard III.*

## On CORRUPTION.

SINCE the Corruption of one  
 Must conclude the Generation of  
 Another, though not always in the same  
 Profession ; the Corruption of an Apothecary,  
 May be the Generation of a Doctor

Of

Of Physick ; the Corruption of a Citizen  
 May beget a Courtier, and a Courtier  
 May very well beget an Alderman :  
 The Corruption of an Alderman may  
 Be the Generation of a Country Justice,  
 Whose corrupt Ignorance easily may  
 Beget a Tumult ; a Tumult may beget  
 A Captain, and the Corruption of a  
 Captain may beget a Gentleman-Usher ;  
 And a Gentleman-Usher may beget  
 A Lord, whose Wit may beget a Poet ;  
 And a Poet may get a Thousand Pound  
 A Year, but nothing without Corruption.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

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### ON A COUNTRY-LASS.

'TIS a rare Wench ! she i' th' blue Stock-  
 ings ;

What a Complection she had when she was  
 warm !

'Tis a hard Question, of these Country  
 Wenches,

Which are simpler, their Beauties, or them-  
 selves.

There's as much Difference betwixt  
 A Town Lady, and one of these,  
 As there is betwixt a wild Pheasant, and a  
 tame.

There goes such essensing, washing, perfuming,  
 Daubing to th' other, that they are the least  
 Part

Of themselves :

Indeed

Indeed there's so much Sauce, a Man can't  
taste the Meat.

By this Light, I hate a Woman dress'd up to  
her Height,

Worse than I do Sugar with Muscadine ;

It leaves no Room for me to imagine

I cou'd improve her if she were mine :

It looks like a Jade with his Tail ty'd up with  
Ribbons,

Going to a Fair to be sold.

*Suckling's Goblins.*

### On a COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

A Country 'Squire is one, was wise before he  
was

A Man, for then his Folly was excuseable ;  
But since he came to be of Age, which had  
Been a Question till his Death, had not  
The Law given him his Father's Lands ; he is  
Grown wicked enough to be a Landlord.

He does pray but once a Year, and that's for  
Fair Weather in Harvest ; his inward Senses  
Are sound, for none comes from him ; he  
speaks Words

But no Matter ; and therefore is in Election  
To be of the Peace and *Quorum*, which his  
Tenants think him fit for, and his Tutor's  
Judgment allows, whom he maintains to make  
Him Legs and Speeches. He feeds well himself,  
But in Obedience to Government, he  
Allows his Servants Fasting-Days : he loves  
Law, because it kill'd his Father, whom the  
Parson

Parson overthrew in a Case of Tithes ;  
 And in Memory wears nothing suitable ;  
 For his Apparel is a *Cento*, or  
 The Ruins of ten Fashions ; he does not  
 Much care for Heav'n, for he's doubtful of any  
 Such Place, only Hell he's sure of, for the  
 Devil sticks to his Conscience ; therefore he  
 Does purpose when he dies, to turn his Sins  
 Into Alms-houses, that Posterity  
 May praise him for his bountiful Ordination  
 Of hot Pottage.

*Shirley's Witty Fair One.*

*On a COURTIER.*

I Remember, when the Fight was done,  
 When I was dry with Rage, and extreme  
     Toil,  
 Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,  
 Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly  
     dress'd  
 Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin, new-  
     reap'd,  
 Shew'd like a Stubble-land at Harvest-home.  
 He was perfum'd like a Milliner ;  
 And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held  
 A Pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his Nose ; and took't away again,  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came  
     there,  
 Took it in snuff—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;  
 And as the Soldiers bear dead Bodies by ;  
 He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,  
     To



To bring a slovenly, unhandsome Coarse,  
 Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.  
 With many Holy-day and Lady Terms  
 He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded  
 My Pris'ners, in your Majesty's Behalf.  
 I, then all-smarting with my Wounds being  
 cold,

To be so pester'd with a Popinjay,  
 Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what  
 He should, or should not ; for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-Gentlewoman,  
 Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds ; God  
 save the Mark !

And telling me the sovereign'st Thing on Earth  
 Was *Sperma Ceti* for an inward Bruise ;  
 And that it was great Pity, so it was,  
 This villainous Salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,  
 Which many a good, tall Fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly : And, but for these vile Guns,  
 He would himself have been a Soldier——

*Shakespear's First Part of Henry IV.*

What's your Courtier, Sir ?  
 I'll tell you in a brief Character, what  
 Was taught me. Speak nothing that you mean;  
 Perform nothing that you Promise; pay nothing  
 That you owe ; flatter all above you ; scorn  
 All beneath you ; deprave all in private ;  
 Praise all in public ; keep no Truth in your  
 Mouth ; no Faith in your Heart ; no Health  
 in your

Bones ;

Bones ; no Friendship in your Mind ; no  
Modesty

In your Eyes ; no Religion in your Conscience ;  
But especially no Money in your Purse.

If you do, take heed of spending it on  
Any thing but Panders, Punks, and Fidlers ;  
For that were most unfashionable.

*Richard Brome's City Wit.*

### ON COURTSHIP.

**A**LL Women are not to be taken all Ways,  
No more than all Birds, or all Fishes.

If you appear learned to an ignorant  
Wench, or Jocund to a Sad, or Witty  
To a Foolish, why she presently begins  
To mistrust herself. You must approach them  
In their own Height, their own Line ; for the  
Contrary makes many that fear to commit  
Themselves to noble and worthy Fellows,  
Run into the Embraces of a Rascal.

If she love Wit, give Verses, though you  
borrow

Them of a Friend ; or buy them, to have good.  
If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent  
In the mention of Quarrels, though you be  
Staunch in Fighting. If Activity, be seen  
On your *Barbary* often, or leaping  
Over Stools, for the Credit of your Back.

If she love good Cloaths, or Dressing, have your  
Learned Council 'bout you ev'ry Morning,  
Your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linener, &c.  
Let your Powder, your Glass, and your Comb  
be

M

Your

Your dearest Acquaintance. Take more care for  
 The Ornament of your Head, than the Safety;  
 And wish the Commonwealth rather troubled,  
 Than a Hair about you. That will take her.  
 Then if she be covetous, and craving,  
 Do you promise any Thing, and perform  
 Spairingly; so shall you keep her in Appetite  
 Still. Seem as you would give, but be like a  
 Barren Field, hat yields little; or unlucky  
 Dice to foolish and hoping Gamesters. Let  
 Your Gifts be slight and dainty, rather than  
 Precious. Let cunning be above Cost. Give  
 Cherries at Time of Year, or Apricots;  
 And say they were sent you out o'th Country,  
 Though you bought them in *Cheapside*. Admire  
 Her Tires; like her in all Fashions;  
 Compare her in ev'ry Habit to some Deity;  
 Invent excellent Dreams to flatter her,  
 And Riddles; or if she be a great one,  
 Perform always the second Parts to her;  
 Like what she likes, praise whom she praises,  
 and

Fail not to make the Household and Servants  
 Yours, yea, the whole Family, and salute  
 Them by their Names, ('tis but light Cost,  
 if you

Can purchase them so) and make her Physician  
 Your Pensioner, and her chief Women. Nor  
 Will it be out of your Gain to make Love to  
 her too,

So she follow, not usher her Lady's Pleasure.  
 All Babbling is taken away, when she  
 Comes to be Part of the Crime.

*Johnson's Silent Woman.*  
 On

*On a CUCKOLD.*

**T**O be a Cuckold is as natural  
 To a married Man, as to Eat, Sleep,  
 Or wear a Night-cap. Friends, I will rather  
 Trust mine Arm in the Throat of a Lion,  
 My Purse with a Courtezan, my Neck with  
 The Chance on a Dye, or my Religion  
 In a Synagogue of *Jews*, than my Wife  
 With a Friend. Wherein do Princes exceed  
 The poorest Peasant that ever was yoked  
 To a Six-penny Strumpet, but that the  
 Horns of the one are mounted some two Inches  
 Higher by a Chopin than the other?  
 Oh *Ateon*! The goodliest-headed Beast  
 Of the Forest, amongst wild Cattle, is a Stag;  
 And the goodliest Beast, amongst tame Fools  
 In a Corporation, is a Cuckold.

*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.*

*On a BASTARD.*

**H**E's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!  
 She shook him from her Nerves in a Con-  
 vulsion;  
 His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,  
 And taking from the Mint the fiery Ore,  
 His Image bless'd, and cry'd, It is my own.  
 Yet more! a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought,  
 That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,  
 Than Heav'n for Souls. Nay and a young  
 Priest too!

Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,  
 Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy.

*Lee Cæf. Borg.*

SIXTEEN Years of Age! I'll lay sixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet, no Disparagement, I have but six; she's not sixteen. How long is't now since *Marius* triumph'd last.

Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, since *Marius* enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and she were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happiness; she was too good for me. But, as I was saying, a Month hence she'll be sixteen. 'Tis since *Marius* triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then she was wean'd. Sure I shall never forget it of all Days—Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormseed to my Breast, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I said before when it did taste the Wormseed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, Fool! to see it reachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it is thirteen Years; and then she could stand alone; nay, she could run and waddle all about: For just the Day before she broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quo' he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vienny*? And, by my Fackins, the pretty Chit left crying and said, Ay—I warrant an I should live a thousand



thousand Years, I never should forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vienny*? quo' he; and, pretty Fool, it stopt, and said, Ay.

I cannot chuse but laugh to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay———And yet in Sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockrill's Stone, a parlous Knock! and it cry'd bitterly. Ay quo' my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not, *Vienny*? Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay———

Well; thou wast the pretty'st Babe that e'er I nurst. Might I but live to see thee marry'd once I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay——— *Cajus Marius.*

I Will not Change my Horse with any that treads on four Pasterns; he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were Hairs; when I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk; he trots the Air, the Earth sings when he touches it; the basest Horn of his Hoof is more Musical than the Pipe of *Hermes*—He's of the Colour of the Nutmeg, and of the Heat of the Ginge. It is a Beast for *Perseus*; he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in Patient stillness while his Rider mounts him; he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts. He is the Prince of Palfreys, his Neigh is like the Bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

The Man hath no Wit, that cannot from  
 the Rising of the Lark to the Lodging of the  
 Lamb, vary deserved Praise on my Palfrey;  
 it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the  
 Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse  
 is Argument for them all, 'tis a Subject for a  
 Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's  
 Sovereign to ride on; and for the World, fa-  
 miliar to us and unknown, to lay apart their  
 Particular Functions and wonder at him. I  
 once writ a Sonnet in his Praise, and began  
 thus, *Wonder of Nature.*—————

*Shakespear's Henry V.*

## SOLILOQUIES.

**I** Do remember an Apothecary,  
 In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming  
 Brows,

Culling of Simples: meagre were his Looks,  
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;  
 And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,  
 An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins  
 Of ill-shap'd Fishes, and about his Shelves  
 A beggerly Account of empty Boxes,  
 Green earthen Pots, Bladders and musty Seeds,  
 Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of  
 Roses,

Were thinly scattered to make up a Show.

*Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

His

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs  
 With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys :  
 Here Mummies lay, most reverendly stale,  
 And there the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail,  
 Not far from some huge Shark's devouring  
 Head,

The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread ;  
 Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,  
 And near a scally Alligator hung :  
 In this Place Drugs, in musty Heaps, decay'd ;  
 In that, dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth are  
 laid. Gar.

**W**HAT cloying Meat is Love—when  
 Matrimony's the Sauce to it? Two  
 Years Marriage has debauch'd my five Senses.  
 Every Thing I see, every thing I hear, every  
 thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every  
 thing I taste—methinks has Wife in't.

No Boy was ever so weary of his Tutor,  
 no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of doing Penance,  
 or old Maid of being chaste, as I am of being  
 married.

Sure there's a secret Curse entail'd upon the  
 very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young  
 Lady, a fine Lady, a witty Lady, a virtuous  
 Lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one  
 Thing on Earth I loath beyond her: That's  
 fighting. Would but my Courage come up  
 to a fourth Part of my Ill-nature, I'd stand  
 buff to her Relations, and thrust her out of  
 Doors.

But Marriage has sunk me down to such an Ebb of Resolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho' even to get rid of my Wife.

*Provok'd Wife.*

**I** F I be not asham'd of my Soldiers, I am a sowc'd Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's Press damnably. 'I have got, in Exchange  
 ' of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, three hundred'd and odd Pounds. I Press me none but  
 ' good Housholders, Yeoman's Sons—enquire  
 ' me out contracted Batchelors, such as have  
 ' been ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear  
 ' the Devil, as a Drum; such, as fear the Report of a Culverin, worse than a Struck-fowl,  
 ' or a hurt Wild-duck. I Press me none but  
 ' such Toasts and Butter, with Hearts in their  
 ' Bellies no bigger than Pins Heads, and they  
 ' have bought out their Services: and now  
 ' my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the  
 ' painted Cloth, where the Glutton's Dogs  
 ' licked his Sores; and such as indeed were  
 ' never Soldiers, but discarded unjust serving  
 ' Men, younger Sons to younger Brothers: revolted Tapsters, and Ostlers trade-fall'n,  
 ' the Cankers of a calm World and long Peace:  
 ' ten times more dishonourable ragged, than  
 ' an old fac'd Ancient; and such have I to  
 ' fill up the Rooms of them that have bought  
 ' out their Services; that you would think I  
 ' had

' had a hundred ond fifty tatter'd Prodigals,  
 ' lately come from Swine-keeping, from eat-  
 ' ing Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met  
 ' me on the Way, and told me, I had un-  
 ' loaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead  
 ' Bodies. No Eye hath seen such Scarecrows :  
 ' I'll not march through *Coventry* with them,  
 ' that's flat. Nay, and the Villians march wide  
 ' betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on :  
 ' for indeed, I had the most of them out of  
 ' Prison. There's but a Shirt and a half in  
 ' all my Company ; and the half Shirt is two  
 ' Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over  
 ' the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without  
 ' Sleeves ; and the Shirt, to say the Truth,  
 ' stoll'n from my Host of *St. Albans* ; or the  
 ' red nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's  
 ' all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every  
 ' Hedge.

Owe to Heaven a Death ! 'Tis not due  
 yet : I would be loth to pay him before his  
 Day. What need I be so forward with  
 him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no  
 Matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if  
 Honour pricks me off when I come on ?  
 How then ? Can Honour set to a Leg ? ' No.  
 ' Or an Arm ? No. Or take away the Grief  
 ' of a Wound ? No. Honour hath no Skill in  
 ' Surgery then ? No. What is Honour ? A  
 ' Word. What is that Word Honour ? Air ;  
 ' a trim Reckoning, Who hath it ? He that  
 ' dy'd a *Wednesday*, doth he feel it ? No.  
 ' Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ?  
 ' Yea, to the Dead. But will it not live



‘ with the Living? no. Why? Detraction  
 ‘ will not suffer it, therefore I’ll none of it.  
 ‘ Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends  
 ‘ my Catechism.

*First Part of Henry IV.*

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## VARIOUS THOUGHTS.

**F**OR a King to engage his People in a War to carry off every little Humour in the State, is like a Physician ordering his Patient to be flux’d for every Pimple.

The surest Way of governing, both in a Private Family and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.

If your Friend is in Want, don’t carry him to a Tavern, where you treat yourself as well as he, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or filling his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of Lac’d Ruffles to a Man that has never a shirt to his Back. Put somewhat in his pocket.

One said to a very slothful cowardly Fellow.—*If thou wast not afraid of dying, thou wou’d’st not take Pains to draw thy Breath.*

Young Fellows—says a mettled Girl, are for the most Part in the Wrong, so very Impudent they’re

they're Nauseous, or so Modest they are Use-  
less.

Arguments among Men, are like Bones  
among Dogs, serve to set them together by  
the Ears.

Death only has the Key of a Miser's Chest,  
and the Devil unlocks it.

Cowardice in Soldiers is as bad, as Conceit  
in Fools, Leachery in old Age, Zeal in Li-  
bertines, or Pride in Beggars.

He who laughs at Mischief, tells us he is  
pleas'd that it is done, tho' he is sorry that he  
had no Hand in it.

The Chimney and the Garret are related,  
and therefore Taylors and Chimney-Sweepers  
are Cousin Germans.

Collectors for the Poor provide for them-  
selves first, according to the Proverb, *that*  
*Charity begins at Home.*

Fine Cloaths, little Money, and less Sense,  
furnish out a Town Rake.

Out upon you for a Wh—— says *Lucilla*  
to *Dorinda*, when she has been thrice brought to  
Bed of Bastards herself, and lies ev'ry Night  
naked.

The World is truly compar'd to a *Stage*  
*Play,*

*Play*, by Reason there is so much Diffimulation in it, wherein, like *Players*, most Persons act the Parts of others, and not their own.

The Success of Gamsters like the Sea, has its Ebbs and Flowings, and Fortune is the only coy Mistress that ever shun'd her Admirers after Enjoyment.

Lawyers rob our Pockets, Poets our Time, Women and Vintners our Health, and false Priests assist in our Damnation.

If we go empty handed to *Court* for Preferment, we must expect to come empty back too.

He that injures One, threatens a Hundred.

It may be said of those who die in their Infancies—*That they only break their Fasts in this World.*

The Epicure puts his Money in his Belly, and the Miser his Belly in his Purse. An envious Man keeps his Knife in his Hand, and swallows his Meat whole.

He that rises from Table without saying Grace, may be said, to go away without paying for his Ordinary.

A young Fellow who falls in Love with a whore, may be said to fall asleep in a Hog-slye. A co-

A covetous rich Man may be said to freeze before the Fire — to be a meer Dog in a Wheel, that toils to roast Meat for other Men's eating.

One can no more stop a Widow's Mouth, when she is talking of her Law Suits, than a Wit's, when he is talking of himself, or a Slanderer, when he is talking of other People.

A Woman may appear the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty for her Dress — And as Fools are never more provoking, than when they are endeavouring at Wit; so ugly Women are never more nauseous, than when they wou'd be Beauties.

A Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd, they are still in their Way, both Helpers of Nature.

Married Women generally shew all their Modesty the first Day, as married Men shew all their Love the first Night.

He who for Business from his Wife will run, Takes the best Course to have her Business done.

A long Preface to a short Book, is like a large Porch to a little House.

A handsome Wife, and a fine Horse, is a Country Parson's Coat of Arms: A Tith Cappon, and a Tith Pig, are the two Supporters.  
Five

Five of the most agreeable Things on a Journey, are—Money in one's Pocket, a good Road, a wholesome Bed, fine Weather and a kind Landlady—if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

We may reasonably compare the Gifts of Fortune to an Eel, which we no sooner have in our Hands, but she slips thro' our fingers.

Fornication and Perjury go as often together, as Paint and the Pox.

Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as a whining Harlot, and Honest as a hungry Pimp.

An old-fashion'd Country-House looks like Noah's-Ark, as if it had been made for the Beasts of the Field, and the Fowls of the Air.

An unloving married Couple, are like the Spread-Eagle, one looks one Way, and the other t'other.

Two Persons at high Words, sputter at one another like two roasted Apples.

An insufficient old Man, marrying a young Wife, is like the Vanity of taking a fine House, and yet be forc'd to let Lodgings to help pay the Rent.

A Rich Fool among the Wise, is like a gilt empty Punch-Bowl among Topers.

Beauty



Beauty in a virtuous Woman, is like the Bellows, whose Breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

To marry a Widow, is to live in a dead Man's Monument.

*Irishmen* make Love as Embroiderers work against a Court-Festival, Night and Day. They think Importunity a nearer Way than Merit, and take Women as School-Boys catch Squirrels, hunt them up and down till they are weary, and fall down before them.

Debauching a Member of the House of Commons from his Principles, and creating him a Peer, is like making a Woman a Whore, and afterwards marrying her.

Some Men have no Estates, yet want nothing ; others have great Incomes, and want every thing.

A King of *England* that rides his Ministers, should spur them too ; otherwise they will be apt to ride him.

A Courtier out of Favour is like a Lanthorn without a Candle.

A modern Patriot's Discontent is like a Dog shut out of Doors in a cold Night, who only howls to be let in.

The

The World grows older, but not wiser :  
Women and Parliaments still trust the same  
Sort of Men who have constantly deceiv'd 'em.

War is a Calamity, for which there is no  
Comfort, but that it is as bad for one Side as  
the other.

The *Romans*, and other Heroes of Anti-  
quity, made War by Wholesale ; they con-  
quer'd Kingdoms : We by Retail : Four or  
five Battles won, some on one Side some on  
the other : Three or four Towns taken, ten  
Years War, Fifty Millions paid, and to pay  
on both Sides, and you are welcome Gentle-  
men to a very indifferent, and perhaps a short  
Peace.

A Prince should never employ a Man who  
has no Reputation to lose : He brings nothing  
into his Service, and cares not what he car-  
ries out.

Old Men, say they, are weary of the  
World, but the World is first weary of them.

There are few great Men who have not sa-  
crific'd in the Temple of the Muses : King  
*David* wrote his *Psalms* ; *Julius Cæsar*, a  
*Poem* in Praise of *Hercules* ; *Augustus Cæsar*,  
his *Ajax* ; *Seneca*, his Tragedies ; Our *Crom-*  
*well* made this Extempore *Distich*, when he  
dissolv'd the Long Parliament,  
*Magna Charta,*  
*Magna Farta,*

A Wo-

A Woman had rather yield her Gallant up to *Tyburn*, than to a Rival.

Men are commonly cheated when they first enter upon Play; and Women in their first Intrigue.

A Gentleman is judg'd of by his Company; a Workman, by his Tools; and a Prince by his Ministers.

The Temper of the Mind is no more in our Power, than the Health of the Body; and we can't insure ourselves from being angry Tomorrow, any more than from having a Fit of the Cholic.

The Papists would fain have the Doctrines of the Protestants thought new Inventions. One ask'd a Protestant, *Where his Religion was before the Time of Luther?* Did you wash your Face this Morning, reply'd he? Yes, answered the other. *Then where was your Face,* cry'd he, *before it was washed?*

He who marries for an Estate is happier then he expected, if he meets with a good Wife.

Who thinks a Woman has no Merit but her Money, ought to be a Cuckold.

Whom a Woman has granted one Thing, she can afterwards refuse nothing. ?

Some

Some Men have been thought brave, because in the Heat of the Battle they were afraid to run away.

It is a sad Truth, tho' Women won't believe it, that our Passion *ends* where their's *begins*.

It gives us but an ill Impression of the Capacity of the Gentlemen of the Faculty, to see Medicines have their Fashions like Hats and Wigs.

He that would rise at Court must have a large Throat to swallow Indignities, and a good strong Stomach to digest them afterwards.

Meddle with your Match, is a Saying among Boys, a Rule of Honour among Men, and a wise one among Princes.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us than Precepts: The Sight of Sir *Edward B——b* running after a Coach for Six-pence, will sooner reclaim a Prodigal than a Sermon.

A Change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the Ministry discarded, and a new Set of Men brought in their Room ten Times worse than their Predecessors; like the Devil in the Gospel, that left the possess'd Man's Body, and came afterwards *seven* strong.

COMICAL.

## COMICAL TRICKS.

*To make a painted Frog on a Wall seem as if  
it croak'd.*

**T**O perform this, make a Hole in the Wall;  
put a live Frog in it; cover it with the  
Paper the Frog is painted upon; then hold a  
lighted Candle near it, and you will find, that  
the Light and Heat will set the Frog a croak-  
ing, to the Admiration of the Spectators, un-  
acquainted with the Trick, who will imagine  
it to proceed from the painted Frog.

*To make an Egg move upon a Table.*

**T**AKE an Egg; make a little Hole at  
each End; after you have blown out the  
Contents, put a Leech into it, and stop up  
the Holes with Wax. The Egg, thus prepar'd,  
being set upon the Table, place some fresh  
Water at a little Distance, which the Leech  
immediately smelling, will make towards, and  
which will give the propos'd Motion to the  
Egg, to the agreeable Surprize of the Stan-  
ders by.

*A pleasant Wager, that a Person doth not  
break a Glass in three Strokes.*

**T**HE Wager being lay'd, the Party that  
undertakes to do it, will infallibly break  
it at the first Stroke, and not at the third, if  
he doth not know the Thing; but if he doth,  
the



the first two Strokes will be gentle, and he will break it at the third, by which he wins the Wager.

*Another, to take a Piece of Money from under a Pot without lifting it up.*

**PUT** the Money under the Pot before the Company, lay one Hand upon the Top; put the other under the Table, having in it another Piece of the same as that under the Pot. Then after using certain uncouth Terms, as *Presto—Vada*—be gone—shew the Company that Hand which was under the Table. Your Antagonist, to be satisfy'd, will infallibly take up the Pot, in order to see if the Money be really gone, or not; upon which you immediately lay your Hands upon it, and insist upon your Wager, having taken away the Money without lifting up the Pot.

*Another, that the best Jumper cannot leap over a Straw at three Inches Distance.*

**T**O perform this, you must agree upon certain previous Conditions, obliging the Person you lay the Wager with, and who is to jump, that he shall stand upright, without bending Head, Body, or Knees. If he accepts the Terms, it will be impossible for him to perform it; for the Body being upright, forms a right Angle with the Horizons on each Side, which forming again an Angle of Rest, is contrary to Motion. Now as long as he continues in this erect Posture, or, Angle of Rest, there

there can be no Elasticity, and consequently not being able to move Head, Body, or Knees, he cannot leap over the Straw.

*To bake an Egg upon your Head.*

**T**AKE a Loaf of Bread just come out of the Oven ; cut a Hole in it ; put the Egg in it ; cover the Hole again ; then wrap the Loaf in a woollen Cloth, and hold it upon your Head some Time, the Egg will soon be enough done.

*To make a painted Crow or Raven seem to croak*

**M**AKE a Hole in the wall ; put a Frog in it ; let your Crow, or Raven, be painted upon oily Paper, so as to be transparent ; fix it over the Hole, then hold a lighted Candle to the Beak of the Crow, or Raven, the Light and Head of which, will presently set the Frog a Croaking, to the no small Wonderment of the Company, who will imagine it to proceed from the Crow, or Raven.

*To convey a Piece of Money invisibly out of your Hand.*

**T**O perform this, take a little Red Wax, and stick it to the Nail of your middle Finger. Desire any of the Company to put a Piece of Money, a Shilling or Six-pence, upon the Palm of your Hand ; upon this, close your Hand quickly, so as the Wax may touch the  
Piece :

Piece: Then say, *Hiccius Doctius*—pass and be gone—at the same Time opening your Hand, and taking Care to hold the End of your Finger rather downwards than upwards. While the Spectators are wondering what is become of the Money, close your Hand quick again; then ask them whether they think it is there, or not? If they answer not, you may easily convince them to the contrary, by opening your Hand, and leaving the Piece of Money in your Palm again.

*To prepare a Lamp, that shall make a Company look of any Colour you please.*

**I**F green, order a Lamp to be made of green transparent Glass; put green Oil and a green Wick in it; then light it, and the Company will all look green. If black, you must make the same Preparations in black; and the same, if red or yellow, which will produce the same Effects.

*How two Persons, not above a Yard asunder, shall not be able to reach to one another.*

**I**F a Wager is lay'd upon this Question, or you have a Mind to propose it to a Company without, to promote Mirth, you have only to open the Door of the Room you are in; then place one of the Parties just without, and locking the Door, fix the other just within, and they will find it difficult to reach one another without forcing the Lock.

*To lift a Mortar of ten Pounds Weight with a Wine Glass.*

**T**URN the Mortar upside down ; rub the Bottom very smooth, so as there be not the least Unevenness ; make a Circle of the Bigness of the Rim of the Glass, with Clay, us'd by Distillers to lute their Glasses withal. Then take a lighted Paper ; put it into the Glass, and turn it upside down, fixing it to the Circumference upon the Mortar, and luting it quickly with the said Clay, so as not the least Air may enter. As soon as the Paper has done burning, and the Glass is cool, proceed to the Experiment, and you'll find it will answer to Admiration.

*To find out if a Servant is accustom'd to drink at the Tap.*

**A**FTER rubbing the Rim of a Glass with Japan Ink, or any black Stuff, order your Servant to fetch it you full of Beer, or Wine. If he has drank, he will have a Mark on his Nose, and so betray himself.

*To make wooden Puppets move, so as to seem to walk upon the Water.*

**P**UT so much Lead into the Legs of the Puppets as will just make them sink a little. This done, put them into the Water and they will move, according to the Motion of the Water, as if they were alive.

*To mix Beer and Water so together in a Glass, that the Beer shall be visibly underneath, and the Water above, and yet the Beer be drank from under the Water.*

**T**AKE a large white Beer-Glass, fill it half full of Beer; then cover it with a clean Handkerchief, and fill it very gently with Water, taking great Care not to mix them together. This done with proper Caution, they will both appear separate in the Glass. After that, in order to drink the Beer from the Water, you must take a clean Piece of Tobacco pipe, then put it to the Bottom of the Glass, and you'll easily suck the former thro' the latter.

*To make live Lobsters look as Red as when boil'd.*

**T**AKE some live Lobsters, put them in Brandy, and they will look as Red as when boil'd. Then serve them up to Table, and they will afford good Diversion to the Company, exhibiting a Kind of Resurrection, as if the Dead were risen again.

*To make Iceficles seem to burn.*

**T**AKE a Wax or Tallow Candle, smear it over with Powder of Brimstone and Coals; wrap some Paper tight round the Wick; let it lie in frosty Weather in the Water till it is cruisted over with Ice; then  
tell

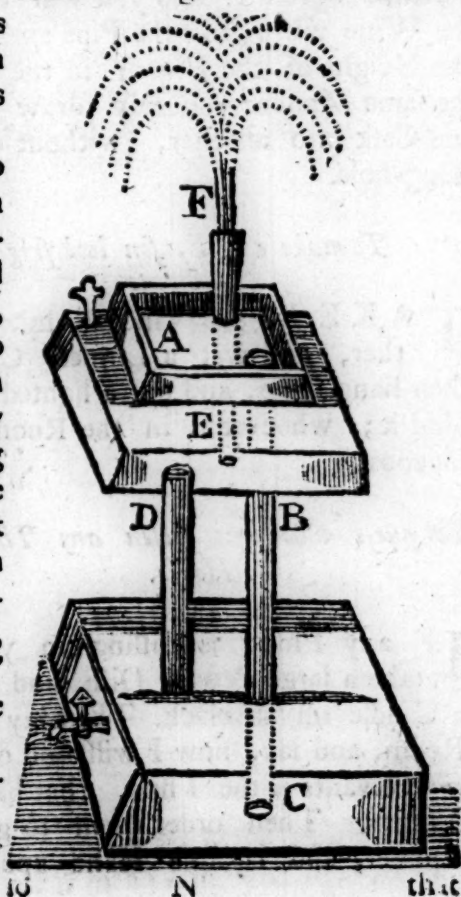


tell the Company that you will make that [seeming] Icecicle burn like a Candle; upon this, pull off the Paper, and light the Wick, which will burn to the agreeable Surprize of all present.

*To make a Fountain play continually.*

**O**R D E R a Fountain to be made according to the annex'd Figure. The Cistern

*A*, which is fill'd with Water, runs thro' the Pipe *B* into the Cistern *C*; if the Water is press'd by the Air, it rises into the Cistern *E*, were by the running over of the Pipe *D*, it is press'd in such a Manner, as to run, and play thro' the little Pipe *F*; which Water gathers itself again in the Cistern *A*; so



that it may not be improperly call'd a perpetual Fountain, and may be easily carried along with you where you go.

*To find how much Liquor there is drawn off from a Cask, without opening the Bung.*

**T**AKE a Pipe made of Glass, a little bent, put the End in the Tap-hole; then hold the Pipe upright, and you will observe that the Wine will rise in the Pipe exactly equal to the Height of the Liquor in the Cask. In the same Manner you may draw Wine from one Cask into another, without opening the Bung-hole.

*To make any Person look frightful.*

**T**AKE Salt and Vinegar, mix them together, and wet a Linnen Cloath in it; then hang it up, and put a lighted Candle behind it; whoever is in the Room will look hideous.

*To guess who has stolen any Thing in your House.*

**I**F any Thing is missing in your House, take a large Pewter Dish, and hold it over a Candle 'till 'tis black. Then lay it in a dark Room, and say, now I will find out which of my Servants is the Thief, that has stolen the Things. Then order them to go one after another, and lay one Hand upon the Dish,  
and

and come back again. The Innocent will do as they are bid, but the Thief suspecting some Mystery in it, will be apt not to touch the Dish ; so will be discover'd by the Print of his Hand not being seen upon it.

*To refine Wine so as it shall not intoxicate so soon.*

**T**AKE two Bottles, one with a larger Neck than the other, fill the largest with Wine, and the smaller with Water ; then gently turn this last upside down into the Neck of the other. Keep them in this Position, and the Water will gradually fall down, and the Wine rise up. By thus passing through one another, the Wine loses its gross Particles, and is very pleasant and wholesome to drink.



*To make all Sorts of humorous Representations in a Room.*

**P**UT some Brimstone and Wax in a Glass, light them, and the Company will seem to be without Heads.

*Or, Take some Asses Milk, mix it well in Oil, then put it in a Glass, and light it, they*  
N 2
will

will seem to one another, as if they had Asses Heads.

Or, Take a Serpent, put it into a new Pot with some new Wax, over the Fire, till it is quite dry. Then make a Flambeaux or Candle of it, and light it up at Night in a Room, and it will seem full of Serpents.

Or, Take the Dung of a Fox, some Bird's Feathers, and Hare Grease; boil them well together in Asses Urine; let it cool near the Fire; then convey it in the Night-time into a Room, and the Company will seem to have long Ears, and feather'd Garments.

Or, Take Ashwood, Scurvy Grass, Ox-pissel, and old Ropes; boil them together in Spring Water, and afterwards in Snow Water; then put it into the Oven, and bake it to a Stone; let the Company rub their Sides and Thighs with it; put the Candle out, and they will look like so many Furies.

*To set fire to a Handkerchief that shall not consume in Burning.*

**T**O perform this, take a Handkerchief, dip it in Brandy; then set it on fire, and it will burn as long as there is any Spirit, without hurting the Handkerchief; for it is the Property of Brandy not to consume any thing that is lighted with it, but itself.

*To smok Tobacco thro' Water.*

**T**AKE a Glas, according to the following Figure; fill it half full of Water; put a lighted Pipe into it, and likewise an empty one, so as it does not reach the Water; then cover the Glas close at the top. After this, smok out of the empty one, and you will draw the Fume thro' the Water from the other Pipe, as if you smok'd out of it.





*To make an Egg stand on the Point.*

**T**AKE an Egg, make a Hole at each End, blow out the contents, then pour a little melted Lead into it, or half an Ounce of Quicksilver; stop the Holes up again, and the Question is perform'd.

*To make Peas dance.*

**L**AY some Peas upon a Table, then beat upon it with your double Fists, and the Peas will jump, and mingle with one another, as if a dancing.

*To make Flames of Fire issue from an Egg.*

**T**AKE an Egg, blow out the Contents, as directed before; then dry it well in the Sun, and fill it with Brimstone, Saltpetre, and unquench'd Lime; close the Holes up again, then throw it into a River, and there will arise a Flame out of the Water.

*To light a Fire with Water.*

**T**O perform this surprizing Question, seemingly so directly against Nature, take a round Glass, such as Goldsmiths work with, fill it with clear Well Water, and hold it so to the Sun, as that the Beams may reflect exactly upon the Wood, or what you intend to set on fire. If the Glass be very large, and you

you put in your Water warm, the Sun-Beams will act upon it with greater Force, and set it the sooner on fire, but sooner yet, if you were to put an Egg-line, viz: hyperbolically made, into the Glafs. If you place two or three Glasses of different Sizes one behind another, so as the Sun-Beams may play upon them, it will produce surprizing Effects.

*To make a Snow Ball burn.*

**T**AKE Camphire, cut it into long Pieces, stick one of them in a Snow Ball, then light it, and it will afford great Diversion to see it burn; for the Camphire is a combustible Matter, not to be extinguish'd.

*To make a Candle burn longer than ordinary.*

**T**AKE a Pot full of Water, light your Candle, fix a Farthing to the bottom of it, then let it gently down into the Water as far as it will go, and it will swim as it were upright, as long as there is any Candle left: The Reason that the Candle burns so long, is, because the Water wets the Tallow, so that the Flame cannot consume it so fast.

*How to make People walking in the Streets appear in a Room, as if they walk'd on their Heads.*

**D**arken your Room, so as not the least Glimpse of Light may come in. Then

cut a small round Hole in the Shutter, or Window, hold a white Sheet of Paper before it, and Men, Women and Children as they pass along, will seem as if they walk'd on their Heads, which cannot fail of occasioning a good deal of Mirth in Company.

*To keep a lighted Candle under Water without going out.*

**T**AKE a long hollow Vessel, let there be a Socket in it to hold a Candle in the middle, then turn it upside down upon the Water with the lighted Candle in it, and it will burn under the Water, without any being able to come into the Vessel, because the Air hinders it.

*To represent a Rainbow in a Room.*

**P**LACE yourself with your Back to the Window where the Sun comes strong in, and your Face to the dark Part of the Room; fill your mouth with Water, then spurt it out with Violence into small Drops, and you will with a pleasing Admiration, see two Rainbows not far asunder, exactly resembling those in the Heavens. You may the readier represent it still by the help of a *Prismatis triangularis*, which the *Mechanici* call a *triangular Prism*; for by only placing it in the Rays of the Sun, which shining over the Glass, causes, by its Reflection and Refraction, a Rainbow on the Wall, or the Cieling; which  
is

is the clearer and brighter, the whiter the Wall is, and the further it is from the Window. Hence it is evident, that the Rainbow in the Heavens. is nothing but a Reflection and Refraction of the Sun Beams, caus'd by the Drops of Rain.

*To make a River, or Pond, burn.*

**P**OUND some Camphire to Powder, throw it upon the Surface of the Pond, or River, then light it, and it will seem as if the whole Pond was on fire.

*To roast a Bird on a Spit that turns of itself.*

**T**AKE a Wren, make your Spit of a Hazle-stick, then lay it down to the Fire, and it will turn of itself till the Bird is ready. The Physical Cause of this Experiment, is, because the Hazle-wood being very porous, immediately admits the Particles of Heat, which occasions the Motion, turning the Bird about, as long as there is any Humidity remaining.

*To make a roasted Calf's Head seem to cry.*

**T**AKE a little Grass Frog, put it in a little Box full of Holes, with some Grass in it. Just as you set the Calf's Head upon the Table, slip the Box with the Frog in it, into the Mouth of the Calf. As soon as the Frog begins to feel the Heat, he will cry just

like a Calf, which will at once surprize and divert the Company.

*To convey a Shilling from one Hand into the other, both Arms being extended, without bringing them together.*

**L**ET one of the Company put a Shilling into your Hand, shut it before them, then extend your Arms, and turning about your Body, in that Attitude, lay the Shilling on the Table, and take it up with the other Hand.

*To make Something out of Nothing.*

**P**REpare a small Barrel with two Bottoms, a true one and a false one. Put Plumbs, or any other Fruit between them. Turn the Barrel upside down, and shew it to the Company. Then set it down gently on the Table, and cover it with your Hat. Then strike pretty hard upon it, till you think the false Bottom is dropt out upon the Table, which can make no Noise, as there must be a Carpet upon it. Then shew your Hands to the Spectators, saying, Gentlemen and Ladies, you see my Hands—there's nothing in them—but presently I will present you with some Plumbs. On this put your Hands under the Hat. Bid one of the Company blow as hard as he can upon it; in the mean time, take the false Bottom, and as he is lifting up the Barrel with the Hat, you must be careful to conceal it, by slipping it away in the artfullest Manner you can.

Fox-



FOXHUNTER'S JIGG.



KENTISH CRICKETERS.



NEW TAMBOURINE.



MISER.



MORTON'S MAGGOT.



HERTINGFORDBURY TAMBOURINE.



The Star.



TEA ROOM.



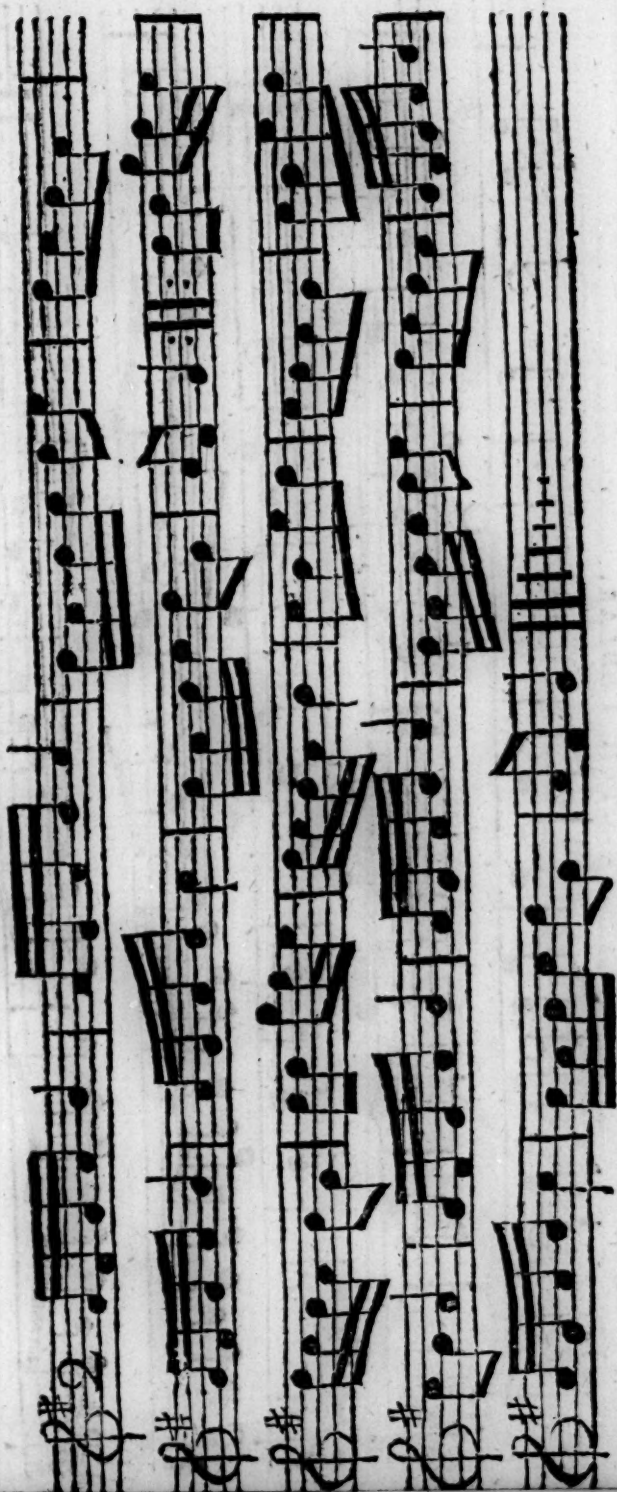
BONNY LASS, with the short Apron.



THE MERRY DANCERS.



CAMARGO.

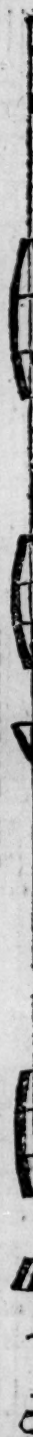




SCOTCH PEDLAR.



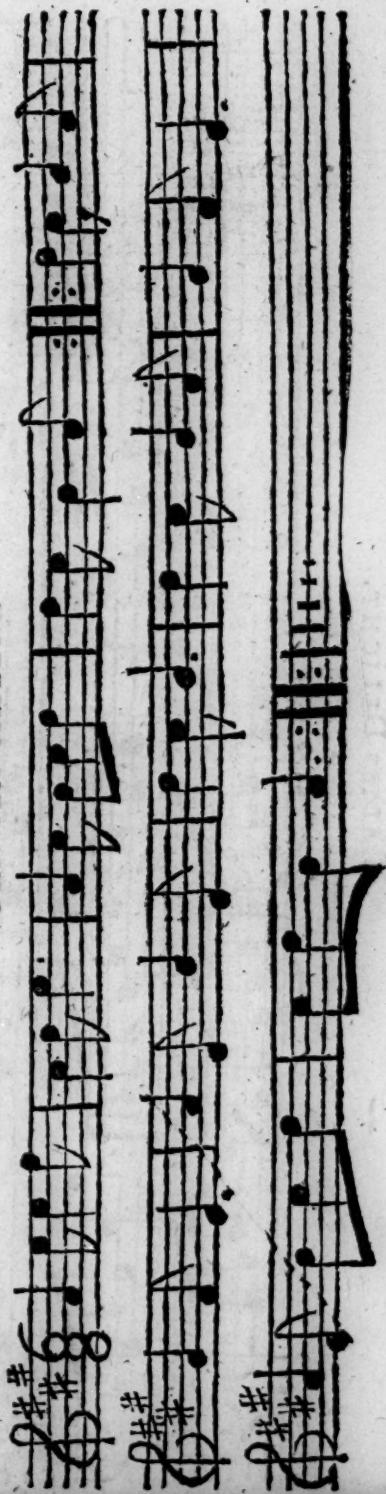
The DRUMMER.



The DRUMMER.



PRINCESS AMELIA.



LADIES DELIGHT.



*Pontius Pilate's RANT.*



Kiss me quick, my Mother's coming.

Er

Kiss me quick, my Mother's coming.

*tr*



TIT for TAT.



LAST MERRY NIGHT.





MERRY WAKEFIELD.



NARROW BOTTOM,





*Fox Hunters Figg.*

**T**HE first and second couple foot it and right hands a cross quite round—foot it all four again, and left hands a cross .. gallop down to the third couple up again, and cast off ÷ right hand and left, quite round ∴

---

*The Kentish Cricketers.*

**F**IRST man figures down on the woman's side, first woman at the same time figures on the man's side, and turns her partner half round in the third couple's place . figure up again on your own sides, and foot it .. first man change places with the second woman, their partners do the same, clap your own hand, and go round to your places \_ foot it right and left half round ∴ first couple foot to the third woman and hands round, three — do the same with the third man .. lead outsidés, and turn each time.

---

*New Tambourine.*

**T**HE first couple foot it and cross over . foot it and cross up again .. gallop down up again and cast off ÷ right hand and left quite round.

*The*

*The Miser.*

**FIRST** couple half figure through the second couple and cross over . first couple leads through the third couple and foot it .. turn corners, and turn your partner each time.

---

*Morton's Maggot.*

**T**HE first man cast off into the second man's place, his partner follow him the same back again . the first couple cross over and half figure .. lead thro' the third couple and cast up, lead thro' at top and cast off :: right hand and left with the top couple quite round :: the first man hands round with the third couple, the first women hey at top at the same time == then the first man hey at bottom, the woman hands round at top == lead thro' the woman side and foot it :: lead thro' the man side and turn ::

---

*Hertingfordbury Tambourine.*

**FIRST** and second couple foot it right and left half round . foot it again right and left the other half round .. first couple gallops down, gallop up again and cast off . first couple leads through the third couple and turn.

*The*

*The Star.*

**T**HE first couple foot it and cast off . foot  
it and cast up again .. cros over and  
half figure ÷ right hand and left quite round ∴

---

*Tea Room.*

**F**IRST man and second woman foot it,  
and cros over round their partners, and  
stand in each other's place . their partners  
foot it, the men cast up the women cast down  
at the same time, and go into each others  
places .. first and second couple hands a cros  
half round hands a cros back again . first  
and second couple right and left quite round  
∴ foot corners and turn . do the same at  
the other corner . lead out one side and  
foot it . lead out the other side and turn.

---

*Bonny Lads with the short Apron.*

**F**IRST man turns the second woman  
with his right hand . first woman does  
the same with the second man .. first and  
second couple foot it right and left half  
round . first couple double figures through  
the third couple.

*The*

*The Merry Dancers.*

THE first and second couple foot it and right hand and left half round  $\underline{\quad}$  foot it all four and right hand and left back again  $\underline{\quad}$  foot it all four and right hands a cross half round  $\underline{\quad}$  foot it again all four and left a cross  $\underline{\quad}$  cross over two couple  $\underline{\quad}$  lead up to the top foot it and cast off  $\underline{\quad}$

---

*Camargo.*

THE first man foot it to the second woman, then the first woman foot it to the second man  $\underline{\quad}$  cross over and half figure  $\underline{\quad}$  lead thro' the third couple and cast up, lead thro' at top and cast off, foot it to your partner and turn  $\underline{\quad}$

---

*The Scotch Pedlar.*

THE first couple cast off and cast up again  $\underline{\quad}$  cross over and half figure  $\underline{\quad}$  foot it corners and turn  $\underline{\quad}$  foot it the other corners and turn  $\underline{\quad}$  the first women hey at top, the first man hey at bottom at the same time  $\underline{\quad}$  right hand and left quite round  $\underline{\quad}$

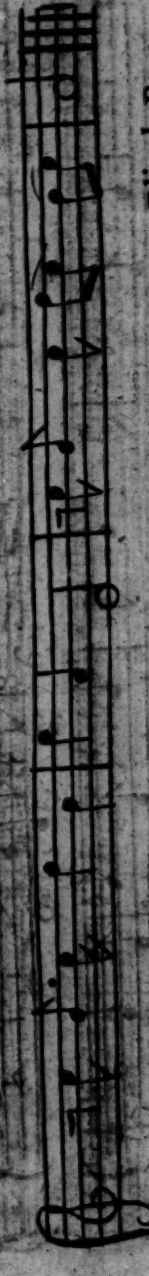
*The*



O say what is that Thing call'd Light, which I can ne'er enjoy,



Meadows



what is the Blessing of the Sight, O tell your poor Blind Boy.







When Delia on y Plain ap-pears, Awd by a thousand tender Fears; I would ap=



proach, but dare not move, Tell me tell me my Heart, if this be Love Tell me tell me my Heart, if this be Love.





The Nymph that undoes me, is fair & unkin, No less than a Wonder by Nature designd;



Shes y<sup>e</sup> grief of my Heart, y<sup>e</sup> Joy of my Eye, & y<sup>e</sup> cause of a Flame y<sup>e</sup> never can die, y<sup>e</sup> cause of a Flame y<sup>e</sup> never

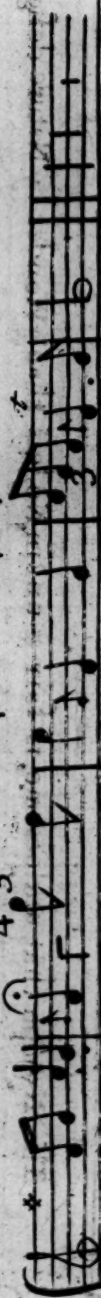




Dear Cloe attend to thadvic of a Friend, And for once be admonish'd by me,



Before you engage, To Wed with old Age, Think how Summer, and



Winter agree, think how Sommer and Winter agree.





lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain, And full of grief and Care, He



knew he never could obtain The lovely, charming fair, y lovely charming fair.



Cloe deserv'd a better Swain,

He not so fair a Bride:

Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Cham,

He lov'd despair'd and dy'd:

Take pity then, thou charming Maid,

For Cloe's case is thine;

I dare not ask, so much I dread,

Must Damon's fate be mine.



Thou rising Sun whole gladsome Ray, Invites my Fair to rural Play:



Dispel the Milt, and Clear the Skies, And bring my Orra to my Eyes.





\* 12  
8

When Fanny Blooming Fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, Caught

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes a variety of note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, as well as rests. A large, stylized '6' is written above the staff, possibly indicating a measure number or a specific musical instruction. The handwriting is in ink on aged, slightly discolored paper.

with her Shape and Air, I felt a Strang Delight; Whilt egerly I gaz'd ad-



When mighty Roast Beef was the Englismans Food, It ennobld our vains & en

riched our Blood, Our Soldiers were Brave, & our Courtiers were good.

Cho  
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and Old English Roast Beef.

He's a Man ev'ry Inch I assure you, stout vigorous active and

tall, There's none can from Danger secure you, like brave Gallant Moor of Moor

Hall, — no Giant or Knight e'er quell'd him, he fills all their Hearts <sup>th</sup> y, a



*Adagio*







How is it possible how can I for bear So many Charms all a



round you wear Thy ev ry part hath such power to move



who fees admires and who knows you doth Love and who



knows you doth Love In vain you do command a way Me

thinks to thee I'd e-----ver grow While you remain then

must I stay when you depart then must I go. D.C.



Oh! what Pleasure will abound, when I've got Ten Thousand Pound,



Oh! how courted I shall be, Oh! what Lord will kneel to me, Who! dis-





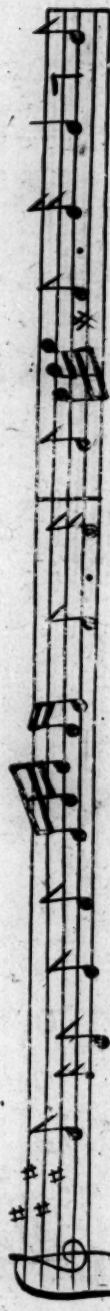
pute my Wit and Beauty, when my golden Charms are found,



Oh! what Flattery, in the Lott'ry, when I've got ten Thousand Pound.



When Cloe was by Da-mon seen, What Heart could be unmov'd, She



look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd ad mir'd, and lov'd: He







How hard is the Fortune of all Woman kind, for ever Subjected, for ever confin'd,



The Parent controuls us until we are Wives y<sup>e</sup> Husband enslaves us y<sup>e</sup> rest of our lives.





The Charms of Flo-ri-mel, No Force of time or Art Shall sever from my



Heart; But ever to the World I'll tell, The Charms of Beauteous Florimel.



b 6 6 6 4 3 5

With an honest old Freind, and a merry old Song, And a

Flask of old Port, let me fit the night, long And laugh at y malice of

those, who re pine, That they must drink Porter, while I can drink Wine.

When the Bright God of Day, Drove to Westward his Ray, and the

Evening was charming and clear; The Swallows again, Nimble

skim o'er the Plain, And our shadows like Giants appear.

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasse; Noble Deeds are done by Wine, Scorn the

Nymph, scorn the Nymph, and all the Graces: Whod for Love, and Beauty

pine, Whod for Love, and Beauty pine.





When e'er my Cloe I begin, thy Breast like mine to move; You



tell me of that crying Sin, of unchast Lawless Love, of unchast Lawless Love.



The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lower staff is a bass clef, mostly containing rests, with a few notes appearing in the final measure. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Meadows & Fields, The merry merry Horn calls, come come a

[illegible]



Sweet are y<sup>e</sup> Charms of her I love, more fragrant than y<sup>e</sup> Damask Rose soft as y<sup>e</sup> down of Turtle



Dove, Gentle as Wind wh<sup>n</sup>, Zephyr blows, Refreshing as descending Rains to sunburnt Clime, & thirsty Plains



the  
lea  
it c  
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tur

lea  
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co  
to  
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ba

*The Drummer.*

THE first couple foot it to the second woman and turn all three— the same to the second man — cross over two couple — lead up to the top, foot it and cast off — foot it corners and turn — foot it the other corners and turn — lead thro' the woman side and turn — lead thro' the man side and turn —

---

*Princess Amelia's Birth Day.*

THE first couple foot it and cast of one couple — foot it and cast off again — lead up to the top, foot it and cast off — lead thro' the bottom, and cast up and turn hands —

---

*Ladies Delight, or the Play Thing.*

THE first couple sets to the Woman and hands round three — the same to the second man — cast off two couple — lead up to the top, foot it and cast off — hands a cross half round with the second couple and back again. —

*Pontius Pilate's Rant.*

**T**HE first couple lead thro' the second couple and slip down withoutside the third couple  $\div$  do the same back again to the top  $\div$  lead thro' the second couple and half figure at bottom  $\div$  lead up again and half figure at top: Foot it corners and not turn  $\div$  foot it the other corners and not turn  $\div$  lead thro' the man side and foot it  $\div$  lead thro' the woman side and turn your partner  $\div$

---

*Kiss me Quick my Mother's coming.*

**T**HE first man cast off and turn the third woman  $\div$  the first woman do the same with the third man  $\div$  cross over and half figure  $\div$  right hand and left quite round  $\div$

---

*Tit for Tatt.*

**T**HE first couple foot it, cast off one couple and cross over the third couple  $\div$  foot it and cast up again and cross up to the top  $\div$  foot it contrary sides and turn  $\div$  cross over and turn your partner  $\div$

*The*



*The last Merry Night.*

THE first couple clap twice and cast off  
 . clap again and cast up .. cross over  
 and half figure ÷ foot it corners and not  
 turn ÷ foot it the other corners and not  
 turn ÷ lead thro' the woman side ÷ then  
 lead thro' the man side ÷

---

*Merry Wakefield.*

THE first couple lead thro' the second  
 couple and cast up . back to back and  
 cast off ÷ hands all four quite round ÷

---

*Narrow Bottom.*

THE first couple cast off, two couple .  
 lead up to the top foot it and cast off ÷  
 right hands a cross all four quite round and  
 right hand and last quite round ÷

# SONGS.

## *The* BLIND BOY.

O Say what is that Thing call'd Light,  
Which I can ne'er enjoy:  
What is the Blessing of the Sight,  
O tell your poor Blind Boy?

You talk of wond'rous Things you see,  
You say the Sun shines bright:  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Then make it Day or Night.

My Day, or Night, myself I make,  
When e'er I wake, or play;  
And cou'd I ever keep awake,  
It wou'd be always Day.

With heavy Sighs, I often hear,  
You mourn my hopeless Woe,  
But sure with Patience I may bear,  
A Loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,  
My Cheer of Mind destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,  
Altho' a poor Blind Boy!

## *The* DOUBTFUL SHEPHERD.

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender Fears;  
I would

I would approach, but dare not move  
Tell me, tell me, my Heart if this be Love.

When e'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,  
No other Voice, but her's can bear ;  
No other Voice, but her's approve,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

If she some other Swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend ;  
That Instant, Enemy I prove,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before ;  
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,  
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain :  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

*The LADIES CASE.*

**H**OW hard is the Fortune of all Women  
( Kind,  
For ever subjected, for ever confin'd ;  
The Parent controuls us untill we are Wives,  
Husbands enslave us the rest of our Lives.

If fondly we love, yet, we dare not reveal,  
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal :  
O 3 Deny'd

Deny'd ev'ry Freedom of Life to enjoy,  
We're sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if  
(we're coy.

*The CHARMS of FLORIMEL.*

**N**O Force of Time or Art,  
Shall sever from my Heart :  
But ever to the World I'll tell,  
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

Each Rock, and Sunny Hill,  
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,  
Shall say *Mirtillo* loves :  
And Eccho shall be taught to tell,  
The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,  
That on its Back doth wear,  
The Triumphs of my Fair :  
To future Times in Verse shall tell,  
The Charms, &c.

Each Brook and purling Rill,  
Shall on its bubling Stream,  
Convey the Virgin's Name :  
And as it rolls in Murmurs tell,  
The Charms, &c.

The Silvan Gods that dwell,  
Amidst this Sacred Grove,  
Shall wonder at my Love :  
Whilst ev'ry Soul conspires to tell,  
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

ONCE

# ONCE FOR ALL

WITH an honest old Friend, and a  
(merry old Song ;  
And a Flask of old Port, let me sit the Night  
(long.  
And laugh at the Malice of those who repine,  
That they must drink Porter, while I can  
(drink Wine.

I envy no Mortal, tho' ever so great,  
Nor scorn I a Wretch for his lowly Estate:  
But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,  
Is Poorness of Spirit, not Poorness of Purse.

Then, dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,  
Let us merrily pass Life's Remainder away :  
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may de-  
(spise,  
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we  
(rise.

LOVE *and* MUSIC.

WHEN the bright God of Day,  
Drove to West-ward each Ray:  
And the Evening was charming and clear,  
The Swallows amain,  
Nimble skim o'er the Plain:  
And our Shadows like Giants appear.

In a Jessemin Bower,  
When the Bean was in Flower :



And *Zephyr* breath'd Odours around,  
 Lovely *Sylvia* was set,  
 With a Song and Spinnet :  
 To charm all the Grove with the Sound.

*Rosy Bowers* the song,  
 While the Harmony rung :  
 And the Birds all fluttering arrive,  
 The industrious Bees,  
 From the Flowers and Trees ;  
 Gently hum with the Sweets to their Hives.

The gay God of Love,  
 As he rang'd o'er the Grove :  
 By *Zephyr* conducted along,  
 As she touch'd o'er the Strings,  
 He beat with his Wings ;  
 And Echo repeated the Song.

Oh ye Rovers beware,  
 How you venture too near ;  
 Love is doubly arm'd for to wound,  
 Your Fate you can't shun,  
 And you're surely undone,  
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

*The RAVISH'D LOVER.*

WHEN *Fanny* blooming fair,  
 First met my ravish'd Sight,  
 Caught with her Shape and Air.  
 I felt a strange Delight ;

Whilst

Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring ev'ry Part,  
 I ev'ry Feature prais'd  
 She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,  
 Young smiling Loves appear,  
 There *Cupid* basking lyes,  
 His Shafts are hoarded there:  
 Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd,  
 With Colour all their own;  
 Excelling far the Pride,  
 Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd Limbs confess,  
 The lucky Hand of *Jove*,  
 Her Features all express,  
 The beauteous Queen of Love.  
 What Flames my Nerves invade,  
 When I behold the Breast.  
 Of that too lovely Maid,  
 Rise suing to be prest.

*Venus* round *Fanny's* Waste,  
 Hath her own Cestus bound,  
 With Guardian *Cupid's* grac'd,  
 Who sport the Circle round:  
 How happy will he be;  
 Who shall her Zone unloose,  
 That Bliss to all but me,  
 May Heav'n and she refuse.

Gently

G Ently stir and blow Fire,  
 Lay the Mutton down to Roast,  
 Dress it quickly I Desire,  
 In the dripping put a Toast,  
 That I Hunger may remove,  
 Mutton is the Meat I love.

On the Dresser see it lies,  
 Oh! the Charming white and red!  
 Finer Meat ne'er met my Eyes,  
 On the sweetest Grass it feed:  
 Let the Jack go swiftly round,  
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the Table spread the Cloth,  
 Let the Knives be sharp and clean:  
 Pickles get, and Sallad both,  
 Let them each be fresh and green:  
 With small Beer, good Ale and Wine,  
 Oh! ye Gods! how I shall Dine.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the *English-*  
*man's* Food.

It ennobl'd our Veins, and enriched our Blood:  
 Our Soldiers were Brave, and our Courtiers  
 were good.

Oh the Roast Beef of Old *England*, and  
 Old *English* Roast Beef.

But since we have learn'd from all conquering  
*France*,

To eat their Ragouts as well as to Dance.  
 We are fed up with nothing but vain com-  
 plaissance.

Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Ou  
r

Our Fathers of Old, were robust, stout and  
 strong,  
 And kept Open-house with good Cheer all  
 Day long,  
 Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in  
 this Song.  
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,  
 A sneaking poor Race, half begotten—and  
 tame,  
 Who sully those Honours, that once shone in  
 Fame.  
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen E L I Z A B E T H sat on  
 the Throne,  
 E'er Coffee, and Tea, and such slip-flops were  
 known,  
 The World was in Terror if e'er she did frown,  
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days if Fleets did presume on the  
 Main,  
 They seldom, or never return'd back again.  
 As Witness, the vaunting ARMADA of *Spain*,  
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to Eat and to Fight,  
 And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do  
 themselves Right,  
 But now we're a—I cou'd, but good Night.  
 Oh the Roast Beef of Old *England*.  
 Old *English* Roast Beef.

He's

**H**E's a Man ev'ry Inch I assure you,  
 Stout, vig'rous, active and tall:  
 There's none can from Danger secure you,  
 Like brave gallant *Moor* of *Moor Hall*.

No Giant or Knight e'er quell'd him,  
 He fills all their Hearts with Alarms,  
 No Virgin yet e'er beheld him,  
 But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms.

---

**H**OW is it possible, how can I forbear?  
 So many Charms all a-round you wear:  
 They ev'ry Part hath such Power to move,  
 Who sees admires, and who knows you doth  
 (love.

In vain you do command away,  
 Methinks to thee I'd ever grow:  
 When you remain, then must I stay;  
 When you depart then must I go.

---

**O**H! What Pleasure will abound,  
 When I've got ten Thousand Pound,  
 Oh! How courted I shall be,  
 Oh! What Lords will kneel to me,  
 Who'll dispute my,  
 Wit and Beauty,  
 When my golden Charms are Found,  
 Oh! What Flatt'ry,  
 In the Lott'ry,  
 When I've got ten Thousand Pound.

What



What tho' my Birth and Breeding Poor,  
 Gold will add Arms and Scutcheon Store.  
 Then for a Dutchess I might pass,  
 Tho' I am but a Country Lass.  
 Who'll dispute my,  
 Wit and Bounty,  
 When my golden Charms are Found,  
 Oh! What Flatt'ry,  
 In the Lott'ry,  
 When I've got ten Thousand Pound.

---

W H E N *Chloe* was by *Damon* seen,  
 What Heart cou'd be unmov'd?  
 She look'd so like the *Cyprian* Queen:  
 He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.  
 He lov'd alas! but lov'd in vain,  
 And full of Grief and Care,  
 He knew he never cou'd obtain,  
 The Lovely Charming Fair.  
*Chloe* deserv'd a better Swain,  
 He, not so fair a Bride:  
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain:  
 He lov'd, despair'd and dy'd:  
 Take pity, then, thou charming Maid;  
 For *Chloe's* Case is thine,  
 I dare not ask so much I dread:  
 Must *Damon's* Fate be mine.

---

T H O U rising Sun whose gladsome Ray,  
 Invites my Fair to rural Play:  
 Dispell the Mist, and clear the Skies,  
 And bring my *Orra* to my Eyes.  
 Oh!

Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,  
 I'd climb the Pine Trees topmost Bough:  
 Aloft in Air that quivering plays,  
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My *Orra Moor* where art thou laid,  
 What Words conceal my sleeping Maid:  
 Fast by the Root enrag'd I'll tear,  
 The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair,

Oh! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,  
 Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:  
 Ye Storks ye Swains, a Moment stay,  
 And waft a Lover on his Way.

My Blifs too long, my Bride denies,  
 Apace the wasting Summer flies:  
 Nor yet the Winter Blasts I fear,  
 Nor Storms nor Night, shall keep me here.

What may for Strength with Steel compare,  
 Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far;  
 By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,  
 But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,  
 When Thought torments the first are best:  
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay.  
 Away to *Orra*, haste away.

**T**HE Nymph that undoes me, is fair and  
 unkind,  
 No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd:  
 She's

She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my  
(Eye,

And the Cause of a Flame which never can die.

(flows

Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly

Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the

(Rose:

Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,

She wounds with a look, with a Frown she can

(kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,

Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess:

In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,

Who sees her must love, and who loves her must

(die.

DEAR *Chloe* attend,

To th' Advice of a Friend ;

And for once be admonish'd by me ;

Before you engage,

To wed with old Age ;

Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit

For want of a Root,

Is doom'd to a speedy Decay :

Youth might ripen your Charms,

But old Age in young Arms,

Is like Frosty Weather in *May*.

Believe me dear Maid.

When the best Cards are play'd,

You seldom can meet with a Trump.

And to help the Jest on,

When the Sucker is gone,

What a Plague would you do with a Pump !

Let

Let Men of Threescore,  
Think of Wedlock no more,  
They need not be fond of that Noose ;  
The Cripple that begs,  
Without any Legs,  
Can have no Occasion for Shoes."

A Clock out of Repair,  
Does but badly declare,  
The Hour of the Day or the Night :  
For unless my dear Love,  
The Pendulum move,  
"Twou'd be strange if the Clock shou'd go  
(right.

---

**J**OLLY Mortals fill your Glasses,  
Noble Deeds are done by Wine :  
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,  
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine ?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,  
And a thousand Charms you'll find :  
More than *Phillis*, tho' just going,  
In the Moment to be kind.

*Alexander* hated Thinking,  
Drank about at Council-board :  
He subdu'd the World by Drinking,  
More than by his conquering Sword.

WHEN

WHEN e'er my *Cloe* I begin,  
 Thy Breast like mine to move :  
 You tell me of that crying Sin,  
 Of unchast lawless Love,

How can that Pleasure be a Crime,  
 That gave to *Cloe* Birth :  
 How can those Joys but be Divine,  
 That make a Heaven on Earth.

To wed Mankind the Priest trapp'd,  
 By some sly Fallacy :  
 And disobey'd God's great Command,  
 Increase and Multiply.

You say that Love's a Crime ; content ;  
 Yet this allow you must :  
 More Joys in Heav'n when one repent ;  
 Than over Ninety Just.

Sin then dear Girl, for Heaven's sake,  
 Repent and be forgiven ;  
 Bless me, and by Repentance make,  
 A Holiday in Heaven.

THE sweet rosy Morn,  
 Peeps over the Hills,  
 With Blushes adorning  
 The Meadows and Fields.

CHORUS.

The merry merry merry Horn,  
 Calls come come come away,  
 Awake from your Slumber,  
 And hail the new Day.

The



The Stag rouz'd before us,  
Away seems to fly,  
And pants to the *Chorus*,  
Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHORUS.

Then follow follow follow follow  
The Musical Chace,  
Where Pleasure and vig'rous  
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport when over,  
Makes Blood circle right,  
And gives the brisk Lover,  
Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHORUS.

Then let us let us now enjoy,  
All we can while we may,  
Let Love crown the Night,  
As our Sports crown the Day.

**S**WEET are the Charms of her I love,  
More fragrant than the Damask Rose;  
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove;  
Gentle as Wind when Zephyr blows,  
Refreshing as descending Rains  
To Sun-burnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,  
Or as the Dial to the Sun;  
Constant as gliding Waters roll,  
While swelling Tides obey the Moon.  
From ev'ry other Charmer free,  
My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,  
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues,  
 Sweet Philomel in shady Bowers  
 Of verdent Spring her Note renews,  
 All follow what they most admire,  
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,  
 And vary as the Seasons rise ;  
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,  
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies ;  
 No Change of Love the Seasons bring ;  
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time with stealing Pace,  
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow,  
 And Marble Tower's and Walls of Brass,  
 In his rude March he levels low ;  
 But Time destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel Dart,  
 The gentle Godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,  
 To mingle with the blest above ;  
 Where known to all his Kindred Train,  
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love, and her Sister fair, the Soul,  
 Twin-born, from Heav'n together came ;  
 Love will the universe controul,  
 When dying Seasons lose their Name :  
 Divine abodes shall own his Pow'r,  
 When 'Time and Death shall be no more.



